Oct. 6, 1945

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# THE NEW YORKER

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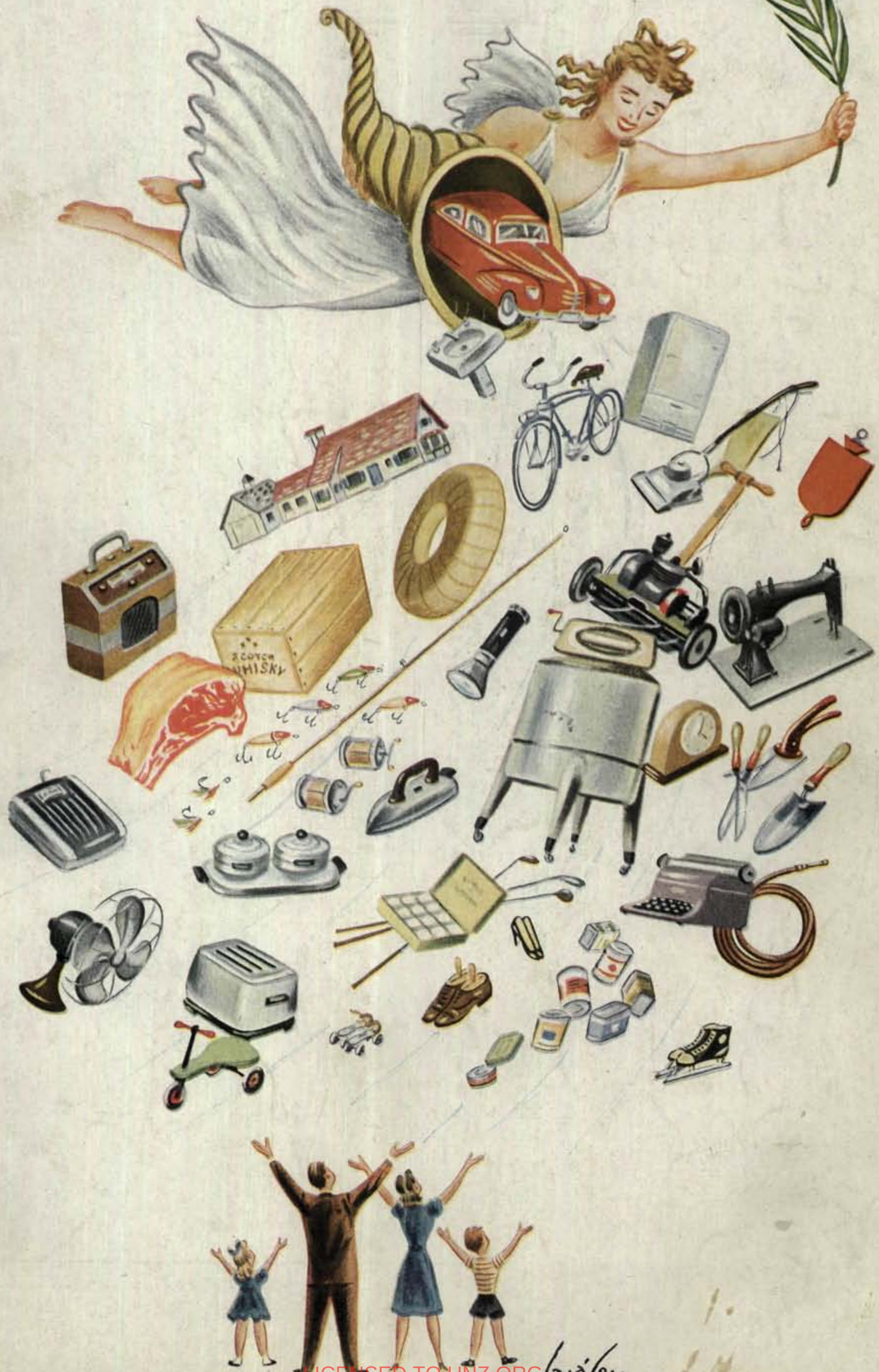
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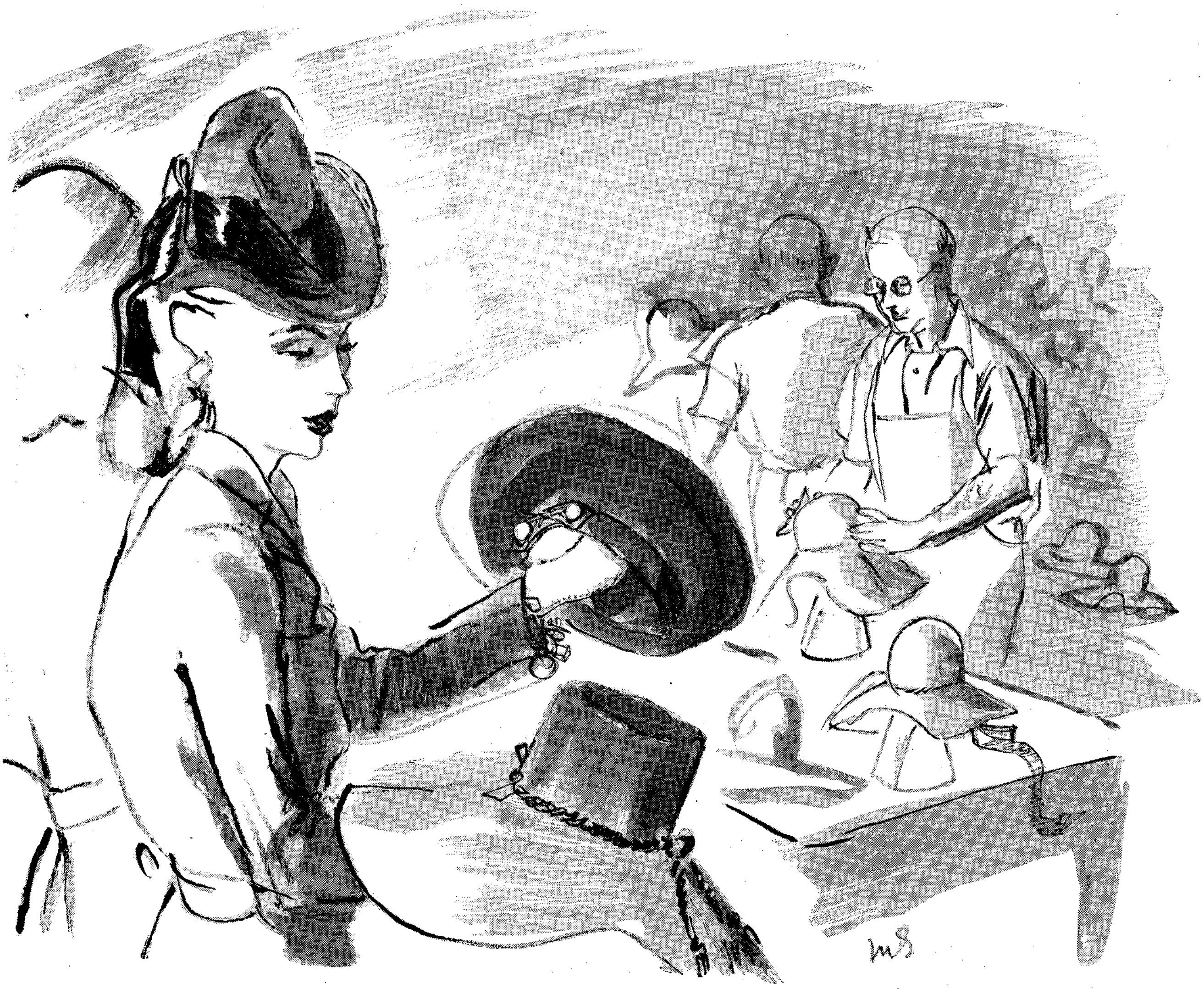

# GOINGS ON ABO TO

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13.

## THE THEATRE

(Next week, as indicated below, there will be some juggling of matinée schedules because of Columbus Day. There may be further changes at the last minute, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Anna Lucasta**—Philip Yordan's very impressive play about a Negro prostitute, now in its second year, is certainly something you shouldn't miss. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**A Bell for Adano**—John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy made into a play that might be a little better without its somewhat patronizing air. Fredric March makes up for a lot, however, with the best performance he ever gave. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**Dark of the Moon**—Rather nice musical fantasy about a mortal girl who gets tangled up with a witch boy. Carol Stone and Richard Hart have these singular parts. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

**Dear Ruth**—One of those overpowering little girls writes letters to a soldier and gets her older sister in quite a fix. Routine, but amusing. The cast includes Augusta Dabney, Howard Smith, and Lenore Lonergan. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**Deep Are the Roots**—Arnaud d'Usseau and James Gow's play about the Negro problem, with emphasis on miscegenation, is more successful as melodrama than social discussion, but it is worth seeing in any case. Young Barbara Bel Geddes gives a really remarkable performance and the rest of the cast, including Carol Goodner, Charles Waldron, and Gordon Heath, is very fine, too. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**The Glass Menagerie**—Laurette Taylor magnificent as a matron who just wants to get her daughter married. Julie Haydon, Eddie Dowling, and Anthony Ross are also in Tennessee Williams' uneven but generally effective play. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special performance Sun. Eve., Oct. 7, at 8:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

**Harvey**—Odd as it certainly sounds, this fantasy about a cheerful drunk and an invisible rabbit is a delight from beginning to end. Frank Fay's performance in the leading rôle is a masterpiece of restrained humor. With Josephine Hull. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Fri., Oct. 12, at 2:40.)

**I Remember Mama**—The saga of a Norwegian family in San Francisco, brilliantly adapted by John van Druten from the Kathryn Forbes novel. Mady Christians, as Mama, and Oscar Homolka, as a sporty relative, are both splendid. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

**The Late George Apley**—An adaptation of the Marquand novel that may have been broadened and simplified a little too much but is still a very fine show. Leo G. Carroll is more Bostonian than Lucius Beebe in the title rôle. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Janet Beecher, Percy Waram, and Margaret Dale. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**Life with Father**—This lively comedy, based on Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its sixth year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

**The Voice of the Turtle**—An expert comedy by John van Druten, now in its second year. A small cast consists of Elliott Nugent, Martha Scott, and Vicki Cummings. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

**You Touched Me!**—This play, by Tennessee Williams and Donald Windham, is pretty disappointing after Mr. Williams' "The Glass Menagerie," which it somewhat resembles. Edmund Gwenn's expert comedy, however, is a great help. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Fri., Oct. 12, at 2:30.)

### WITH MUSIC

**Bloomer Girl**—A great big show about a feminist uprising in the 1860's. The book and the music are nothing you'd be likely to remember, but the sets and costumes and Agnes de Mille's ballets are very fetching. The cast includes Nanette Fabray and Mabel Taliaferro. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**Carousel**—Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II have transplanted "Liliom" to New England and set it to music with highly agreeable results. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Tues., Oct. 9, at 2:30, for the Actors' Fund.)

**Follow the Girls**—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical, now in its second year, about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**Marinka**—The tragedy at Mayerling has been provided with a happy ending and set to music. Rather routine but probably fair enough for a dull night. With Romo Vincent and Luba Malina. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**Oklahoma!**—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, that is still probably the pleasantest entertainment in town. Now in its third year. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**On the Town**—A carefree show about three sailors and their girls that may remind you of things like "The Garrick Gaieties." With Sono Osato and Nancy Walker. Heartily recommended. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**Song of Norway**—An operetta based on the life of Grieg, whose music has been very skillfully adapted. The book is sometimes rather painful, but the show is otherwise a good job. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly,
at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2

## DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
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EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

**Up in Central Park**—Boss Tweed and hi
music and handsomely presented by M
Sigmund Romberg wrote the score, w
satisfactory, and Herbert and Dorothy
responsible for the book, which may
laborious. (Broadway, B'way at 53.
Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats.
Sat. at 2:30.)

### OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes,
better verify the dates and curtain times

**Polonaise**—Jan Kiepura and Marta Egge
musical produced by W. Horace Schmidl
Harry Bloomfield, and directed by Edwa
yea Dowling. Book by Gottfried Reinhar
Anthony Veiller, Chopin music adapted by
slaw Kaper, lyrics by John Latouche, and
ography by David Lichine. Opens Sat.,
(Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, excep
at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**Thérèse**—Dame May Whitty, Eva Le Gallie
Victor Jory in an adaptation by Thoma
Emile Zola's novel, "Thérèse Raquin."
by Victor Payne Jennings and Bernard
and directed by Margaret Webster. Oper
Oct. 9. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nig
cept Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat.
special Mat. Fri., Oct. 12, at 2:40.)

### MISCELLANY

**Rodeo**—The cowboys and cowgirls put in
nual appearance, headed by Roy Rogers
son Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Nightly
Mats. Fri., Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

**Ice Show**—"Hats Off to Ice," produced
Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center,
49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; o
except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. a
2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Fri
at 2:40.)

### BALLET

**Ballet Theatre**—"Giselle" (with Mark
lin), "Fancy Free," and "Helen of
Eglevsky), Sun. Eve., Oct. 7. . . . "Les
(with Markova and Dolin), "Undertow
Deux" (with Eglevsky), and "Gradua
Mon. Eve., Oct. 8. . . . "Swan Lake"
kova and Eglevsky), "On Stage!,"
beard" (with Dolin), Tues. Eve.,
"Graduation Ball," "Pillar of Fire,"
Aurora" (with Markova, Dolin, an
Wed. Eve., Oct. 10. . . . "Romeo and
Markova), "On Stage!," "Pas de
Eglevsky), and "Fancy Free," Thur
11. . . . "Swan Lake," "Undertow,"
tion Ball," Fri. Eve., Oct. 12. . . . "Le
"Peter and the Wolf," "Pas de
Eglevsky), and "Graduation Ball," S
13. . . . "On Stage!," "Fair at Soroc
Dolin and Eglevsky), and "Prince
(with Markova, Dolin, and Eglevsky)
Oct. 13. (Metropolitan Opera House.
Eves. at 8:30. Mat. at 2:30.)

## DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCI

(Some places at which you'll find dan
and/or other entertainment. Several of
closed or have fill-in performers on Sun
day, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone a
starting out on those evenings. Fifty-sec
at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for e
seem to come and go on ten minutes' no

**Ambassador Garden**, Park at 51 (WI 2-10
Lande's orchestra plays soothing dance
this calm underground retreat.

**Biltmore**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)-
one of our more expert magicians,
Elaine Barry, and (through Tues., Oc
Grant's merry orchestra.

**Café Society Uptown**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-922
Laurence, Susan Reed, the Sans Souci
and Edmond Hall's orchestra in what ju
being an entertaining evening.

**Café Society Downtown**, 2 Sheridan Sq.
2737)—Imogene Coca, who apparently
being funny, accomplished piano playing
Lou Williams (through Sun., Oct. 7) a

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Smooth – adherent – flattering
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13.

Jackson, and the ingenious music of Benny Morton's band.

**El Morocco,** 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Pomp and circumstance à la carte. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

**Larue,** 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A reasonably close approach to elegance, enhanced by the music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras. Dress required.

**Monte Carlo,** Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Very large, very vivid, very fancy, and sometimes almost too bustling. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

**Pierre,** 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—In the Cotillion Room, *Gali-Gali, that entertaining magician, and* Stanley Melba's bouncy dance band. . . . A Melba trio is in the Café Pierre during dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

**Plaza,** 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Jimmy Savo comes completely apart in the Persian Room at both dinner and supper. Also, Gomez and Beatrice and the orchestras of Garwood Van and Mark Monte, all of them much less frenetic.

**St. Regis,** 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—In the Iridium Room, an ice show and Paul Sparr's orchestra for dancing. . . . The Maisonette will reopen on Tues., Oct. 9, with George Koch's orchestra and the *songs of Dorothy Shay.*

**Savoy-Plaza,** 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—In the Café Lounge, handsome and sort of dressy, your words are set to sweet music by London's Roy Fox and his orchestra, plus Clemente's marimba band. On Mon., Oct. 8, Cal Gilford's orchestra will replace Roy Fox's. Tea dancing daily.

**Stork Club,** 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—At least it keeps the kiddies off the streets. Eric Correa's orchestra and Dacita's rumba band play non-stop music in the evening, and Joseph D'Andrea's orchestra plays for tea dancing every afternoon.

**Waldorf-Astoria,** Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Through Thurs., Oct. 4, Jane Pickens singing (with gestures) at suppertime on the Starlight Roof, with George Olsen's orchestra playing all evening. On Fri., Oct. 5, the *Wedgwood Room will reopen with* a benefit dinner-dance for the Travelers Aid Society. Among the fellow-travelers, Emil Coleman's orchestra, and, at supper, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room, or what used to be the Lounge Restaurant.

**Supper Clubs**—Entertainment but no dancing—At the **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Irwin Corey, Evelyn Knight, the Herman Chittison Trio, and Stuart Ross at the piano; i.e., a perfect excuse for sitting up nights. . . . **RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): one of those Ruban Bleu shows, especially worthwhile when Maxine Sullivan, Monica Boyar, Garland Wilson, and the Cedric Wallace Trio are at work. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Spivy herself, singing (late at night) about her special brand of world-weariness.

**Miscellaneous**—At the **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): elegance and lively music by Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler playing the piano, after 9:30, in this small and cheerful cranny. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): a darksome glade in which to listen to the rambling piano solos of Roger Stearns; no dancing. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): a show full of those cozy old dagger dances and Russian torch songs but really starring the chef; dancing. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): a very pleasant and un-Sheridan Square mixture of Latin cookery, Latin atmosphere, and Latin music. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis managing, under forced draft, to be even funnier than the customers. Dance music in between times by Noro Morales' and Joel Herron's *orchestras. The Phil Moore Four upstairs in the* Copa Lounge. . . . **ZANZIBAR,** B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): Broadway night life, helped somewhat *by Duke Ellington's orchestra and the long-absent* Golden Gate Quartet. . . . **400 CLUB,** 1 E. 43 (MU 2-3423): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra in rather amazing surroundings. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . **MADISON,** Madison at 58 (VO 5-5000): Val Ernie's orchestra for dancing up to 9:30, including Sunday, no less; at the supper hour (except Sunday), Hope Emerson, *Bunty Pendleton, and other entertainment.* . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Chuck Foster's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Stan Kenton's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Shep Fields' orchestra.

**Mostly for Music**—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole, Muggsy Spanier, and their compatriots scorching the midnight air. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): hard to tell from a hole in the ground, but nicely fitted out with Art Hodes' trio and Don Frye as solo pianist, as well as other entertainment; dancing. . . . **DOWNBEAT,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-8773): Art Tatum doing his special piano music; Tiny Grimes and his guitar; the Loumel Morgan Trio and another band for dancing. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Slam Stewart's Trio with Erroll Garner at the piano, and Don Byas heading another band. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Stuff Smith's Trio, to be replaced on Wed., Oct. 10, by Ben Webster's quartet. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio that includes Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing.

## ART

**Audubon Artists**—A large show by this fairly new group: National Academy of Design, 1083 5 Ave., at 89. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., Oct. 11.

**Alexander Calder**—The artist's first gouache show: Kootz, 15 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 6.

**Book Illustrations**—A small selection of books illustrated by French artists from Toulouse-Lautrec to Picasso: New York Public Library, Room 322, 5 Ave. at 42. Weekdays 1 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 15.

**German**—Josef Albers, Paul Klee, George Grosz, and other modern artists: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 27.

**Maurice Gordon**—Gouaches of French and German war ruins: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 13.

**Groups**—At the **ARGENT,** 42 W. 57: sculpture and black-and-whites by members of the National Association of Women Artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 13. . . . **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57: drawings by eleven of the painters who exhibit here. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 13. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57: work by sixty-seven regular and guest members of the gallery. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 13. . . . **LEVITT,** 16 W. 57: Herbert Barnett and other painters. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 6. . . . **MATISSE,** 41 E. 57: Picasso, Rouault, Chagall, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 31. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: members of the gallery's group, including Waldo Peirce and Doris Rosenthal. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 13. . . . **MILCH,** 108 W. 57: Sidney Laufman, Maurice Sterne, Hobson Pittman, and others. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 13.

**Le Corbusier**—Paintings and gouaches as well as plans and models by the French architect: Mezzanine Gallery, International Bldg., 630 5 Ave., at 50. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

**Metropolitan Museum,** 5 Ave. at 82—The development of Greek art from the Stone Age to the third century B.C.; also (through Oct. 31), prints and drawings by Goya. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

**Howard Mitcham**—Recent paintings: Jane Street, 35 Jane, at 8 Ave. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 10 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

**Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53—A large exhibition selected from the Museum's collection of painting and sculpture (through Jan. 13); also, work done during the past year in the Museum's War Veterans' Art Center (through Nov. 25). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

**Museum of Non-Objective Painting,** 24 E. 54—Paintings by Kandinsky, as well as work by a good many other modern artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

**Old Masters**—Paintings by Rembrandt, Hals, Reynolds, and others: Schaeffer, 52 E. 58. Weekdays *10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 27.*

**Frederick Papsdorf**—Flowers and other subjects by a Detroit primitive: Perls, 32 E. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 6.

**Walter Quirt**—New oils: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 27.

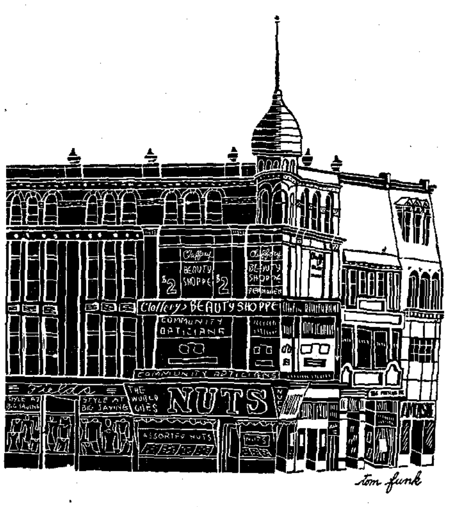
**Still Lifes**—Milton Avery, Marsden Hartley, and others: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 27.

**U. S. Naval Academy**—A show, in honor of Annapolis's centenary, of portraits and paintings associated with the Navy: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 13.

**Kurt Roesch**—Recent paintings and water colors: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 20.

**Whitney Museum,** 10 W. 8—Painting and sculpture from the Museum's permanent collection. Daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Wed., Oct. 10.

**Note**—The semiannual outdoor art exhibit in Washington Square will be open daily through Oct. 14, from 11 A.M. until dark.



## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

**Philharmonic-Symphony**—Opening concerts of the season—Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., Oct. 4, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Oct. 5, at 2:30 P.M.; Sun., Oct. 7, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., Oct. 11, at 8:45 P.M.; and Fri., Oct. 12, at 2:30 P.M. Soloist: Nadia Reisenberg, piano, Oct. 11-12. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . Bruno Walter conducting: Sat., Oct. 6, at 8:30 P.M. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park at 69. RH 4-1500, Ext. 60.)

**New York City Symphony**—Leonard Bernstein conducting: Mon., Oct. 8, at 8:30 P.M.; and Tues., Oct. 9, at 6 P.M. (New York City Center, 55, W. of 6. CI 6-8989.)

**Jazz Concert**—Eddie Condon, the guitarist, along with such musicians as Bud Freeman, saxophone, Wild Bill Davison, trumpet, and Bob Haggart, bass, in the first of Mr. Condon's fifth series of concerts. Sat., Oct. 6, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

**New York City Opera Company**—"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 4. . . . "Faust," Fri. Eve., Oct. 5. . . . "Carmen," Sat. Aft., Oct. 6. . . . "The Gypsy Baron," Sat. Eve., Oct. 6. . . . "La Bohème," Sun. Aft., Oct. 7. . . . "Tosca," Sun. Eve., Oct. 7. . . . "Der Fliegende Holländer," Wed. Eve., Oct. 10. . . . "Carmen," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 11. . . . "The Gypsy Baron," Fri. Eve., Oct. 12. . . . "Faust," Sat. Aft., Oct. 13. . . . "La Traviata," Sat. Eve., Oct. 13. Eves. at 8:15. Mats. at 2:15. (New York City Center, 55, W. of 6. CI 6-8989.)

**Henry L. Scott**—Comic pianist. Fri., Oct. 5, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

**Don Cossack Chorus and Dancers**—Directed by Serge Jaroff. Fri. and Sat., Oct. 5-6, at 8:30 P.M. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210.)

**Jacques Margolies**—Violin. Tues., Oct. 9, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

**Egon Petri**—Piano. Tues., Oct. 9, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

**Stanley Fletcher**—Piano. Wed., Oct. 10, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

**Roland Hayes**—Tenor. Fri., Oct. 12, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

**Leonard Rose**—Cello. Fri., Oct. 12, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

**Robert Rudié**—Violin. Sat., Oct. 13, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

**Victor Borge**—Piano; and other entertainment. A benefit for B'nai Brith Equality Lodge. Sat., Oct. 13, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

## SPORTS

**Football**—**FRI., OCT. 5:** N.Y.U. vs. Temple, at Philadelphia, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **SAT., OCT. 6:** Army vs. Wake Forest, at West Point, at 2:45 P.M.; Colgate vs. Penn State, at State College, at 2 P.M.; Columbia vs. Syracuse, at Baker Field, at 2:30 P.M.; Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, at 2 P.M.; Harvard vs. Tufts, at Cambridge, at 3 P.M.; Princeton vs. Lafayette, at Princeton, at 2:30 P.M.; Yale vs. Holy Cross, at New Haven, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **FRI., OCT. 12:** N.Y.U. vs. Boston College, at Boston, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **SAT., OCT. 13:** Army vs. Michigan, at Yankee Stadium, at 2 P.M.; Colgate vs. Lafayette, at Hamilton, at 3 P.M.; Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field, at 2:30 P.M.; Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 3 P.M.; Harvard vs. Rochester, at Cambridge, at 3 P.M.; Navy vs. Penn State, at Annapolis, at 2:30 P.M.; Pennsylvania vs. North Carolina, at Philadelphia, at 2 P.M.

**Golf**—L.I.G.A. Amateur Best-Ball, Garden City C.C., Garden City, L.I., Thurs., Oct. 4.

**Racing**—Weekdays at Jamaica, at 1:30 P.M.,

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GRAHAM PATTERSON, *Publisher* • PHILADELPHIA 5

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

**THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13.**

through Oct. 20. (Correction Handicap, Oct. 4; Continental Handicap, Oct. 6; Interborough Handicap, Oct. 9; Remsen Handicap, Oct. 12; and Gallant Fox Handicap, Oct. 13.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:05 and 1:10 P.M. and Sat. between 10:40 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.

## OTHER EVENTS

**WAR PRISONERS' EXHIBIT**—Paintings, model airplanes, surgical instruments, escape devices and other ingenious items, made by American fliers during their internment in German prison camps: Museum of Science and Industry, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Jan. 1.

**MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,** 5 Ave. at 104—Prints and other memorabilia showing the work of John Stephenson, who built some of New York's early omnibuses, horsecars, subway trains, and other rolling stock; also, the history of New York's police force, shown in documents, photographs, and uniform equipment: Weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

**NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY,** 170 Central Pk. W., at 76—Memorabilia relating to Jenny Lind, including letters, music, portraits, and personal belongings: Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

**BERG COLLECTION**—Famous literary manuscripts by English and American authors (1770-1923): New York Public Library, Room 318, 5 Ave. at 42. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.

**PHOTOGRAPHY**—The annual exhibition of the Press Photographers' Association of New York, including many examples of war photography: Museum of Science and Industry, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Oct. 28.

**PLANETARIUM**—"Autumn Skies" is the title of the October lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M. (Extra performance Sat. only at 11 A.M.)

**AUCTIONS**—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Russian porcelains, antique silver, and other bibelots from the collection of the late Vincent Bendix: Fri. and Sat., Oct. 5-6, at 2 P.M. . . . Sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Chinese objects of art owned by Jacques Poberejsky: Fri., Oct. 12, at 2 P.M. . . . Antique Flemish and English furniture owned by Mrs. Edith A. Straus: Sat., Oct. 13, at 2 P.M.

**REGISTRATION**—Polling places for voting in the November city elections will be open Mon., Oct. 8, through Fri., Oct. 12, from 5 P.M. to 10:30 P.M., and Sat., Oct. 13, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

**NOTE**—The Post Office is now accepting, without a letter of request, Christmas packages for the troops still overseas. To assure delivery by Christmas, gifts for men and women in all services must be mailed by Oct. 15. Parcels must not exceed fifteen inches in length and thirty-six inches in girth and length combined: the weight is limited to five pounds.

## ON THE AIR

**MUSIC**—New York Philharmonic, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., Oct. 7, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Oct. 6 and 13, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . New York City Symphony, Leonard Bernstein conducting, Mon., Oct. 8, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . New York City Opera Company: "Faust," Fri., Oct. 5; "The Gypsy Baron," Sat., Oct. 6; "Der Fliegende Holländer," Wed., Oct. 10; "La Traviata," Sat., Oct. 13; at 8:15 P.M., WNYC. . . . A broadcast from the performance of the Ballet Theatre, Sun., Oct. 7, and Thurs., Oct. 11, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC.

**SPORTS**—Boxing: Johnny Green vs. Jimmy Doyle, Fri., Oct. 5, at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Baseball: World Series, starting Thurs., Oct. 4, at 1:30 P.M., WOR. . . . Football: Army vs. Wake Forest, Sat., Oct. 6, at 2:25 P.M., WNYC; Notre Dame vs. Georgia Tech, Sat., Oct. 6, at 2:15 P.M., WEAF; Ohio vs. Iowa, Sat., Oct. 6, at 1:45 P.M., WABC; Army vs. Michigan, Sat., Oct. 13, at 1:45 P.M., WJZ.

## MOTION PICTURES

**ALONG CAME JONES**—Gary Cooper in a burlesque Western that is periodically pretty diverting. With Loretta Young and Dan Duryea. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Oct. 5. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., Oct. 7-8. . . . Art, 8 St., E. of University Pl.; and 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., Oct. 10.)

**A BELL FOR ADANO**—This version of John Hersey's novel loses some force by emphasizing the comedy, but it's still worth seeing. With John Hodiak, Gene Tierney, and William Bendix. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; through Mon., Oct. 8. . . . R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., Oct. 10.)

**BLITHE SPIRIT**—Ghostly doings cooked up by Noel Coward with plenty of not entirely innocent merriment. Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Constance Cummings, and Margaret Rutherford do right well by Mr. Coward. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50.)

**THE FALL OF BERLIN**—The Russians pulverizing the German capital in a film that, despite a somewhat discursive approach to its subject and an inappropriate English commentary, is very well worth seeing. (Victoria, B'way at 46.)

**A MEDAL FOR BENNY**—In spite of some rather obvious comedy and pathos, John Steinbeck's story of an old man whose son wins a posthumous award for valor is quite affecting. With J. Carrol Naish, Arturo de Cordova, and Dorothy Lamour. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 6-8. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Sun. through Tues., Oct. 7-9. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 8 St., E. of 6; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 9-11.)

**MILDRED PIERCE**—Murder, blackmail, larceny, lust, and mother-love as interpreted by James M. Cain. There is a fine cast headed by Joan Crawford. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

**RHAPSODY IN BLUE**—The life of George Gershwin as it might have been if he hadn't wasted so much time playing the piano. The old songs, however, still sound fine. With Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, and Alexis Smith. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

**THE SILVER FLEET**—A taut British melodrama about a shipbuilder's courage during the Nazi invasion of Holland. With Ralph Richardson. (Normandie, Park at 53; through Sun., Oct. 7. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Tues., Oct. 6-9. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. through Tues., Oct. 7-9. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Tues., Oct. 9.)

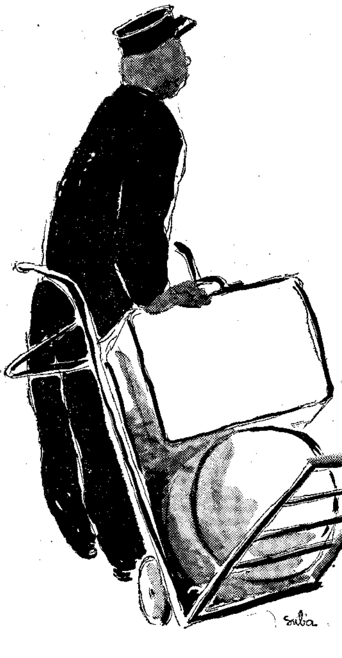
**STORY OF G.I. JOE**—The U.S. Infantrymen in Africa and Italy probably saw a lot more excitement than you would gather from this account, but General Eisenhower has endorsed the film warmly. With Burgess Meredith. (Globe, B'way at 46; continuous performances, and Gotham, B'way at 47; Mon. through Fri. at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. at 2:45, 8:45, and 11:45 P.M.; Sun. and Columbus Day at 2:45, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

**THE WAY AHEAD**—This account (not a documentary) of how young Englishmen were trained for war is a fine and exciting picture. With David Niven. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., Oct. 4. . . . Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Thurs., Oct. 5-11.)

**WONDER MAN**—Danny Kaye plays twins in this funny film about love, murder, and ghosts. With Virginia Mayo and Vera-Ellen. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

### REVIVALS

**DOUBLE INDEMNITY** (1944)—A lady heel and a man heel kill a husband. With Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Fri. and Sat., Oct. 5-6.)



**FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS** (1943)—Technicolored version of the Hemingway novel. With Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Akim Tamiroff, and Katina Paxinou. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Mon. through Thurs., Oct. 8-11. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 9-10.)

**THE GRAPES OF WRATH** (1940)—John Ford's version of the Steinbeck novel about the Okies, with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., Oct. 4.)

**HERE COMES MR. JORDAN** (1941)—About a prizefighter who gets mixed up with the hereafter. Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains, and James Gleason. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Oct. 6.)

**LADIES IN RETIREMENT** (1941)—Three batty sisters in a lonely cottage. With Ida Lupino, Elsa Lanchester, and Louis Hayward. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., Oct. 7-8.)

**THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BEETHOVEN** (1937)—A serious biographical study, with Harry Baur. In French. (55th Street Playhouse, 55, W. of 6.)

**MOONLIGHT SONATA** (1938)—Ignace Paderewski as actor and musician. With Marie Tempest. (Little Carnegie, 57, E. of 7; through Fri., Oct. 12.)

**MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN** (1936)—The Capra comedy about a fellow with too much money. Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Oct. 4.)

**PINOCCHIO** (1940)—This Walt Disney full-length cartoon introduces Figaro the Cat and Cleo the Goldfish. (Republic, B'way at 51.)

**THE PRISONER OF ZENDA** (1937)—Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in a dressy version of the old number. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Oct. 6.)

**STAGE DOOR** (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Oct. 5.)

**THE STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE** (1939)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire as the ballroom dancers. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 9-11.)

**THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED** (1940)—The Sidney Howard drama of life in a California vineyard. Carole Lombard and Charles Laughton. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Oct. 7-8. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 9-11.)

**TOPPER** (1937)—Thorne Smith's novel. Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Billie Burke, and Roland Young. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Wed. through Fri., Oct. 10-12.)

**TRADE WINDS** (1939)—South Seas adventure. Joan Bennett and Fredric March. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Fri. and Sat., Oct. 5-6.)

**NOTE**—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—THURS., OCT. 4: "The President Vanishes" (1934), with Edward Arnold. . . . FRI. THROUGH SUN., OCT. 5-7: "David Harum" (1934), directed by James Cruze. . . . MON. THROUGH THURS., OCT. 8-11: "It Happened One Night" (1934), with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. . . . FROM FRI., OCT. 12: "The Little Colonel" (1935), with Shirley Temple.

## CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES, POST-V

(As President Truman points out, we are technically still at war, and several of the wartime needs remain urgent. These are listed below.)

**APARTMENTS FOR SERVICE MEN**—New York City residents who can sublet their apartments for long or short periods are urged to make them available to veterans and service men and their families. Arrangements can be made through the Officers' Service Committee, Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing, Municipal Bldg., Room 1836, Chambers St. (WO 2-5600, Ext. 167).

**VOLUNTEER WORK**—At the AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050): women to give as much time as they can spare sewing and knitting for service men's families; women to take a six weeks' photography course, during the evening, and then teach the subject to patients in military hospitals. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work as much time as they can spare during the day as receptionists in veterans' rehabilitation centers; women to work during the day or evening as receptionists and to be of general assistance in canteens in veterans' hospitals and service men's recreation centers.

**NEW YORK NATIONAL WAR FUND**—The drive will begin on Fri., Oct. 5, and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050), and the C.D.V.O., 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310), are recruiting volunteers who can work during the day or evening canvassing or doing clerical work.

**NOTE**—The A.W.V.S. is serving as a salvage depot for wastepaper, rags, and fat, which continue to be urgently needed by the government. For information about the depot nearest your home, call RE 4-6050.

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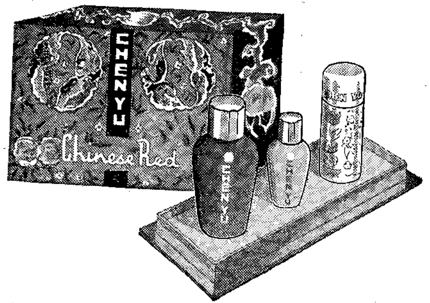

*Chen Yu "Chinese Red" Smart Set Gift Box Lacquer, Lacquerol, and Lipstick, $1.75*
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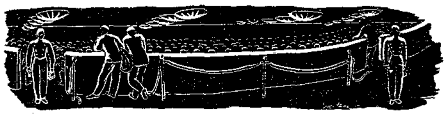
Chen Yu Chinese Red . . . we found it in the gown of a Chinese Princess living there in beautiful harmony with every color in the rainbow including the colors in which the 1945 Fall-Winter fashion scene is painted. Being a pure red—a true red—it is right with any dress—any suit—any complexion—regardless! Oh! How you'll love your nails and lips when they wear Chen Yu Chinese Red . . . the color to wear with every color.

# AT THE MOVIE HOUSES



### THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10

**THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT SELECTED MOTION-PICTURE THEATRES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY HEAVY TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE 6, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."**

## THE BIG HOUSES

**Astor**, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—**WONDER MAN**, Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen.

**Capitol**, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—"Her Highness and the Bellboy," Hedy Lamarr, Robert Walker, June Allyson.

**Criterion**, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—"Lady on a Train," Deanna Durbin, Ralph Bellamy.

**Globe**, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—From Sat., Oct. 6: **STORY OF G.I. JOE**, Burgess Meredith.

**Gotham**, B'way at 47 (CI 5-9516)—Through Fri., Oct. 5: "Wanderer of the Wasteland," James Warren. . . . From Sat., Oct. 6: **STORY OF G.I. JOE**, Burgess Meredith.

**Hollywood**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-5545)—**RHAPSODY IN BLUE**, Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, Alexis Smith.

**Palace**, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Through Tues., Oct. 9: "Back to Bataan," John Wayne, Anthony Quinn. . . . From Wed., Oct. 10: "George White's Scandals," Joan Davis, Jack Haley.

**Paramount**, B'way at 43 (BR 9-8738)—"Duffy's Tavern," Ed Gardner, along with an all-star cast, including Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, and Paulette Goddard.

**Radio City Music Hall**, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)—"Weekend at the Waldorf," Ginger Rogers, Walter Pidgeon, Lana Turner, Van Johnson.

**Rivoli**, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—"Love Letters," Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten.

**Roxy**, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—"The House on 92nd Street," William Eythe, Signe Hasso, Lloyd Nolan.

**State**, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—"Anchors Aweigh," Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, Gene Kelly.

**Strand**, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—**MILDRED PIERCE**, Joan Crawford, Jack Carson, Zachary Scott.

**Victoria**, B'way at 46 (CI 6-7429)—**THE FALL OF BERLIN**, Russian documentary film.

**Winter Garden**, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-5161)—**BLITHE SPIRIT**, Constance Cummings, Rex Harrison.

## FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

**Ambassador**, 49, W. of B'way (CI 7-0760)—Thurs., Oct. 4: "Men in Her Diary," Peggy Ryan, Jon Hall, Louise Allbritton. . . . From Fri., Oct. 5: "The Fighting Guardsman," Anita Louise, Willard Parker.

**Belmont**, 48, E. of 7 (CH 4-3441)—Spanish films, no English titles—Through Fri., Oct. 5: "Crepusculo," Arturo de Cordova. . . . From Sat., Oct. 6: "Besame Mucho."

**55th Street Playhouse**, 55, W. of 6 (CO 5-9438)—French films, revivals—**THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BEETHOVEN**, Harry Baur; also "L'Orage," Michèle Morgan, Charles Boyer.

**Little Carnegie**, 57, E. of 7 (CO 6-1365)—Revivals—**MOONLIGHT SONATA**, Marie Tempest, Ignace Paderewski; also "The Great Mr. Handel," Wilfrid Lawson.

**Republic**, B'way at 51 (CO 5-9647)—**PINOCCHIO**, revival, Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

**Stanley**, 7 Ave. at 41 (WI 7-9686)—"Girl No. 217" (in Russian).

## EAST SIDE

**Art**, 8 St., E. of University Pl. (GR 3-7014)—Through Wed., Oct. 10: **ALONG CAME JONES**, Loretta Young, Gary Cooper.

**Gramercy Park**, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)—Through Sat., Oct. 6: "Nob Hill," Joan Bennett, George Raft; also "Don Juan Quilligan," Joan Blondell, William Bendix. . . . Sun. through Tues., Oct. 7-9: "Blood on the Sun," James Cagney, Sylvia Sidney; also "Delightfully Dangerous," Jane Powell, Ralph Bellamy. . . . From Wed., Oct. 10: "Conflict," Humphrey Bogart, Alexis Smith, Sydney Greenstreet; also "Mama Loves Papa," Leon Errol.

**Loew's 42nd Street**, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)—Through Sat., Oct. 6: "A Thousand and One Nights," Evelyn Keyes, Cornel Wilde; also "I Love a Bandleader," Phil Harris, Leslie Brooks, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson. . . . Sun. and Mon., Oct. 7-8: **ALONG CAME JONES**, Loretta Young, Gary Cooper; also "China's Little Devils," Harry Carey, Paul Kelly. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 9-10: "Jealousy," Jane Randolph, John Loder; also "The Fatal Witness," Evelyn Ankers, George Leigh.

**Beverly**, 3 Ave. at 50 (EL 5-8790)—Thurs., Oct. 4: **THE GRAPES OF WRATH**, revival, Henry Fonda, Jane Darwell; also "A Man to Remember," revival, Anne Shirley, Edward Ellis. . . . Fri. and Sat., Oct. 5-6: **TRADE WINDS**, revival, Joan Bennett, Fredric March; also "Heaven Can Wait," revival, Gene Tierney, Don Ameche. . . . Sun. through Tues., Oct. 7-9: **THE SILVER FLEET**, Ralph Richardson; also "This Thing Called Love," revival, Rosalind Russell, Melvyn Douglas. . . . From Wed., Oct. 10: "Conflict," Humphrey Bogart, Alexis Smith, Sydney Greenstreet.

**Lexington**, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Through Wed., Oct. 10: "Out of This World," Diana Lynn, Eddie Bracken, Veronica Lake; also "Bedside Manner," Ruth Hussey, John Carroll, Charles Ruggles.

**Trans-Lux 52nd Street**, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)—Through Fri., Oct. 5: "The Valley of Decision," Greer Garson, Gregory Peck, Donald Crisp. . . . Sat. through Mon., Oct. 6-8: "Those Endearing Young Charms," Laraine Day, Robert Young. . . . From Tues., Oct. 9: "Salty O'Rourke," Alan Ladd. Gail Russell.

**Normandie**, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Through Sun., Oct. 7: **THE SILVER FLEET**, Ralph Richardson. . . . Mon. and Tues., Oct. 8-9: "Imitation of Life," revival, Claudette Colbert, Warren William. . . . From Wed., Oct. 10: "Forever and a Day," revival, all-star cast, including Ida Lupino, Brian Aherne, Merle Oberon, and Charles Laughton.

**Sutton**, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Through Sun., Oct. 7: "The Affairs of Susan," Joan Fontaine, George Brent, Dennis O'Keefe. . . . Mon. through Wed., Oct. 8-10: "Ministry of Fear," revival, Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds.

**R.K.O. 58th Street**, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)—Through Wed., Oct. 10: **A BELL FOR ADANO**, Gene Tierney, John Hodiak, William Bendix; also "Swinging on a Rainbow," Jane Frazee, Brad Taylor.

**Plaza**, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Through Sun., Oct. 7: "Blood on the Sun," James Cagney, Sylvia Sidney. . . . *From Mon., Oct. 8*: **FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS**, revival, Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper, Katina Paxinou.

**68th Street Playhouse**, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)—Through Mon., Oct. 8: "Thrill of a Romance," Esther Williams, Van Johnson, Lauritz Melchior. . . . From Tues., Oct. 9: **THE SILVER FLEET**, Ralph Richardson.

**Loew's 72nd Street**, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)—Through Wed., Oct. 10: "Out of This World," Diana Lynn, Eddie Bracken, Veronica Lake; also "*Bedside Manner*," *Ruth Hussey, John Carroll*, Charles Ruggles.

**Colony**, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Thurs., Oct. 4: **THE WAY AHEAD**, David Niven; also "Those Endearing Young Charms," Laraine Day, Robert Young. . . . Fri. and Sat., Oct. 5-6: "Break of Hearts," revival, Katharine Hepburn, Charles Boyer; also "You Belong to Me," revival, Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda. . . . Sun. and Mon., Oct. 7-8: **LADIES IN RETIREMENT**, revival, Ida Lupino, Louis Hayward, Elsa Lanchester; also "There's That Woman Again," revival, Virginia Bruce, Melvyn Douglas. . . . From Tues., Oct. 9: "Nob Hill," Joan Bennett, George Raft; also "Don Juan Quilligan," Joan Blondell, William Bendix.

**Trans-Lux 85th Street**, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)—Through Fri., Oct. 5: "Salty O'Rourke," Alan Ladd, Gail Russell. . . . Sat. through Tues., Oct. 6-9: **THE SILVER FLEET**, Ralph Richardson. . . . From Wed., Oct. 10: **TOPPER**, revival, Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Roland Young.

**R.K.O. 86th Street**, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)—Through Wed., Oct. 10: **A BELL FOR ADANO**, Gene Tierney, John Hodiak, William Bendix; also "Swinging on a Rainbow," Jane Frazee, Brad Taylor.

**Loew's 86th Street**, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)—Through Fri., Oct. 5: **ALONG CAME JONES**, Loretta Young, Gary Cooper; also "China's Little Devils," Harry Carey, Paul Kelly. . . . Sat. through Mon., Oct. 6-8: **A MEDAL FOR BENNY**, Dorothy Lamour, Arturo de Cordova; also "Murder, He Says," Fred MacMurray, Helen Walker. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 9-10: **FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS**, revival, Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper, Katina Paxinou.

**Orpheum**, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Through Mon., Oct. 8: "A Thousand and One Nights," Evelyn Keyes, Cornel Wilde; also "I Love a Bandleader," Phil Harris, Leslie Brooks, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 9-10: "Jealousy," Jane Randolph, John Loder; also "The Fatal Witness," Evelyn Ankers, George Leigh.

## WEST SIDE

**Waverly**, 6 Ave. at 3 (CH 3-9019)—Thurs., Oct. 4: "Nob Hill," Joan Bennett, George Raft; also "Don Juan Quilligan," Joan Blondell, William Bendix. . . . Fri. and Sat., Oct. 5-6: **DOUBLE INDEMNITY**, revival, Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray; also "I Wake Up Screaming," revival, Betty Grable, Victor Mature. . . . Sun. through Tues., Oct. 7-9: **A MEDAL FOR BENNY**, Dorothy Lamour, Arturo de Cordova; also "Murder, He Says," Fred MacMurray, Helen Walker. . . . From Wed., Oct. 10: "The Naughty Nineties," Abbott and Costello; also "On Stage Everybody," Peggy Ryan, Jack Oakie.

**8th Street Playhouse**, 8 St., E. of 6 (GR 7-7874)—Through Fri., Oct. 5: "Conflict," Humphrey Bogart, Alexis Smith, Sydney Greenstreet. . . . Sat. through Mon., Oct. 6-8: "Blood on the Sun," James Cagney, Sylvia Sidney. . . . From Tues., Oct. 9: **A MEDAL FOR BENNY**, Dorothy Lamour, Arturo de Cordova.

**Sheridan**, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Through Mon., Oct. 8: "A Thousand and One Nights," Evelyn Keyes, Cornel Wilde; also "I Love a Bandleader," Phil Harris, Leslie Brooks, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 9-10: "Jealousy," Jane Randolph, John Loder; also "The Fatal Witness," Evelyn Ankers, George Leigh.

**Greenwich**, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)—Thurs., Oct. 4: "Forever and a Day," revival, *all-star cast, including Ida Lupino, Brian Aherne*, Merle Oberon, and Charles Laughton; also "Young and Willing," revival, Susan Hayward, William Holden. . . . Fri. through Mon., Oct. 5-8: "Nob Hill," Joan Bennett, George Raft; also "Don Juan Quilligan," Joan Blondell, William Bendix. . . . From Tues., Oct. 9: "Imitation of Life," revival, Claudette Colbert, Warren William; also "East Side of Heaven," revival, Bing Crosby, Joan Blondell.

**R.K.O. 23rd Street**, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)—*Through Mon., Oct. 8*: **A BELL FOR ADANO**, Gene Tierney, John Hodiak, William Bendix; also "Swinging on a Rainbow," Jane Frazee, Brad Taylor. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 9-10: "Flame of the West," Johnny Mack Brown; also "The Lady Confesses," Mary Beth Hughes.

**Terrace**, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Sat., Oct. 6: "Blood on the Sun," James Cagney, Sylvia Sidney; also "Delightfully Dangerous," Jane Powell, Ralph Bellamy. . . . Sun. and Mon., Oct. 7-8: "Adventures of Rusty," Ted Donaldson, *Margaret Lindsay, Conrad Nagel; also* "Rhythm Roundup," Cheryl Walker. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 9-10: to be announced.

**Alden**, B'way at 67 (SU 7-6280)—Revivals—Through Sat., Oct. 6: **THE PRISONER OF ZENDA**, Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman; also **HERE COMES MR. JORDAN**, Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains. . . . Sun. and Mon., Oct. 7-8: **THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED**, Carole Lombard, Charles Laughton; also "The Heavenly Body," Hedy Lamarr, William Powell. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 9-10: "The Desert Song," Dennis Morgan, Irene Manning; also "The Lodger," Merle Oberon, Laird Cregar, George Sanders.

**77th Street**, B'way at 77 (TR 4-9382)—Through Wed., Oct. 10: **ALONG CAME JONES**, Loretta Young, Gary Cooper; also "China's Little Devils," Harry Carey, Paul Kelly.

**R.K.O. 81st Street**, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)—Through Wed., Oct. 10: **A BELL FOR ADANO**, Gene Tierney, John Hodiak, William Bendix; also "Swinging on a Rainbow," Jane Frazee, Brad Taylor.

**Loew's 83rd Street**, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)—Through Wed., Oct. 10: "Out of This World," Diana Lynn, Eddie Bracken, Veronica Lake; also "Bedside Manner," Ruth Hussey, John Carroll, Charles Ruggles.

**Schuyler**, Columbus Ave. at 84 (EN 2-0696)—Through Fri., Oct. 5: **STAGE DOOR**, revival, Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou; also "Flight for Freedom," revival, Fred MacMurray, Rosalind Russell, Herbert Marshall. . . . Sat. through Mon., Oct. 6-8: "Counter-Attack," Paul Muni, Marguerite Chapman; also "This Man's Navy," Wallace Beery. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 9-10: "A Man's Castle," revival, Loretta Young, Spencer Tracy; also "Mr. Lucky," revival, Cary Grant, Laraine Day.

**Stoddard**, B'way at 90 (SC 4-9257)—Through Tues., Oct. 9: "Halfway House," Françoise Rosay, Mervyn Johns; also "Adventures of Rusty," Ted Donaldson, Margaret Lindsay, Conrad Nagel. . . . From Wed., Oct. 10: "A Thousand and One Nights," Evelyn Keyes, Cornel Wilde; also "I Love a Bandleader," Phil Harris, Leslie Brooks, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson.

**Thalia**, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Thurs., Oct. 4: **MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN**, revival, Jean Arthur, Gary Cooper; also "Ruggles of Red Gap," Charles Laughton, Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles. . . . From Fri., Oct. 5: **THE WAY AHEAD**, David Niven; also "The Randolph Family" (also called "Dear Octopus"), Margaret Lockwood, Michael Wilding.

**Riverside**, B'way at 96 (RI 9-9861)—Through Wed., Oct. 10: **A BELL FOR ADANO**, Gene Tierney, John Hodiak, William Bendix; also "Swinging on a Rainbow," Jane Frazee, Brad Taylor.

**Carlton**, B'way at 100 (AC 2-3862)—Through Mon., Oct. 8: "Nob Hill," Joan Bennett, George Raft; also "Don Juan Quilligan," Joan Blondell, William Bendix. . . . From Tues., Oct. 9: **THE STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE**, revival, Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire; also **THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED**, revival, Carole Lombard, Charles Laughton.

**Olympia**, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Through Wed., Oct. 10: "Out of This World," Diana Lynn, Eddie Bracken, Veronica Lake; also "Bedside Manner," Ruth Hussey, John Carroll, Charles Ruggles.

**Nemo**, B'way at 110 (AC 2-9406)—Through Wed., Oct. 10: **A BELL FOR ADANO**, Gene Tierney, John Hodiak, William Bendix; also "*Swinging on a* Rainbow," Jane Frazee, Brad Taylor.

**Loew's 175th Street**, B'way at 175 (WA 7-5200)—Through Tues., Oct. 9: "Out of This World," Diana Lynn, Eddie Bracken, Veronica Lake; also "Bedside Manner," Ruth Hussey, John Carroll, Charles Ruggles. . . . Wed., Oct. 10: "Girl of the Limberlost," Dorinda Clifton; also "Behind City Lights," Lynne Roberts, William Terry.

**Coliseum**, B'way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Through Wed., Oct. 10: **A BELL FOR ADANO**, Gene Tierney, John Hodiak, William Bendix; also "Swinging on a Rainbow," Jane Frazee, Brad Taylor.

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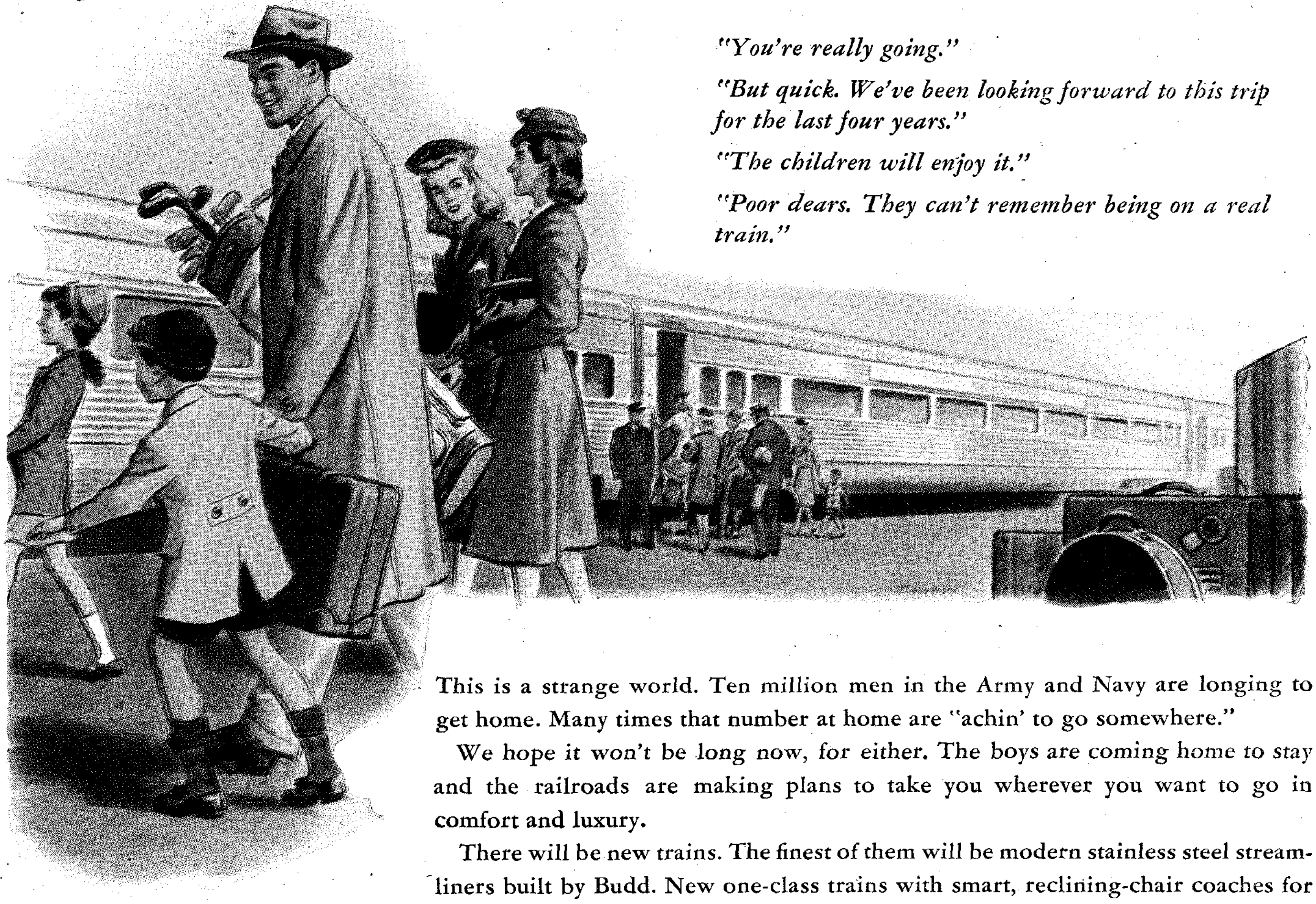
great perfume that flecks
every moment with gold.

Lord & Taylor

# It won't be long now



*"You're really going."*

*"But quick. We've been looking forward to this trip for the last four years."*

*"The children will enjoy it."*

*"Poor dears. They can't remember being on a real train."*

This is a strange world. Ten million men in the Army and Navy are longing to get home. Many times that number at home are "achin' to go somewhere."

We hope it won't be long now, for either. The boys are coming home to stay and the railroads are making plans to take you wherever you want to go in comfort and luxury.

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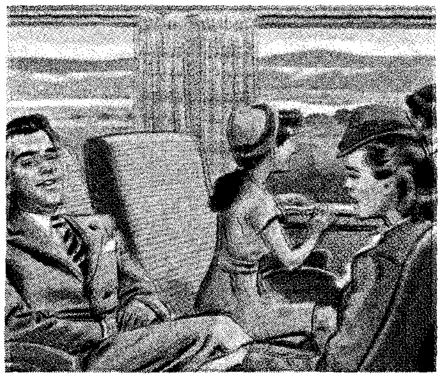
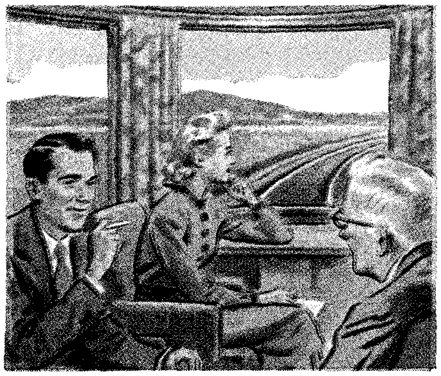
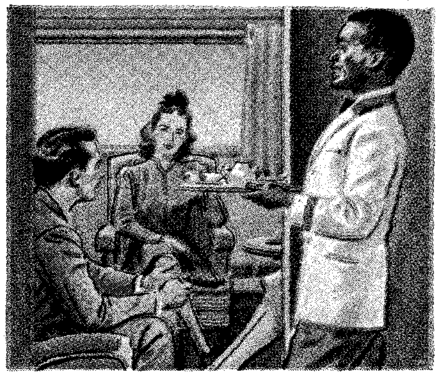


**"This is the way to study geography, isn't it, Mother."**
**"It surely is, Bobby. You really see the country."**



**"This is really restful."**
**"Yes, this is the sort of trip I've been longing for."**



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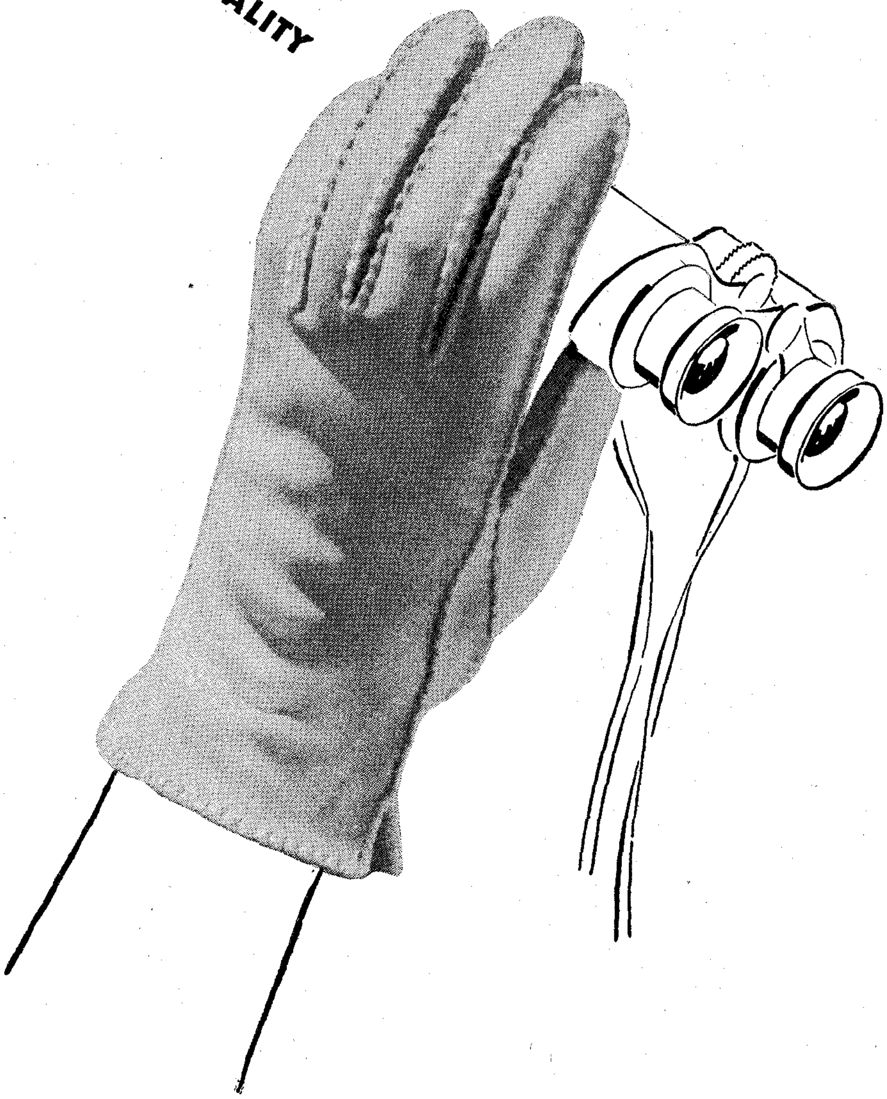

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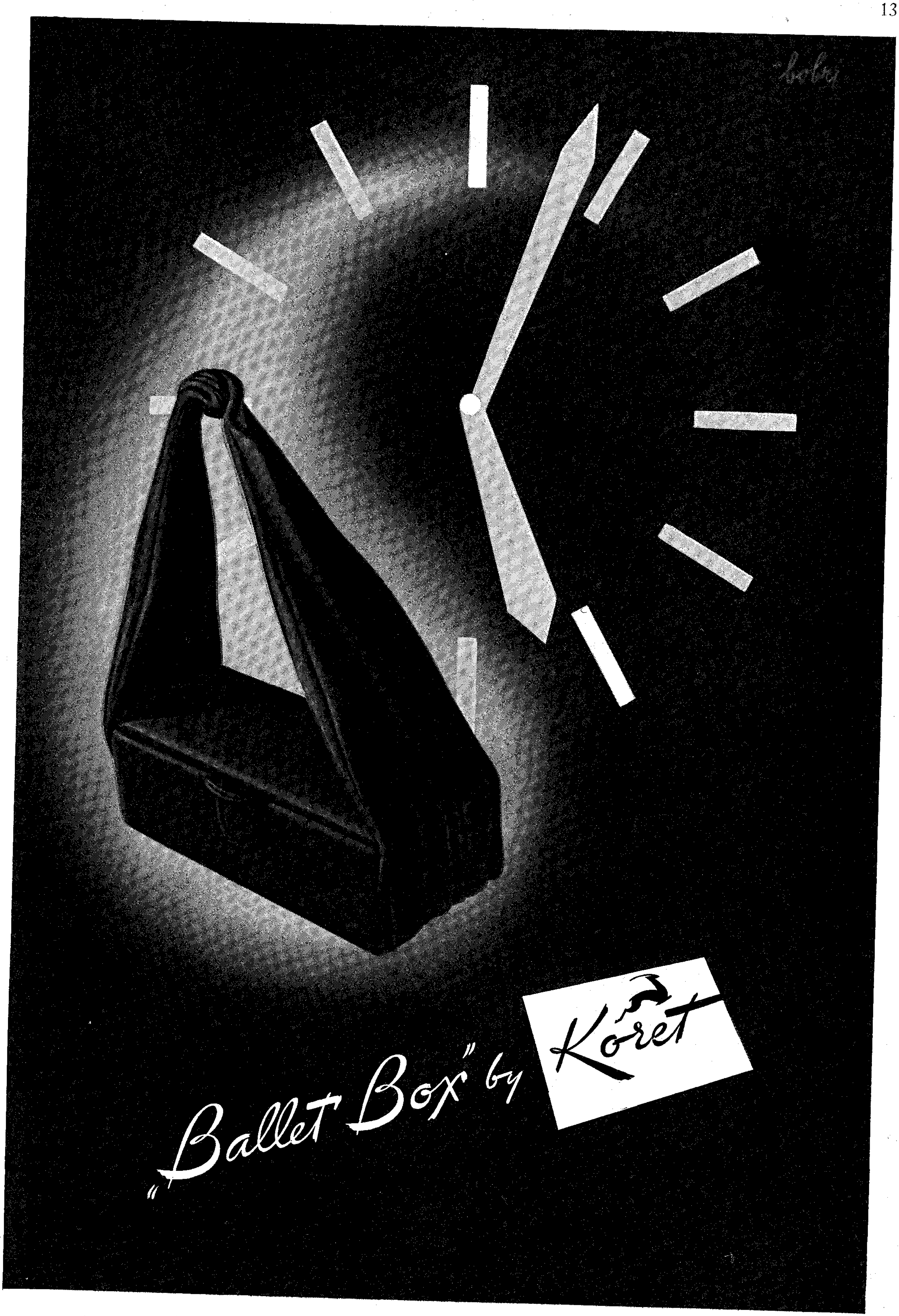
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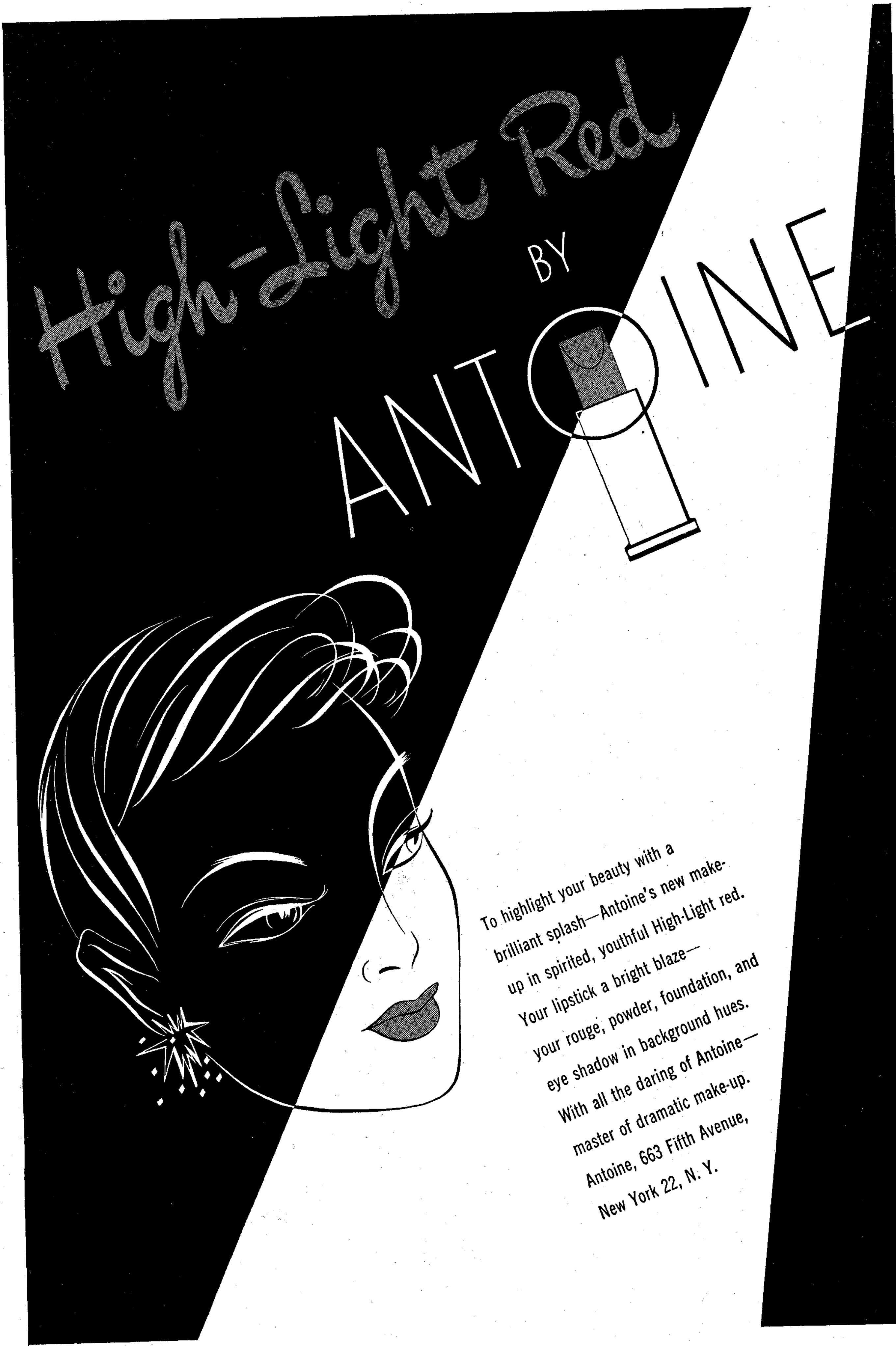

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THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

RECONVERSION NOTE: A news butcher on a New Haven Railroad train last Friday was selling salted peanuts in cellophane bags stamped "AMERICAN BOSCH AVIATION MAGNETO PART—Part No. SR. 529—Quantity 3."

THE radio industry, we hear from a man who used to be in it, is having a rather discouraging time with veterans coming back from Europe and the Pacific. While they were away, of course, the boys got their programs over the short wave, without commercials—just the baseball scores, the songs, the jokes, none of that cultivated, sudsy voice, half a plea, half a threat, advising them genially to make their mouths happy with Gummo, warning them darkly that parasite bacteria lie in wait for four of five. On the beachheads of Normandy and Okinawa there was plenty of swift mass extinction but no news of slow personal decay, and somehow or other the troops learned to get along without it. Now, to the astonishment and dismay of the radio executives, they even seem to prefer their programs without grace notes from the sponsor. The studio mail says loud and clear: Cut out the plugs. There are a great many of these young men who have been away from civilization so long that they have almost forgotten the wise, friendly advertiser, prophesying carious teeth and falling hair, and they can act in dangerous unison. The revolt is only a murmur now, but it won't take much to rouse it to swift and deadly action. At the moment, we are just as glad we don't have to broadcast the World Series through the courtesy of that well-known hoe.

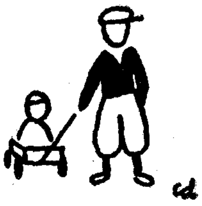
NUZZLING through the *Herald Tribune* book section a couple of Sundays ago, we thought for a minute we were on the brink of an important discovery about modern verse. The first review that caught our eye was by Rolfe Humphries, himself apparently a leader in the movement, and it dealt with a book of poems by Ruth Lechlitner called "Only the Years." Mr. Humphries began by accusing Miss Lechlitner of writing "with one eye on Nature and the visible landscape, and the other on the dangers, real or imagined, peculiar to our time. The note of social protest in her poetry," he went on, "indicates distraction . . . from her real impulse, which is toward a simple, controlled, and pastoral kind of statement." We nodded approvingly and turned the page, and there, by God, was a review by Miss Lechlitner, discussing "Short Is the Time," a collection of poems by C. Day Lewis. "Throughout his career," she wrote, "the special virtue of Day Lewis's work derived from the fact that . . . he is more sensitive to Nature than most of his contemporaries." This time, however, she added, "the objectively pastoral yields very often to . . . a nostalgic recapitulation of a foredoomed childhood." Right there we thought we had the secret. Modern poets are quite prepared to admire other modern poets as long as they stick to the controlled, pastoral statement, or Nature. It is only when a modern poet begins to get too big for his pants, horsing around about doom and social flux, that his colleagues have a tendency to gang up on him. We were quite pleased with this idea, which cleared up a lot of things in our mind, until we shifted over to the *Times* and came on an article by Karl Shapiro, another distinguished operator. Mr. Shapiro's piece was called "A Poet Dissects the Modern Poets," and it had a definitive air, being accompanied by pictures of Eliot, Auden, Spender, and MacLeish, not to mention Tennyson and Poe. "If one could write the typical composite poem of the present day," it began, "the finished product would appear to be a work of great intricacy of device from thirty to fifty lines in length, easy to read but difficult to comprehend. . . . [It] would be anti-lyrical in tone, anti-romantic in spirit, and in point of view probably anti-middle class. . . . About 5,000 people, mostly poets and college students, would read it. Its life expectancy would be about five or ten years." "That's just what *you* think, Shapiro," we muttered, but it was no use. We were right back where we started.

FOR a good many years, we rode up and down in the elevator with Will H. Hays, who had his headquarters in our building. He is a small man with sharp features, who usually looked as if he had just come in out of a chilly breeze, the thin nose and outflanking ears faintly touched with pink, the mouth and chin, a mousy formation, a little pinched and cold, the eyelids battened down, perhaps against the trade winds from the Coast. On the whole, he looked, as spinsters are apt to say in New England novels, a bit peaked. We never met Mr. Hays, but naturally we were aware of his chaste profession, and his presence in the elevator had, we think, some effect on our prose over the years. It was as if a little accidental virtue, a moral code in the head, you might say, had passed from him to us, and we sometimes wrote as if we were addressing a hundred and fifty million people whose political and social innocence were somehow our concern. We have no idea whether this was a good thing or not; his example may have curbed our natural cynicism and vulgarity, from time to time it may also have stood between us and some small, disreputable truth; we only know that we felt his influence, tiny but nagging. Mr. Hays is gone now, of course, and his task of shielding the nation from the facts of life has been taken over by Eric Johnston, the president of the Chamber of Commerce, another organization of high, inscrutable purpose. We welcome Mr. Johnston to 25 West Forty-third Street, and look forward to seeing him now and then in the elevator, at a respectful distance. We doubt if he'll ever quite be able to take his predecessor's place in our life, but we're ready for his spiritual guidance, wherever it may lead.

## *Prepared*

THE highest man in the city to be affected by the elevator strike was Thomas J. Buzalski, manager of the N.B.C. television and frequency-modulation station, on the eighty-fifth floor of the Empire State Building, as you may possibly have read. An hour before the strike began, Buzalski, who, as a former Boy Scout, believes in being prepared to deal quickly and cheerfully with any emergency, arrived at his office with a briefcase containing a treatise on television, a can of corned-beef hash, a can of Spam, a can of date-nut bread, and a toothbrush. Other supplies had forehandedly been laid in by N.B.C. Buzalski remained on the eighty-fifth floor all that day and night and the next day and night, and he was still there on the third day, when, through the kindness of Local 32-B, we rode up to call on him.

We found him in excellent health and only slightly apprehensive about any changes that might have taken place in the outside world. He is a tall, lanky man in his middle thirties. When we saw him, he had on steel-rimmed spectacles, blue jeans, and a white polo shirt, and he looked to us like a good man to have along on a camping trip. He and his assistant, Andrew Hammerschmidt, were washing dishes in a small back room used for the transmission of FM broadcasts. The room held a quantity of electronic equipment, two Army cots, and a table covered with radio tubes, test tubes, and a coffeepot. "We just had corned-beef hash with two eggs each," Buzalski told us. "We ran out of hot water doing the dishes last night, but we can't afford to run out of hot water with these dishes. You know how eggs are when you let them dry."



As soon as Buzalski and Hammerschmidt had finished their K. P., they led the way into another office, where a pair of gray trousers hung upside down from a filing cabinet, the cuffs of the trousers pinched into the top drawer. A jar of sugar stood on a desk, and on a blackboard was chalked a series of numbers with a total reading "52 hrs." Buzalski erased the sum and wrote "53 hrs." "Keeps me from getting restless," he said. We asked him how long it had taken him to arrange to be besieged. "We were told to get ready for this about four days ahead of time," he said. "We got in the cots and blankets first, then some pots and an electric plate, then food. We think we brought in enough: four cans of beans, eight cans of orange juice, three cans of corn, a can of peas, a can of string beans, four cans of vegetable soup, four cans of evaporated milk, two cans of prunes, two cans of sliced peaches, two loaves of bread, a dozen oranges, a dozen and a half eggs, a dozen apples, half a dozen peaches, a jar of grape jelly, a jar of peanut butter, and four packs of cigarettes. Oh, and two jars of cheese sandwich spread and a pound of sliced Swiss cheese. And what I brought in my briefcase. By the time the strike started, the original bread was stale. It was a good thing I brought this canned date-nut bread." Buzalski regretted only one oversight. "I wish I'd remembered to bring along a change of socks," he said.

Buzalski began his siege with an assistant named Lombardi. At the end of the first day, Lombardi learned that his son, who had been overseas for eighteen months, had just got home and he decided to get the hell out of there. The union's local shop steward agreed to take him down and bring Hammerschmidt up. Hammerschmidt thoughtfully brought up fresh milk, four cans of chicken-gumbo soup, two new loaves of bread, an electric razor, and a change of socks for himself. At the time of our visit, Buzalski and Hammerschmidt had eaten all their fresh fruit and most of one loaf of the new bread. Some eighty-fifth-floor mice had eaten most of the second loaf. "I'm not worrying, though," Buzalski said. "I've had a good deal of this sort of thing in Boy Scout work. I was so tall they made me an assistant Scoutmaster almost as soon as I got to be a First Class Scout. The food we ate in those days was a good deal worse than what we're eating now. Besides, we have our work to think about—television four days a week and all the FM that N.B.C. puts out—and our housekeeping chores to do, and our wives call us three or four times a day." Buzalski shook his head with the air of polite resignation befitting a First Class Scout. "You know how women are," he said. "They think this is a big joke."

## *Choice of Weapons*

OUR Third Avenue man was drinking a beer in a bar one night recently when a thickset, muscular gentleman came up to him and said in a hoarse whisper, "Stand up, will you, Mac? There may be trouble here in a minute, and you're sitting on the heaviest stool in the joint."

## *Lovely Surprise*

UP to a few days ago, we'd never thought much about ticks one way or another. Then some busybody happened to mention that New York had the biggest tick problem of any city in the country and, to learn the worst, we went to see Charles Pomerantz, a pink-nosed, white-haired man who resembles Happy in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Pomerantz is regarded by his colleagues in the National Pest Control Association as one of the top tick men in the country. We asked him how we could tell if we had a tick problem in our house. "Tell!" he answered. "Listen, there's two kinds of ticks could be in your place—positive geotropic ticks and negative geotropic ticks. Negative geotropic ticks stay down in the floorboards and you might not know the little fellows were there for months on end, but positive geotropic ticks climb all over the place. If you can find ten or twenty ticks on your walls in a quick look, you got a problem." Pomerantz shook his head. "They live off the blood of dogs, but if a dog happens to drop a tick in your house it can live off itself for from four months to a year. Shuts up its spiracles and makes its own oxygen. A very bad state of affairs."

Pomerantz suggested that we refer to him as a P. C. O., short for Pest Control Operator. "It's got more dignity than 'exterminator,' " he said, "and besides, pest control is getting to be more and more like a science. I've been giving lectures to doctors and professors and I've a big fat book on ticks coming out that will be a classic in its field, and the fact is I have a tough time keeping people from calling me Doc." Though

• •

at the top of his profession, Pomerantz is a relative newcomer. He got started about eight years ago. Before that, he was in ready-to-wear men's suits. "But my heart wasn't in them," he told us. "I'd go home and read Aristotle to get my mind off ready-to-wear. Finally my brother-in-law says to me, 'Charlie, you need something scientific, something that will challenge you. Why don't you go into the exterminating business?' Now I'm a different man. Of course, I didn't know I was going to concentrate on ticks when I started. That was just one of those lovely surprises that come like a bolt from the blue."

Pomerantz got his first tick case back in 1937, and averaged three cases a week until lately, when business stepped up suddenly. There are, he informed us, three major varieties of tick in the country—brown dog tick, American dog tick, and Rocky Mountain tick (all positively or negatively geotropic, as the case may be). The brown dog tick is the only one that contrives to exist in the city, or, for that matter, indoors anywhere. The bite of the Rocky Mountain tick produces Rocky Mountain spotted fever, which is generally fatal. The bite of the American dog tick, which inhabits Long Island and other nearby areas, is capable of producing Rocky Mountain spotted fever, tick paralysis, and possibly tularemia, both in dogs and human beings. A number of people have died after being bitten by American dog ticks. Brown dog ticks have never been known to kill anyone. Tests have indicated, however, that they are potentially carriers of tularemia, tick paralysis, and spotted fever, and Pomerantz thinks they may get around to carrying germs soon; they've been in the country a bare thirty-three years.

The brown dog tick, which would presumably rather visit New York than live here, is carried in by dogs returning from summer vacations in such tick-infested localities as Cape Cod. These dogs pass the tick on to dogs they meet in the street and in Central Park, which has become rather notorious. "There are probably more ticks on Park Avenue than anywhere else in town," Pomerantz told us. "They hop off dogs and get into places no self-respecting roach would think of going. Into books, for example. I once found forty ticks in a copy of 'Gone with the Wind.' " Getting rid of ticks is an expensive proposition because of the amount of time it takes to ferret them out of their hiding places. Sometimes Pomerantz will drill through walls, yank up tiles, and unscrew all the light fixtures to get at them.

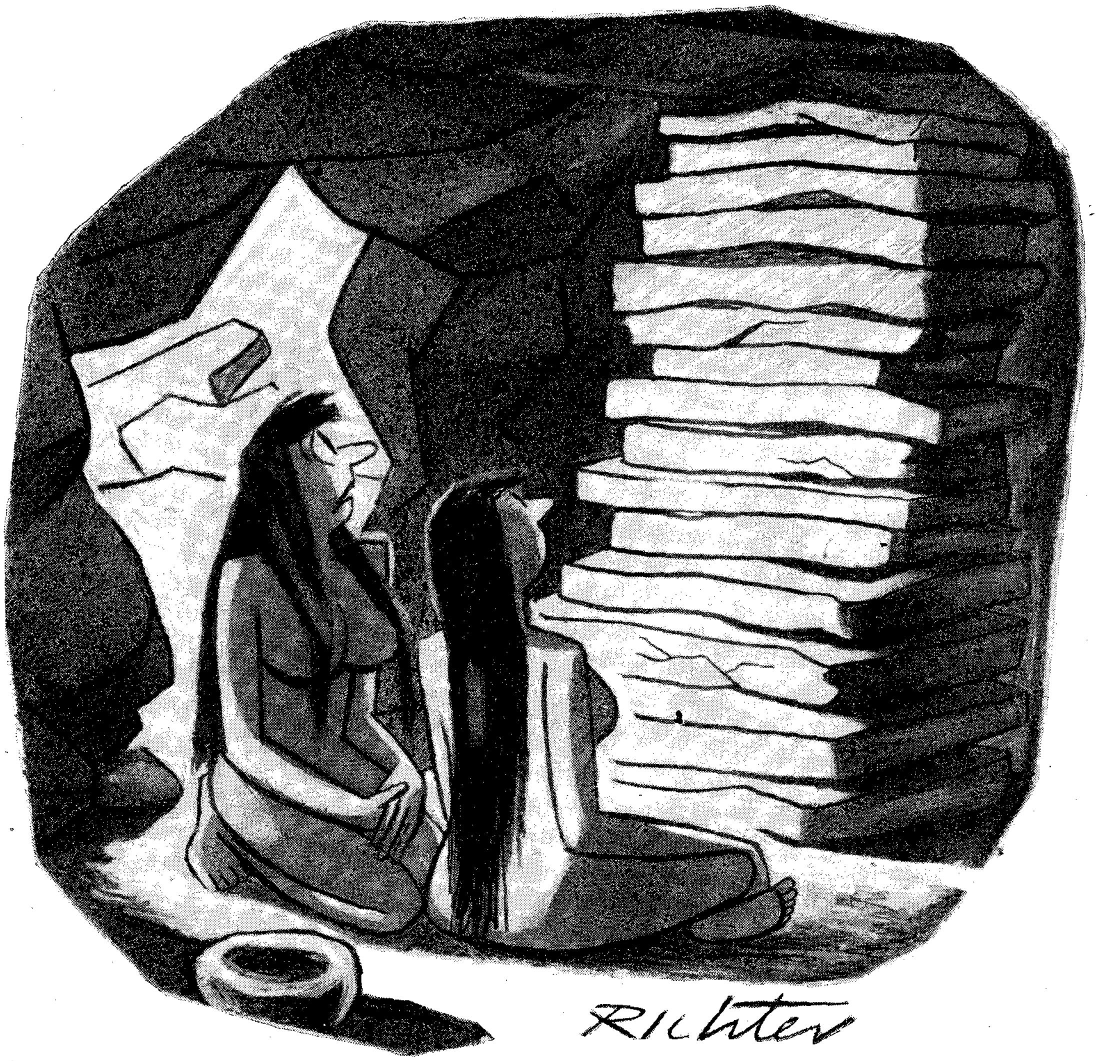
Pomerantz takes a thoroughly pessimistic view of the tick problem. He has had more tick cases the past two months than he had all last year. Furthermore, there's a new strain of brown dog tick over in Brooklyn that can live outdoors all the year round; in the old days, the frost used to kill off all outside ticks. "D.D.T. may turn out to be useful in controlling ticks in houses," said Mr. Pomerantz. "We don't know yet. My feeling is that ticks have a long tradition behind them—Aristotle and Aesop both mention them—and won't give up easily."

## *Hospitality*

WE have a note from a couple headed west by automobile at the time of writing. They plan to stay in California for some time, so the back of their car was loaded with household goods and chattels. They stopped overnight in Cheyenne, Wyoming, and the hotel stole six of their towels.

## *Economic Drain*

AS a move toward getting back on a solid peacetime basis, we have had a member of our research staff go into the subject of the gloves lost every



*"I've kept all his letters."*

year by ladies in New York, and we have a mine of information that will probably astonish no male reader but that should perhaps be required reading for our female followers. Ladies lose gloves of all sorts, mostly in pairs—cotton, wool, kid, suède, pigskin, silk, and fur—in subways, restaurants, phone and voting booths, streetcars, theatres, airplanes, buses, shops, roller-coasters, and you name it. According to an authority whom we will presently identify, at least a hundred thousand ladies' gloves are lost in New York per annum, or an average of one every five minutes night and day.

The three subway systems average 6,100 odd and matched gloves a year. Of these, twenty-five per cent are claimed by their owners. Subway gloves (hereafter in this report the word "gloves" will be used to mean gloves lost by women) are kept for ninety days and then, if not claimed, sold at public auction, mostly to second-hand dealers. These fellows, incidentally, are terrible people; after buying up a lot of gloves at one lost-and-found repository, they take the unmated units to other such repositories and claim anything they find that matches. "They come in here and paw through all the gloves on hand," a subway spokesman told our man. "If they've got a mate, there's nothing we can say." Fifth Avenue bus gloves came to 502 pairs and fifty-eight singles in 1944. Of these, sixty-seven pairs and four singles were spoken for. Other bus gloves came to 344 pairs, of which seventeen were claimed, and thirty-four singles, none claimed. Schrafft gloves seemed to total five hundred so far for the year when our man called at the main office. That wasn't all the Schrafft gloves, though, for its stores hold gloves a few weeks before sending unclaimed ones to headquarters, where they are kept six months and then sold to thrift shops. The Waldorf policy is to return unclaimed gloves to the finder after four months, if the finder shows up. The haul at the Waldorf during the past year consisted of 180 fabric pairs, of which twenty-five per cent were claimed; sixty suède or kid pairs, of which only one pair was claimed; 120 fabric singles, of which one was claimed; and a hundred suède and kid singles, of which half were claimed. Asked why the suède-and-kid crowd was so much more diligent at claiming singles than pairs, the Waldorf representative our reporter talked to looked wild and then went off on a tangent. "Of course, if they don't lose them here," he said, "they can always get in a cab and lose them." Only 486 taxi gloves were turned in to the police last year, but there's no telling how many were presented by cabdrivers to their wives and sweethearts, who in turn left them on buses and subways.

Now, if you ladies will indulge us just a few moments more: Carnegie Hall gloves came to 1,200 in 1944, matched and unmatched; Grand Central and Penn Station gloves came to 3,000 and 2,400, respectively; Radio City Music Hall gloves to 1,460 and Paramount gloves to 1,825. Of the gloves in the last four of these categories, those unclaimed, or more than half, were given to their finders or to some charitable outfit, such as the Salvation Army. Unclaimed Carnegie Halls, two-thirds of the bag, are used for dusting and cleaning up before the first concert of the season. "That doeskin stuff is swell for polishing footlights," our man was told. "In a way, glove losers are benefactors of the arts."

We have now accounted for over nineteen thousand of the glove units lost annually. The hundred-thousand figure of our opening paragraph is on the head of the police lieutenant in charge of the Property Clerk's office. "I've seen gloves rain in here like cats and dogs for years," he said, "and my estimate is that a hundred thousand gloves are lost in this town every year. Most of them don't end up in lost-and-founds; a lot of finders keep them without their loss being recorded. They just sort of change hands, you might say."

At this point we are reminded of a story about W. C. Fields. Years ago, when he was a resident of New York, he wrote a letter to the manager of a certain local theatre. "Dear sir," he said, "I am attending the performance at your theatre on the evening of February 21st. I have seats G-1 and G-2. The reason I am sending you this notification is that I will be accompanied by my wife, who will lose a pair of gray suède gloves . . ."

## *Reproach*

WE have a belated dispatch from Rockaway Beach reporting a remark made by one plump matron to another about a third lady, who had evidently been putting on airs: "Who does she think she is—Mrs. Hoi Polloi herself?"

## *Our Own Baedeker*

FROM its southern terminus on White Street to its dead end at Central Park, Sixth Avenue—or the Avenue of the Americas, as the case may be—stretches a little over three miles through the wholesale garment, fur, and flower centers, among other things. Its flora consists of Oriental plane trees, which are artificially fed once a year with plant food and of which a prime exemplar is a tree in front of Lewis & Conger that cost the store four hundred dollars. The avenue is lined with 550 buildings that may be characterized in various ways: 240 only four stories high, 22 skyscrapers, 211 lofts, 161 walkup apartments, 4 elevator apartment houses, 5 one-family dwellings (with stores), 20 two-family dwellings (without stores), approximately 275 buildings over forty-five years old, and so on. These structures are assessed at $62,631,000 and stand on property which, along with 25 vacant lots, is valued at $89,846,550, or slightly more than seventeen million more than the Payne Whitney estate, before taxes and lawyers. The Sixth Avenue subway, which cost fifty-seven million dollars, is the coolest in town; it takes quite a number of years for a subway to warm up.

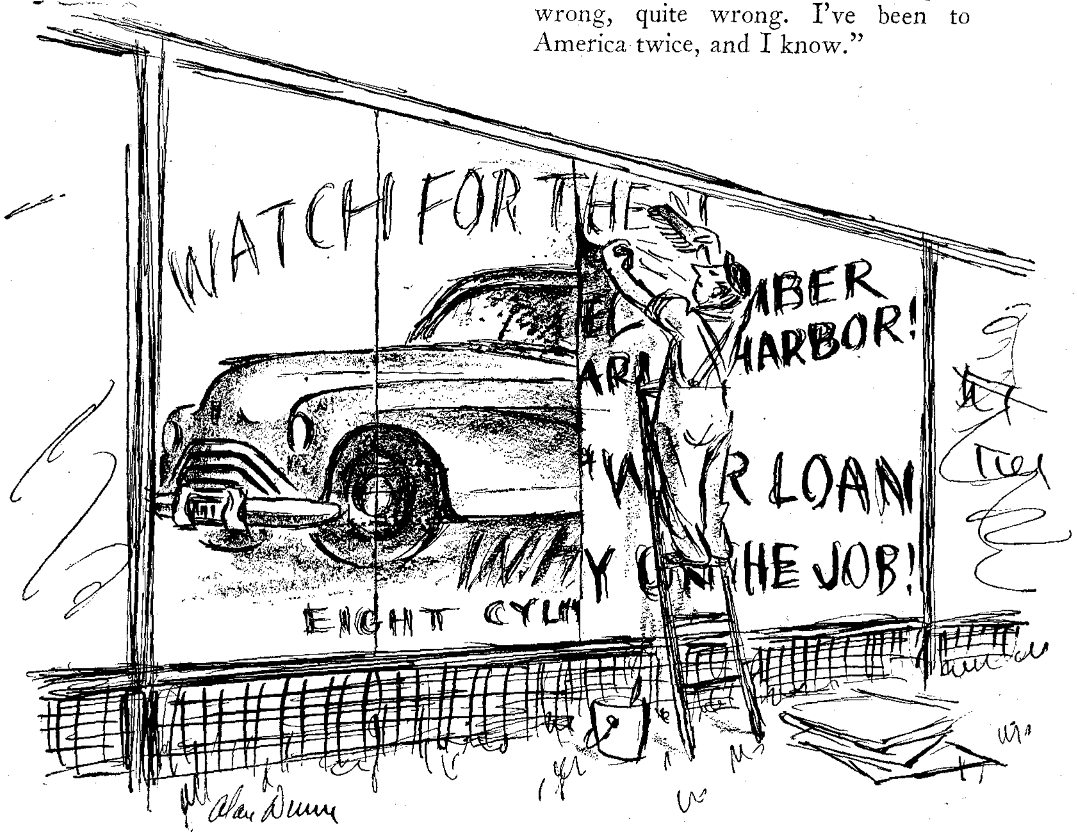
George Washington never slept on Sixth Avenue, but he stood there in 1776 with General Israel Putnam, who came up from the Battery to help him fight the British at Kip's Bay. It was on Sixth Avenue, in what is now Bryant Park, that Washington rushed about among his troops with so desperate an air that one of his generals said of him, "He sought death rather than life." It was also in Bryant Park, then Reservoir Square, that President Franklin Pierce, with a less desperate air, in 1853 opened the first American World's Fair, at the Crystal Palace, and it was there, again in the Palace, that Cyrus W. Field in 1858 received well-wishers after laying the first Atlantic cable. Union troops bivouacked in the park during the Civil War, and, if we may be permitted to skip a few years forward and a number of blocks south, it was in the cellar of the Edwin Booth Theatre, at Twenty-third and Sixth, that Edwin Booth stored the costumes of his brother John after the latter had been hanged. One night Edwin went down cellar and set fire to them. His theatre was the first such million-dollar enterprise in America and was almost as unsuccessful as the old Roxy. It opened in 1869 with Booth as Romeo and closed in 1883 with Maurice Barrymore as Romeo. Guttenberg's costume shop, at 26 Sixth Avenue, numbered among its clients these two Romeos, as well as Richard Mansfield, Weber and Fields, David Warfield, and Mary Pickford. It was the avenue's oldest shop until it moved away, a few years ago.

After the Civil War, Sixth between Twenty-fourth and Fortieth became the heart of the red-light district, known to some of its many friends as Satan's Circus. In the eighteen-seventies it was denounced by the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage as "the modern Gomorrah." Its jolliest dance hall, the Haymarket, was a three-story lemon-yellow brick and frame building with small cubicles for cancan dancing. Gents paid an admission of twenty-five cents; ladies slid in free by a side entrance. Its reigning belle, Dutch Sadie, eventually returned to Holland, by request. The son of one of its owners now drives a bus on Sixth Avenue, possibly nostalgically. A neighboring pleasure dome was the Star & Garter, the boast of whose bartender, Billy Patterson, was that he was the only man in New York with no enemies. One morning, as he left work, he was beaten to death, presumably by friends.

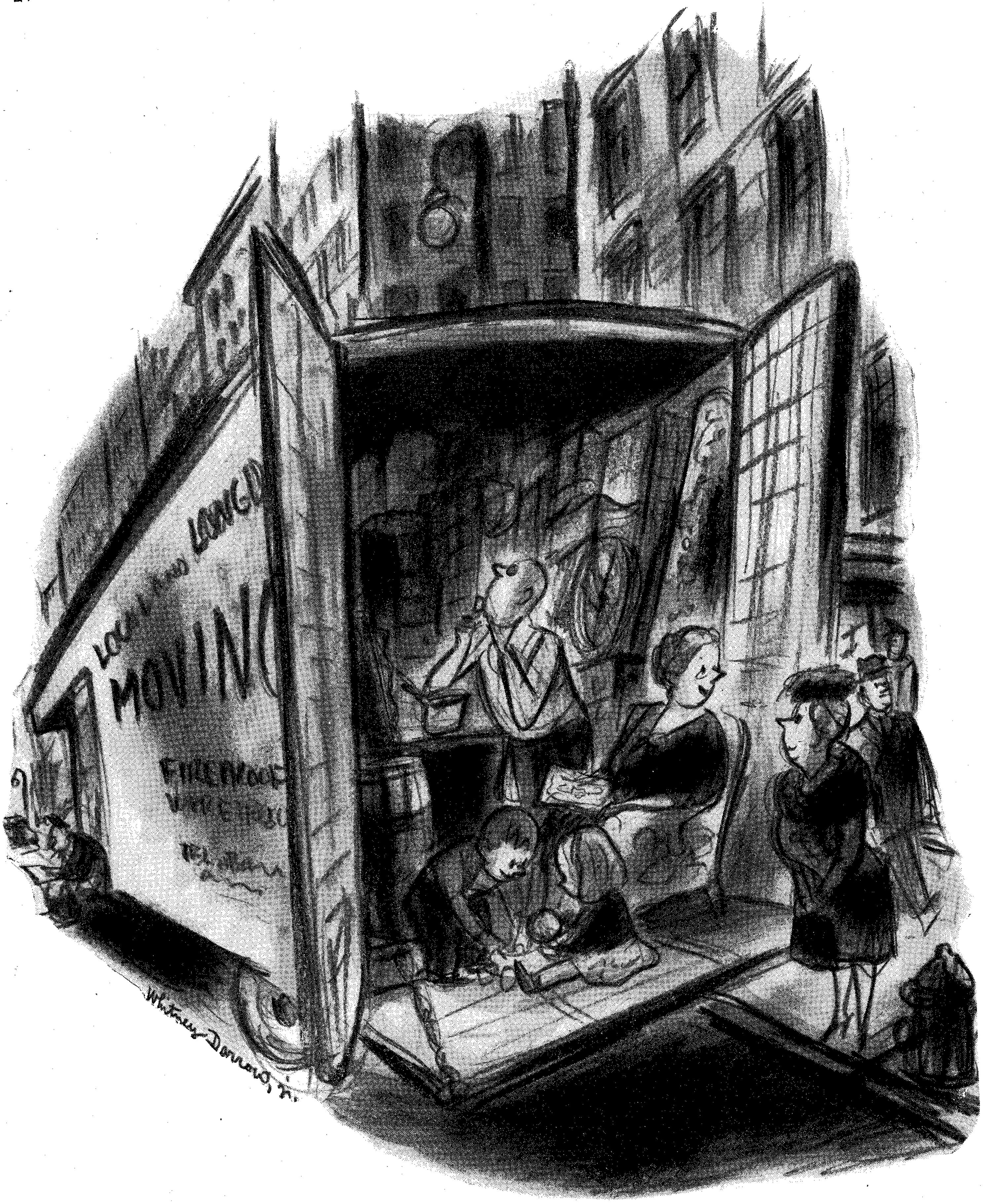
During the opening-night performance of the old Hippodrome, in 1904, the Sixth Avenue "L," oldest in the city, considerately stopped running. It stopped running altogether in 1938. Mayor Hylan was an engineer on one of its trains in its steam-engine days. Another Sixth Avenue worker was John Masefield, who polished brass cuspidors in a saloon at Ninth Street. This saloon is now a flower shop. Doubtless a trend.

## *Correction*

A NEWLY released O.S.S. man from Tennessee has told us of an experience he had on the boat train from London to Plymouth. He was talking with a friend in a compartment when a frosty elderly Englishman came in and sat down. The O.S.S. man had barely finished recounting some incident of his childhood when the Englishman leaned across the compartment, tapped him on the knee, and said, "Lad, you were trying to tell that story with an American accent, weren't you? You're quite wrong, quite wrong. I've been to America twice, and I know."



Alan Dunn


LOCAL AND LONG D
MOVIN
FIREPROOF
WAREHO

*"Now be sure to let us know if you do hear of anything."*

# A GAMBLER FROM THE BRONX

A SMILE played on Pa Gross's face as he puffed his way up the three flights of stairs that led to his apartment. He paused in front of his door to examine once more the beribboned package he held and, anticipating its effect upon his wife and daughter, chuckled softly. He dug into his pocket, pulled out a key, and inserted it in the lock.

He opened the door cautiously, slipped inside, and stood for a moment listening. Hearing nothing, he quietly closed the door and padded down the hallway toward the dining room. Suddenly the swinging door between the kitchen and dining room squeaked, and he quickly pressed himself against the wall and waited. Ma Gross, her vast bulk partly covered by a frilled apron, made her way to the sideboard, where the table linen was kept. As she fished for a tablecloth, Pa tiptoed forward, holding the package behind him. He paused directly in back of her and gave what he thought was a low cough. It thundered through the room.

Ma uttered a sharp cry, slapped her sides, and wheeled around to glare at him. "*Meshugeneh!*" she barked as soon as she found her voice. "A *shreck* you give me just now," she panted, placing a hand over her heart. "Is a wonder mine hott is not gebusted in liddle pieces."

The rebuke merely grazed Pa Gross's consciousness. He beamed broadly and, assuming a tone calculated to convey gallantry, said, "Excuse me, lady. Lives here a gudjuss missus from the name Mrs. Esther Gross?"

Ma, however, was in no mood to play his game. "I'll give you mit a gudjuss missus!" she cried. "What'sa metta you so late? Is like a piece ice, your soppur in kitchen."

"Soppur-shmoppur!" The old man dismissed the entire matter of food in this one devastating phrase. "Why I'm late is because, in the foist place, is by us a big busy in shop. *Nu,* so I must woik a liddle overtime. And in the secont place, give a look." He held aloft the elaborately wrapped package.

Ma's frigidity vanished. "Fa me?" she asked, eagerly extending her hand.

"It says someplace a sign, special fa you?" he asked, yanking the box away. "Is fa evveybody. Fa Bella, too. So where is she?" He glanced around the room.

"Where should she be?" snapped Mrs. Gross. "By me in pockitbook she's not!" This was a more than adequate clue to Pa, who placed the package on the table and went scurrying toward the bathroom. "*Ketzeleh,* dolling," he purred, his knuckles beating a light tattoo upon the door. "You know who's home awready? Me—the Papa."

"I'll be out in a minute," Bella called from inside.

Pa returned to the dining room, to discover that his wife had already undone the ribbon of the box and was about to remove the wrapping. "Mrs. Firelady!" he bellowed, rushing forward to retrieve his prize. "Is maybe boining by you a mettress, you can't wait? Fa'vensakes, Esther, what is mit you, Esther?"

"Sha, sha! Look how excited he is, alluva sunn! Listen, Mr. Stingy," Ma Gross said, shrugging, "you don't want I should see, so O.K. So go 'head, enjoy yourself togeddeh mit your peckitch. You think I care? No, sir!" However, she stayed there, watching Pa closely as he stripped the wrapping from the box.

Pa Gross felt that the appropriate moment for an explanation had at last arrived. "Believe me," he said, "is your Mister a foist-cless gembler, don't even esk! Why I'm saying this? O.K. I'll explain you why. Because is all the time by us in shop a reffle." He paused and looked intently at his wife. "You know what is a reffle?" he asked.

"A question!" she sang out. "Listen, you think I'm here a grinnhorn? Uf cuss I know what is a reffle."

"A reffle," Pa went on, "is when you take fa ten cents a chence and maybe you winning something expensible, udder maybe not. Last wikk in shop was winning a presser a setchel from leather, is custing, I wouldn't say much, a good thoidy dolless. Twendy-fife is *positiffly* custing! Two wikks before is winning Mr. Peroni, the foreman—he should oney bust in pieces!—a razor, is gung strickly by lectrick. *Nu,* so is today mine lucky day. Look." He dug into the box and proudly produced a shiny, nickel-plated alarm clock.

Ma gazed at it in apathy for a second or two. "What is?" she asked finally.

"Mrs. Stupey-Head!" the old man shouted. "You maybe blint, God fabbid, you can't see? Is a beaudyful lomm clock."

His wife continued to stare at his prize for a moment, then wrinkled her nose. "Some boggin he's ketching, mine Mr. Sputt!" she said.

"Never mind. Is very hard to find such a thing today," Pa hastened to assure her. "Give a look." He wound the clock, and, pressing it close to his ear, listened intently with an expression of admiration and rapture. "Tick, tick, tick," he intoned in time with the loud ticking. "Listen how nice is gung the clock. A pleasure!" He turned it over and began to twist the alarm stem. "Wait," he said. "In two seconts you'll hear a bell, believe me will be positiffly gudjuss!"

"Please! It rings me enough in head mitout I need bells from lomm clocks yet!"

Pa shushed her and waited for the bell to ring, but the only sound forthcoming was a steady, strong ticking. A deep frown settled on his face as he held the clock at arm's length and stared at it. Then he shook it vigorously.

"*Nu?*" Mrs. Gross made no attempt at all to conceal the note of triumph in her voice. "So what is from the clock mit the gudjuss bell?"

Pa glanced up, caught her eye, and looked quickly away. "I . . . I think is something gebusted inside," he said.

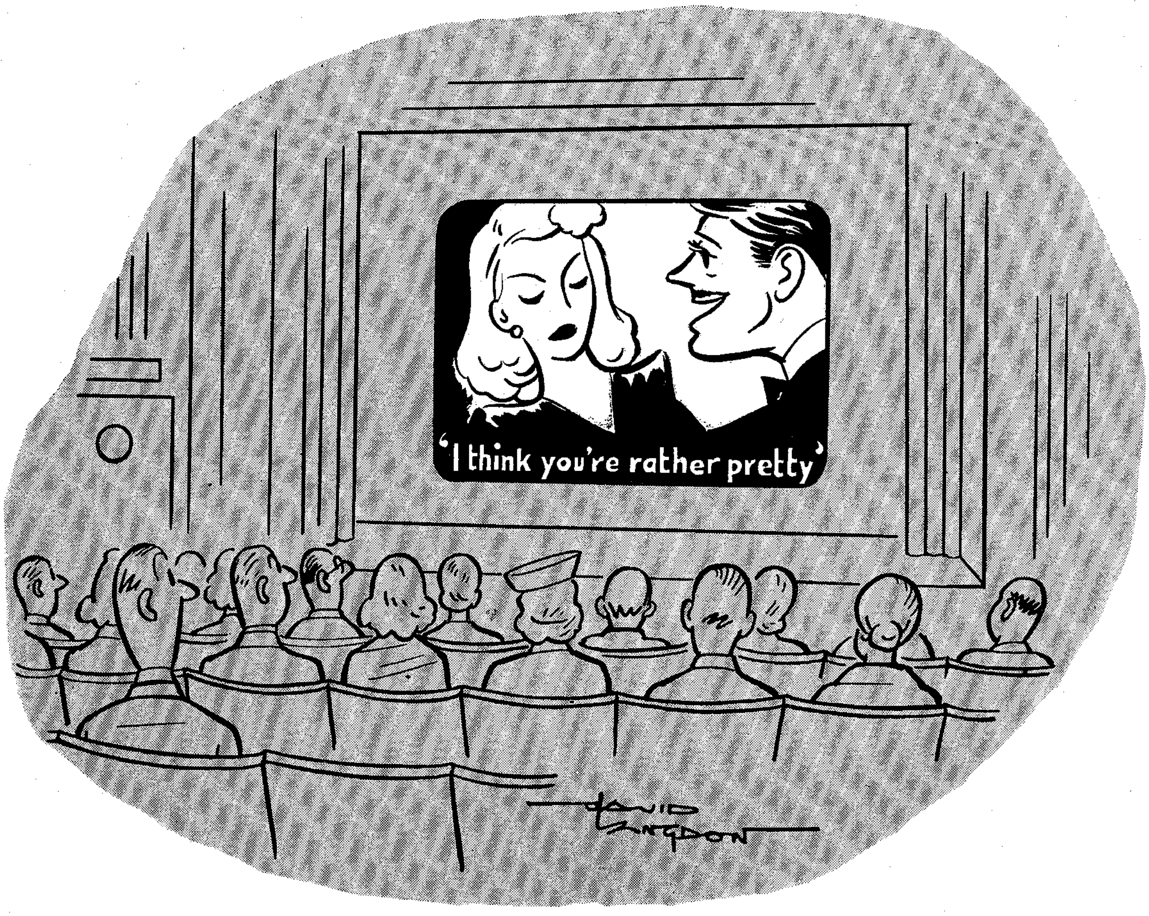
"You hear?" asked his audience, of no one in particular. "Alluva sunn is something gebusted inside! Listen. You know where is something gebusted? Here!" She poked her temple with her index finger. "Inside, by you in head!"

"Fa ten cents a chence is still the lomm clock a big boggin," Pa said in a tone which lacked complete conviction.

"Is still the lomm clock a big boggin!" mimicked his wife as she shook her head from side to side. "*Nu,* so tell me, mine gembler, mine sputt—fa how long they selling the reffles by you in shop?"

"You think I remember?" he muttered. "Maybe a yirr. Maybe less." Indignant over being victimized, and determined to seek satisfaction at the very first opportunity, Pa placed the clock back in the box and began wrapping the package.

"So fa a yirr is ten cents a day, fa three hundritt sixdy-fife . . ." mumbled


'I think you're rather pretty'
DAVID LANGDON

*"Vos yeux sont comme des étoiles, vos cheveux des tresses d'or, votre bouche est un frais bouton de rose; comme vous êtes belle, ma chérie, et comme vous êtes adorable . . ."*

• •

Ma, staring at the ceiling as she made a rapid mental calculation.

"What you tukking from ten cents a *day?*" Pa shouted. "You think I'm maybe Mr. Rockefelleh, I'm thrung—"

"*Oi, ah klog!* Is custing the clock a good thoidy-six dolless!" Mrs. Gross slapped her cheek with her palm and glared at her husband. "Dope! *Schlemiel!* Fa such a big bunch money you can't buy Bella a new dress, she's all the time complaining is old by her the clothes?"

Pa gladly seized the opportunity to divert the conversation from himself. "Certainly she's complaining," he agreed. "Two times she's wearing a dress and right away is by her like a regelleh piece reg!"

"So is not a new dress," said Ma, recognizing the logic of his argument. "So is a new set dishes, comes here company fa soppur, is nice to sit donn bime table and eat from a new set dishes. No, this he can't do! But when it comes to reffles from lomm clocks mitout bells, aha! He's foist in line, mine—"

"Mrs. Victrolleh!" roared her hapless victim. "The niddle take away from the tunk and tend betta to mine soppur. I'm stovving away in liddle pieces." He removed a newspaper from his pocket, advanced to his favorite chair, and was about to seat himself when he paused to ask, "So what is tonight fa soppur?"

"What should be fa soppur?" asked his wife. "Fish, uf cuss!"

"Again is fish!" he said in disgust. "Fa'vensakes, you think I'm maybe a boidie, udder a pussyket in stritt? A persin is woiking a whole day in shop, he's coming home, so is by him a nice piece meat a pleasure."

"Certainly is a pleasure. By me, too," she said.

"*Nuuu?*"

"Listen, you think is grung donnstairs in yott a ration tree mit points? '*Nu?*,' he's esking yet!" Ma said derisively. "Dijja ever?"

THE nominal head of the house acknowledged defeat by shrugging and releasing a deep and sad sigh. He sank back in his chair and had started to devote himself to the paper when the bathroom door was suddenly thrust open and Bella came strutting down the hall. Her face, with its carefully stencilled lips, its eyebrows newly defined, its lashes so freshly beaded, gave eloquent testimony of time and patience lavishly expended on its care.

"Fight, fight, fight!" she complained as she tugged at her girdle. "Gee whiz, a person would think this was some public broadcasting station or other instead of a strickly private family."

"Aha! She's here awready, mine queen!" her mother cried. "I thought maybe you got lost in bethroom."

"I take that sarcasm from whence it comes," Bella said with a toss of her head. "Oh, by the way," she continued, her heels clicking loudly against the hardwood floor as she headed for the closet to get her hat and bag, "in case there's any phone calls fa me, will you kindly inform the parties that I'm over at Kitty Shapiro's house, where I'll be available in case they wanna reach me there."

"Miss Lady Docteh!" shouted Mrs. Gross. "It's maybe by you an embulance case, you in such a hurry? The Papa is just now coming home. So sit donn while I'm fixing by him the soppur, and tukk mit him a couple woids—'How are you, Papa? How you filling, Papa? O.K.?' No! This she can't do, mine fine sessiety lady!"

"Pick, pick, pick—just like if I was some harp or other." Bella had perched a small garden of a hat upon her head and was now standing in front of the hallway mirror, critically eying the effect. "Fa your information, I'm not visiting Kitty Shapiro on any social matter whatsoever." She decided against the floral headpiece in favor of a felt barge which she moored in place with several bobby pins. "It so happens there's an executive committee meeting at her house, and we're supposed to concoct something in the nature of a present fa Private Mac Fine."

At the mention of the name, Pa's

face broke into a warm and expansive smile. "A nice boy, Mexie. Very ejjicated. Very smott, believe me."

"A fine smott!" taunted Ma. "So what is he? A bookkippeh! Some boggin!"

The old man dropped his newspaper and lumbered to his feet. "What'sa metta, is maybe missing by you the einglesses, you can't see Mexie is a sulljeh boy? Dijja ever?"

But Ma held firmly to her ground. "By you he's a sulljeh boy. By Bella he's a sulljeh boy. But by me he's a bookkippeh. A bookkippeh mit a pistil!"

"See here, Ma," Bella said, waving a finger at her, "you better be careful what remarks you pass about a soldier in the armed forces, else you're gonna get in trouble with the F.B.I. Now I'm telling you!"

"*Nu*, so go 'head, Miss Tettletale—tell awready!" Mrs. Gross folded her arms across her capacious bosom and glared at her daughter. "You think I'm scairt? No, sir!"

Pa Gross was about to utter a withering retort but thought better of it. Instead, he turned to his daughter and said, "So what kine present you giving Mexie? Is something fa his boitsday?"

"No, Pa," Bella said. "It happens to be a going-away present. They're shipping some of the boys from his outfit over to the Pacific, they should occupy Japan, and Mac expecks he'll be sent there likewise."

"To Japan he's gung!" exclaimed her father, staring at her in agitation. "Go on!"

"Well, that's why we're holding this special executive meeting—to decide on something appropriate to get and hommuch funds our treasury warrants we should spend. Kitty's idear is to purchase him something in brown on account brown happens to be the Army color, whereas blue, that's strickly fa the Navy."

Mrs. Gross's reaction to the announcement was one of stunned, and momentary, silence. "Tch, tch, tch—poor Mrs. Fine!" she said at last. "I betcha his Mama is worrying from Mexie like anything. Sure, why not? Such a nice boy." Her eye suddenly fell on the prize her husband had captured. "Here, dolling," she said, beaming, "is something fa Mexie." She picked up the package and offered it to Bella. "Tell him is a gung-'way present from the Gross femily. From me, too, tell him."

Bella accepted the package with some reluctance and a considerable lack of enthusiasm. This sudden display of generosity toward a suitor whom her mother had usually regarded with hostility puzzled her. "What's in it?" she wanted to know.

"Never mind!" said Ma, smiling mysteriously. "Is something positiffly gudjuss—a beaudyful lomm clock, is custing the Papa a nice couple dolless. You don't believe, esk him. Mr. Sputt," she said, appealing to her husband, "I'm maybe telling a lie?"

"Is custing plenty, don't worry," Pa said.

Thus reassured, Bella accepted the gift with an appreciative smile. "Now that's what I call real sweet," she said. She pecked her mother on the cheek, then advanced toward Pa and brushed his stubble with her lips. "In fack, I'm gonna tell Private Fine he should call you up and thank you in person. Well," she announced airily, "I'll see you later."

As Pa Gross stood in the hallway entrance watching Bella march toward the door, a sense of guilt lay heavily on his conscience. "Listen," he whispered to Mrs. Gross, "you think maybe somebody should tell Bella is a liddle gebusted the lomm-clock bell?"

Ma, considering the ethics of the matter, compressed her lips and assumed a reflective expression. Then, reaching a quick decision, she rushed forward, swept him aside, and shouted down the hallway, "Bella, dolling, tell Mexie if is not ringing the bell from the lomm clock, he shouldn't worry. Can't be evveything right away in A-1 foistcless condition. Tell the sulljeh boy was before a war. Bella, you hear what I'm saying?"

"Natchelly I hear!" Bella's voice was followed by the sound of the front door closing.

Ma turned to her husband. "*Nu*, now you serrisfied?" she asked.

"Positiffly!" the old man said with a grin. In a sudden outburst of uxoriousness he flung his arms around his wife's waist and kissed her loudly and resoundingly on the neck.

"Kisses he's giving me yet, mine Clock Gable numbeh two!" blared Mrs. Gross as she pushed him away. "Dijja ever!" She smoothed her rumpled apron and shook her head. But her annoyance was so patently affected that it wouldn't have fooled anyone.

—ARTHUR KOBER

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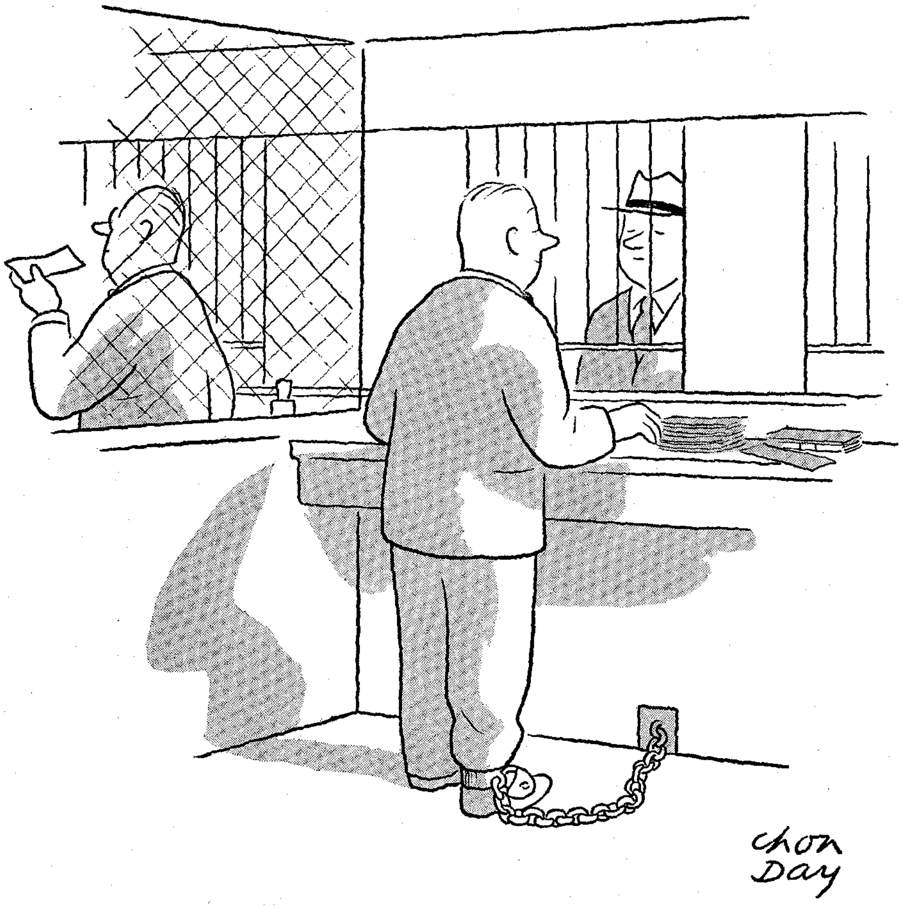
Following dinner Miss Henie was blown 60 miles north to Vesle Skaugun and will return to New York tonight.—*Moncton (N.B.) Transcript.*

By registered mail?



# THE BROKEN HORN

Major Josephus Bedford, who picked up his rank in the Spanish-American War and liked nothing better than to tell about his adventures in Cuba, was a short, round, red-faced man who was one of the best shots in the part of Louisiana that I grew up in. He went hunting whenever he could, for all sorts of game, but nobody ever thought of him as a sportsman. He wasn't exactly a miser, for he liked to set a good table and wore good clothes, but he did have a tremendous respect for a dime. Hunting wasn't simply a sport to him—it was a way of keeping his living expenses down. He never tried to conceal this. His favorite saying was "When I go hunting, I expect to bring back meat," and instead of boasting about the good shots he made, the way the other men did, he would brag about how much money he saved by his skill with a gun. He was so open and honest about this excessive thriftiness, however, and made so many jokes about it that it was almost impossible to find it disagreeable. Nearly everybody liked him, and so did I.

My Uncle Zebulon, who caused a certain amount of excitement in our neighborhood by becoming possessed of the notion, in his sixty-first year, that he could smell quail as well as a bird dog could, was Major Bedford's best friend. They used to meet each afternoon in the barbershop, which was right across the courthouse square from the one-story brick building where my uncle had his law office. Regularly, just before three o'clock, Uncle Zebulon would walk across the square, past the mules and the buckboards and the men pitching horseshoes in the shadow of the statue of the Confederate soldier that stood near the stone watering trough, and wait in the barbershop for the Major to drive in from his farm in a nine-year-old Buick he had. My uncle came in one day while I was getting my hair cut. There were five men in the shop, including the two barbers. He took his accustomed place, a cane-bottomed chair beneath the crooked line of antlers and stuffed deer heads that hung on the wall, and, as usual, began talking about his bird dogs. He was very fond of bird dogs, and never kept less than six in the kennel behind his house in the country. He went over them one by one, reporting on the current state of their health and disposition, and then, having gone through that, said Major Bedford was going to buy a new automobile. The barber stopped cutting my hair and there was a moment of disbelieving silence. Everybody looked at my uncle, waiting for him to explain.

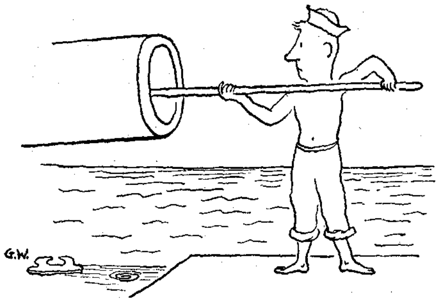
"It ain't Josephus's idea," my uncle said. "It's Mrs. Bedford's. Left to himself, Josephus would keep on driving that Buick until it collapsed on itself like a wornout mule. The day of collapsing ain't far off, either. Yesterday, right on the top of Frenchman's Hill, that automobile got plumb out of hand—the motor went dead, the brakes wouldn't work, and then the steering wheel got locked. We came down that hill going sixty miles an hour, heading for that big oak that stands at the bottom in the woods to the left, and it's only owing to the mercy of God that we both weren't killed—the steering wheel came unlocked just in time. It didn't bother Josephus none, though. Do you think he'd admit there was anything wrong with that automobile? All that happened, he said, was that the feed line got choked. He said that car was good for another ten years."

The other men laughed, the way they always did when the subject of Major Bedford's financial caution was brought up, and waited for my uncle to continue. The barber began cutting my hair again. The shears clipped into the silence. A cool, fresh sound of running water came from the trough in the square, trickling through the stillness of the afternoon, and now and then there was the clink of iron on iron as one of the men pitching horseshoes got a ringer or hit an already thrown shoe.

"Josephus just called me up," my uncle went on. "He was so full of it he could hardly talk. It seems like Mrs. Bedford laid into him last night. It was on account of their daughter, Emmy, getting married next week. Mrs. Bedford put her foot down—she said she wasn't going to drive to church for her only daughter's wedding in that ramshackle car. Josephus went on the way he always does when anybody runs down that automobile, saying it *wasn't* ramshackle and that he couldn't afford a new automobile, wedding or no wedding, but Mrs. Bedford, once she puts her mind to a thing, ain't the sort of woman to be budged. Then, right in the midst of the argument, Emmy puts her oar in, crying and pleading and asking Josephus if he wanted to disgrace her before all her new in-laws. Finally, just for the sake of peace and quiet, he had to give in. He's coming in this afternoon to pick out a new car."

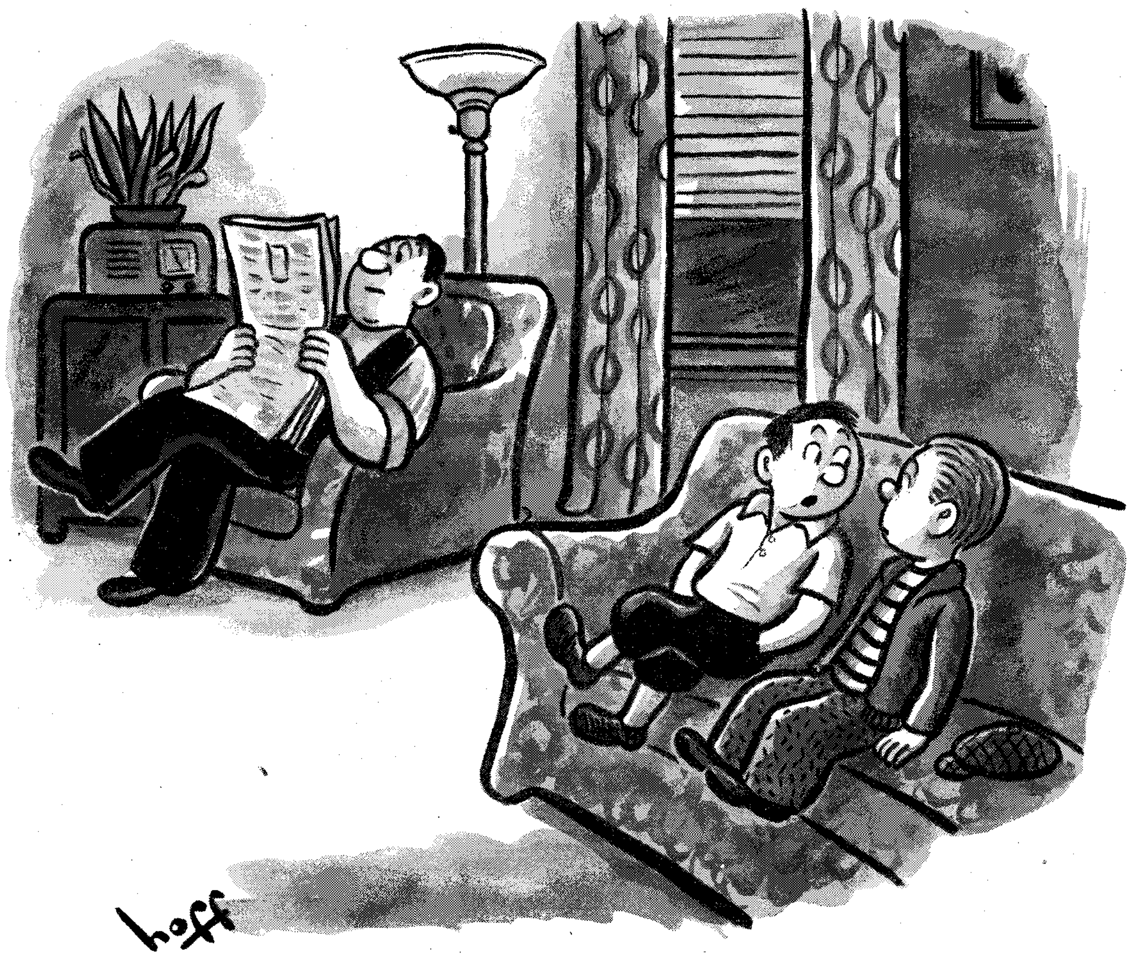
"What kind of car is he going to get?" one of the men asked. "A third-hand Ford?"

"No, he's going to buy another Buick," my uncle answered, "a brand-new one. He says that as long as his women folks are driving him to the poorhouse, he might as well drive there in style. Besides, Tim Morton, who has the Buick agency, is a nephew of his. Josephus can get a Buick at a discount. That discount will take away some of the sting."



Major Bedford, once he acquired his new automobile, was extremely proud of it. It looked very grand, too, parked on Main Street, with the sun shining on it and its polished fittings sending up little fountains of light. The Major spent considerable time taking care of it, wiping it off with a soft cloth several times a day, and instead of letting Uncle Zebulon's dogs have the run of the back seat, as he had when the two men went quail shooting in his old car, he rigged up a kind of cage for them in the trunk at the rear. At the end of eleven months, the car still looked as good as new. Then, a few days later, the accident occurred.

I was with the Major when it happened; so was my uncle. I had been spending a few days with a cousin of mine who lived in the country about twenty miles from town, and Major Bedford and Uncle Zebulon came one afternoon to take me home. The part of the country where my cousin lived was full of quail and the two men had been hunting them. The Major got his limit, and my uncle was highly pleased with the way his dogs had worked, and they were both in a good humor as we started back to town. It was after sundown when we left my cousin's house. The dark came quickly, the way it does in hot countries, and soon we were riding through the night. I sat on the front seat between my uncle and the Major. It was warm and snug in the car, with the tires humming softly and the glare of the headlights spilling across the road, and I began to doze. I don't know what happened just before I was startled awake by the Major's shout. All I remember, before the crash came, is the dazed wondering what it was that loomed so hugely before us, and the sudden coming of comprehension—"It's a buck!" I shouted. "It's a buck!"—as I saw the creature's enormous horns. Major Bedford jammed on the brakes and swerved violently to miss him. There was a glancing impact, a bleating cry from the animal as it was knocked from its feet, and then a scrape and grind of metal as the car went over on its side and slithered into a ditch that ran along the edge of the road. Nobody was hurt. We untangled ourselves and climbed from the car. The buck was gone. The Major unloosed a stream of blasphemy. I'd never heard anyone be so profane before or use such a frenzied tone.



"Yours readjusted yet?"

"Where's my gun?" the Major interrupted his swearing to shout. "I'm going to kill that bastard if it's the last act of my life!" He opened the free door of the car, rummaged about until he found his shotgun, and slipped a couple of shells into it. "Where'd he go?" he demanded of my uncle. "I'll show him if he can wreck my new automobile! Which way did he go?"

"Don't be a damned fool, Josephus," my uncle said quietly. "That buck is forty miles from here. Put your gun down. That bird shot you've got in it won't harm the buck, but it's sure big enough to kill me and the boy."

Major Bedford didn't answer. He stomped across the road and went into the woods. My uncle took me by the arm and made me crouch in the ditch behind the car. There wasn't any water in the ditch. He squatted down beside me and we listened to the thrashing noises the Major made in the woods.

"We'd better stay here," my uncle said. "Josephus is liable to let go at any minute. I never saw him lose his head like this before. I reckon he's been hurt where it hurts most. Were you afraid when we hit that buck?"

"No, sir. I mean yes, sir."

"I was, too. He sure was a handsome fellow, wasn't he? He looked as big as a barn. I wouldn't mind getting a crack at him myself. Here comes Josephus. I guess it's safe for us to move. He sounds like he's quieted down."

We left the ditch and went toward the Major. He was standing in the middle of the road with his gun in the crook of his elbow, and he had something in his hand. When we came up, he held it out for Uncle Zebulon to see. It looked like a fragment of bleached bone.

"It's part of his horns," the Major said. "He must have landed on his head and broke off one of his points. I found it in the road. Now I won't have any trouble telling him from the others; not until he sheds his horns, anyway. And I'll get him before then—before God, I will!" He glanced at the car, lying on its side in the ditch. "Look at my new automobile," he went on. "It'll cost me a hundred dollars to get it fixed up, maybe more. And even then it won't be nowhere as good as it was. I'll get that buck for this. Just you wait and see."

"I'll wait," my uncle said. "Meanwhile, we'd better start footing it home. Come on, boy. Maybe we can thumb us a ride."

I TOLD everybody I knew about what had happened, of course, and Uncle Zebulon told about it, too, and in a few days the story was all over town. Major Bedford didn't go out hunting with my uncle the day after we had the accident. Uncle Zebulon waited for him until almost five o'clock, but he didn't appear. He didn't show up the next afternoon, either, or the next, and it was not until a week later that my uncle saw him again. Uncle Zebulon and Aunt Margaret came to our house for supper that night, and he told us what Major Bedford had been doing.

"He's been out after that buck," he said. "Morning, noon, and night. I never saw a man change so much in so short a time; Josephus must be ten pounds lighter than he was. All he could talk about was that buck. He said that he saw him yesterday, out in the woods near Frenchman's Hill, but he couldn't get close enough to get a shot. He trailed him until after dark, and then he came to that swamp on the other side of the railroad tracks, where he lost him. He's going around to the far side of the swamp tomorrow. He figures the buck came out there."

"Poor Mrs. Bedford," my aunt said, shaking her head, "I feel sorry for her."

"Sorry? Why?" Uncle Zebulon looked at her in a mildly puzzled way. "There's nothing to be sorry about. Josephus is taking it hard—that I'll admit—but he's got himself an interest now. This is the first real interest he's had in his life. It's a good thing."

"Good thing and interest, my foot," my aunt said. "You men are all alike."

THE deer season, back in those days, lasted for months, and during those months, to the exclusion of everything else, Major Bedford hunted the buck. He stopped making his visits to town and was hardly ever seen. Uncle Zebulon talked with him now and then, driving out to his farm to do so, and he kept us informed about the progress of the chase. Although Major Bedford saw the buck several times, always within a radius of ten miles of the swamp, he never was able to get a shot at him. The animal always kept safely out of range.

"That buck knows what's up," Uncle Zebulon said to my father one night, when they were sitting before the fire at our house. "He knows from his sense of smell. No two men smell alike, if your nose is sharp enough to tell the difference, and he has Josephus spotted the same way Josephus has him spotted. What would you think if you was a buck and smelled the same man smell every time the wind was blowing toward you? You'd think just what that buck thinks—that that man, that one special man, was out gunning for you. And, being a sensible buck, you'd keep out of his way. Josephus has his work cut out for him, and he doesn't have much time left to do it in, either. The deer season will be over in another month, and pretty soon after that it'll be time for that buck to start shedding his horns. If Josephus don't get him soon, he probably never will. Once his new horns grow out, it'll be impossible to tell him from all the rest."

As week after week went by, and the end of the deer season drew near, the whole attention of the community became centered upon Major Bedford and the buck. The men in our part of the country talked of practically nothing else. Nearly all of them, by now, were also hunting the buck. They were no more successful than the Major, however. Except once, when the man who owned the drugstore got a long shot at him and missed, he always stayed out of range. And gradually, as day after day he eluded his pursuers, he became more a creature of fable than a living thing; no animal, it seemed, had ever possessed so dark and cunning a wisdom before. My Uncle Zebulon was one of the few men who did not go out after this extraordinary prize. It was the Major's personal quarrel, he said, and he didn't want to interfere.

One Saturday afternoon, four days before the deer season ended, the quarrel was resolved. My mother had gone shopping in town, as she always did on Saturday, and had taken me with her.

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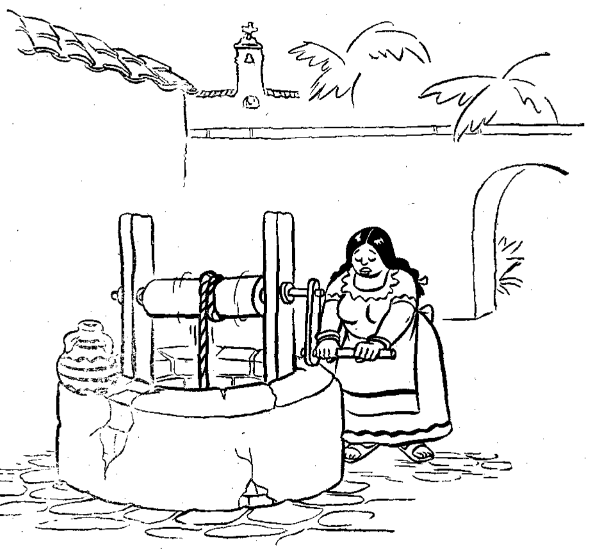

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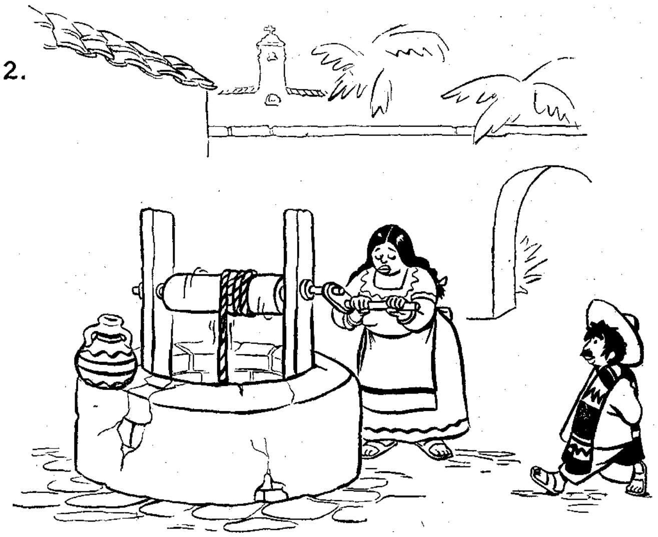

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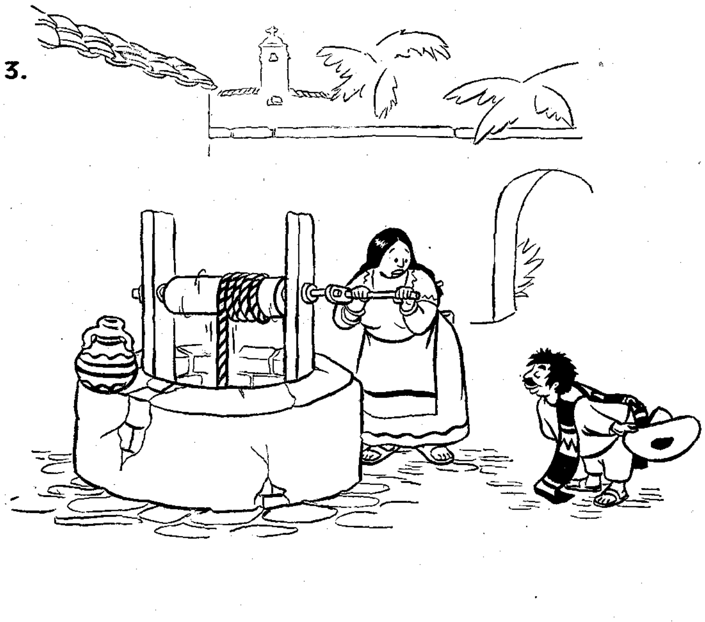

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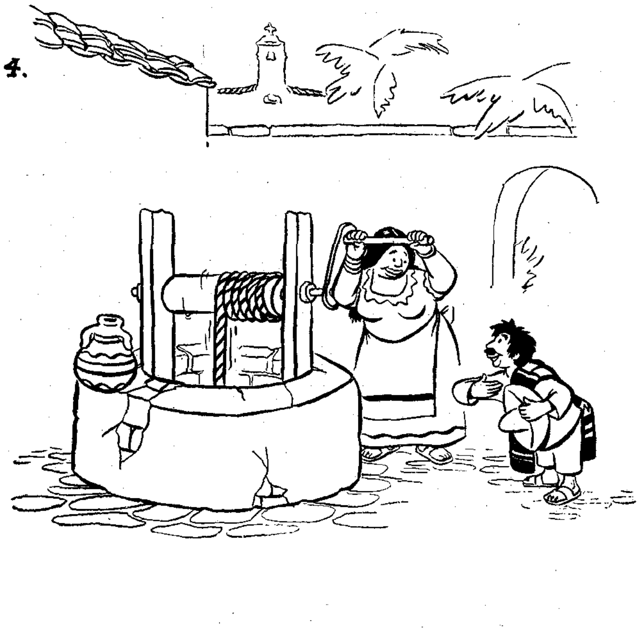

I was eager to hear the latest news about the buck, so, while she was busy with her errands, I went to the barbershop and slipped, unnoticed, into a chair. It was the first time I had ever gone there when I didn't have to get my hair cut, and I felt timid and abashed at venturing into that closed corner of the world of grownup males. Uncle Zebulon was there, sitting in his usual place, along with four or five other men, and the talk was all about the buck. One of the barbers was trying to make a bet. He offered twenty-five dollars to one that Major Bedford wouldn't get the buck. One of the men got into an argument with him, saying that fifty to one would come closer to being a fair bet, and they were talking back and forth when a cracked, insistent automobile horn began to blare outside the door. I looked in the direction of the sound. A battered one-ton truck was parked by the curb, covered with splotches of dried mud, and on its right front fender lay the body of a buck. All the men, including one who was getting shaved and had lather on his face, hurried from the shop. I left with them, staying close to my uncle, and we reached the truck before the crowd began to gather. The driver of the truck, a small, thin man with a long, bony face and a black stubble of beard, who was dressed in a pair of faded blue overalls and a patched blue shirt, got down from his seat and stood before his kill, filled with a pride that seemed too large for his meagre body to contain. I looked at the buck. One of the topmost points of its right antler was missing, shorn off midway from the branch. The man stood grinning at the crowd, too pleased with himself to speak. Eventually, however, in answer to the questions that were put to him, he explained that he had seen the buck nibbling at a young plum tree in his back yard and had shot him from the window of his house. "With one bullet, too," he boasted. "He went over like a ton of bricks." The men in the crowd snorted. One of them said that that was a hell of a way to kill a buck, especially a buck as fine as that, and even I felt some of the disharmony involved. Uncle Zebulon, all this while, stood looking at the buck with a preoccupied expression on his face. I felt sure he was thinking of Major Bedford, wondering what effect this would have on him, but he didn't seem particularly worried. He looked neither sorry nor pleased.

Major Bedford, all next spring and summer, kept to himself on his farm. He came to town only once, when he had to attend to some business about his mortgage at the bank, and didn't go fishing or visiting or anyplace else. Uncle Zebulon went regularly to see him, driving out in the country in his Ford, and one afternoon, on toward the end of summer, he took me with him. He had a crate on the back seat and in it were a couple of game chickens—a rooster and a hen. I hadn't seen the Major in almost a year. When he came from the screened porch to meet us as we drew up before his house, he looked so thin and saddened and old that I hardly knew him. A niece of his was visiting him, a plain girl with brown eyes and yellow hair, and Mrs. Bedford took us children into the kitchen and gave us some cake and lemonade. The two men drank bourbon and water on the porch. The murmur of their voices was only slightly more audible than the murmur of the insects that hummed along the afternoon, but I caught the trend of their conversation. The Major began talking about the buck, saying what a fine, handsome animal he was and regretting the unworthiness of his end, and finally, after he lapsed into silence, I heard Uncle Zebulon say that he had brought him a present. Major Bedford asked what it was, and they left the porch. An alarmed cackle of chickens rose in the windless quiet, and the two men went off somewhere, and the sound of their voices drifted fainter and fainter until it was lost completely.

It was late afternoon when we started back home. Major and Mrs. Bedford and their niece waved goodbye from the porch. Uncle Zebulon sat hunched over the wheel of his car, driving in the stiff and slightly suspicious manner of those who never handled an automobile until they were almost middle-aged, and did not say anything for a long time. It was not until we were almost back to town, and could see the weathered spire of the church rising above the dusty trees, that he spoke.

"You know, boy," he said, as if he had finally managed to resolve his thoughts, "it could have been worse; it could have been much worse. For one thing, Josephus might have killed that buck himself; then he'd have only himself to blame for the loss and the sadness he feels. This way—well, this way it's much better. He'll be all right in time. He's beginning to look like himself again, don't you think?" I didn't answer, feeling that no answer was expected of me. Uncle Zebulon reached in his pocket for his pipe. He put it into his mouth and held it loosely between his teeth. "I sure hope he gets interested in those chickens," he said. "A man without an interest is a sorry thing." —Hamilton Basso

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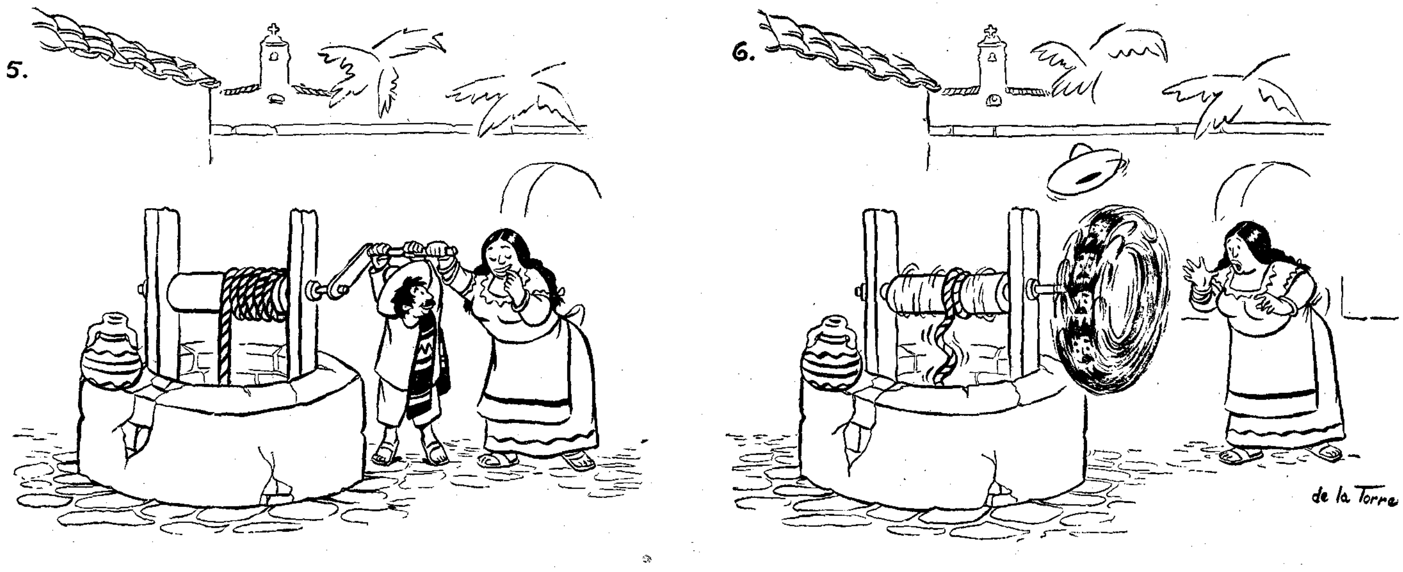
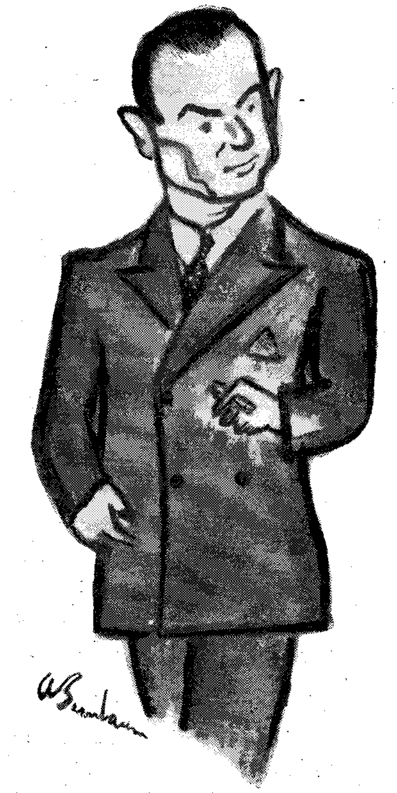
## A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Bridgeport* (*Conn.*) *Post*]

A cold is about three-fourths its mature height at birth.





# ANNALS OF COLLABORATION

## EQUIVALISM—II

CHARLES E. BEDAUX, the international Fascist-favoring millionaire and inventor of the Bedaux industrial speedup system, would have been the only American citizen ever to be charged with the treasonable act of having sold out his country literally for peanuts had he not avoided the distinction by committing suicide. Thirteen months before his death in Miami, in February, 1944, while the Department of Justice was holding him with the intention of charging him with treason against the United States, the country of his adoption, he was arrested in North Africa by our Army. That was just after the Allied troops made their landings on the coast and just before he was to have started on a journey into the desert, there to construct for the Vichy Government and the Nazi High Command a trans-Saharan railroad and, running parallel to it, a peanut-oil pipeline. This peanut scheme was the pinnacle in the fantasy, intelligence, and possible treason of Bedaux's European business career, since it might actually have squeezed hundreds of thousands of tons of fat a year out of his projected Niger Valley peanut plantations for our enemies, the fat-hungry *Herrenvolk*, masters of the starving Continent. Furthermore, the peanut scheme would have provided the Germans with that key railway across Africa's western desert which since before the last war had been one of the Wilhelmstrasse's secret power dreams. Until Bedaux faded out of the Nazi scene and into a French calaboose in Algiers, the Nazis' Paris Department of Economy's leading economists considered him one of the most inventive and useful characters out of uniform in all their New Europe.

Bedaux's ability to get on nicely with the Nazis was summed up by him—in a collaborationist's brief philosophy of life—a few days before he died. "When one is face to face with a dangerous enemy," he said during a Department of Justice hearing in Miami, "one must make friends with him if one is to know how to handle him." Bedaux was surely one of the rare wise minds that thought the Nazis dangerous as early as 1935, for that was when his collaboration began. Because his flashing mentality was also full of deviousness, humanitarian poses, alibis, and convenient lapses of memory, he said further, just before he died, that the reason he had "paid so much attention to Germany between 1935 and 1937 was so that the Nazi epidemic would not spread." Whatever his reasons, his connection with the Nazis began early in the game and eventually dominated the second phase of his life—his re-Europeanization. He had been born in France, had emigrated to America, and had become a citizen and made a fortune and married twice here. Then, in 1927, he had tentatively returned to France with his second wife and taken up residence in the Château de Candé, near Tours, on an impressive American scale. But it was not until the middle of the nineteen-thirties, when the Nazis began looking like the Continent's most serious proposition, that he really settled down there and that his new career in his new life began—the laborious, delicate business of maintaining a day-in, day-out intimacy with the Nazis of a sort that was later to be called collaboration. The way Bedaux organized himself into a collaborator is worth studying.

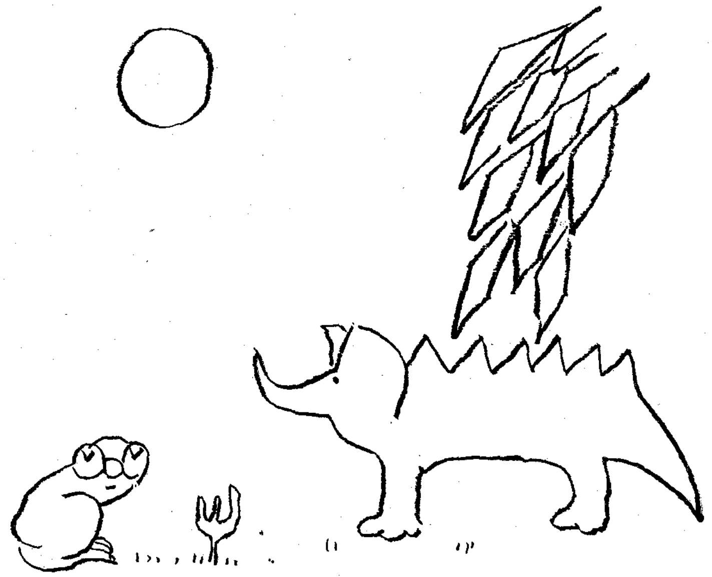
The beginning was his meeting, in 1935, with the late Dr. Emil Georg von Stauss, a banker whom the Nazis had placed more or less in charge of Lufthansa planes, Mercedes motors, Ufa films, and sixty other totalitarianized corporations. "An amazing man about money," Bedaux, an authority on the subject, later declared. More important, von Stauss had a sculptress friend, Frau Anny Hoefken-Hempel, and she, Bedaux knew, had a protector, the famous banker Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, who was not only president of the Reichsbank but Hitler's Minister of Economic Affairs. She took Bedaux under her guidance, where he remained until, eventually, he caught on to how to manage for himself. By 1937, through her help, he had progressed to the point of being involved in such complex mutual back-climbing and back-scratching in Nazi circles that he could consider he had truly arrived. By June of that year, he had given Frau Hoefken-Hempel five thousand marks, or $2,000, for a bust of Mrs. Bedaux so unlike her that it had to be touched up, and the same amount for one of himself. ("A very great success," he said. "She can do men marvellously well, particularly in wood; mine was in bronze.") He had also given her around a thousand marks for what a friend has described as "a fancy statue called Love," his wedding present to the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, and he had sponsored an exhibition of Frau Hoefken-Hempel's works in Paris, which he planned for through His Excellency André François-Poncet, French Ambassador to Berlin. At the exhibition, her bust of Bedaux was exhibited, along with those she had done of Hitler and Goering. In return, the *gnädige Frau* had simply introduced Bedaux to Schacht. It was through Schacht that Bedaux was able, that summer, to arrange for the revival of the German Bedaux Company, which the Nazis had suppressed a few years earlier, before he had become acquainted with them. Bedaux also received some aid from Dr. Robert Ley of the Labor Front, and it was through Ley that he later floated the Duke and Duchess's tour of Germany to study labor conditions there. Bedaux's connection with the ex-King of England was apparently the only commodity of interest that he could offer in barter at the time he was trying to get his German company revived. Once he had the Windsor visit all set, he began selling himself to the Nazis as a brain and a personality, both on general principles and to establish longer-term relations, against a time when tours might be a thing of the past. Thus, when Frau Hoefken-Hempel advised Bedaux to give up his cigarette smoking, which was excessive, he did so, and when she told him that his bronchial tubes, as well as his standing with the Party, would be benefited by his joining a little group of hers later in the summer at Bad Reichenhall, a busy Nazi spa not far from Hitler's mountain chalet in Berchtesgaden, he took her tip. Once he was at Bad Reichenhall, she further advised him to rent a chalet right in Berchtesgaden for the rest of the season and there introduced him to one of Hitler's three liaison officers, the dashing Captain Fritz Wiedemann, whom she described as "a good man to know" and who Bedaux, who spoke no German, later told American friends was "a nice fellow—speaks some English." Bedaux never met Hitler himself, either then, when he was only a few miles distant from the Führer, or later, when he was so close to his administration in Paris, but he accepted Wiedemann as the next best thing. At Berchtesgaden he and Wiedemann immediately started their own private back-scratching and favor-trading, classic examples of the pimping that men as ambitious as Bedaux and Wiedemann were willing to go through for the next few years and of what the Nazis thought they could impose on the world for the next thousand.

Being a member of the master race, Wiedemann gallantly volunteered his favor first, incidentally preventing Bedaux from getting his hopes up for anything practical, since even then Nazi favors provided little but so-called prestige. Wiedemann's favor probably disappointed Bedaux, since it concerned the Windsors' German Labor Front tour, which was already arranged for and which was to begin in a few weeks anyway. Whether he wanted it or not, what he got from Wiedemann was the promise that he, Wiedemann, would act as an undercover liaison officer between the tour and Hitler, who—and this, at least, seemed like a possible plum—if the tour went well, would, when Wiedemann had planted the idea, graciously undercut the Labor Front's drunken chief, Ley, who had decided to be the backer of the ducal trip, and become himself the host to Bedaux's visiting friends. (As a matter of record, this is exactly what Hitler did, a gesture that gave Bedaux a big buildup in prestige among the top-rank Nazis.) Bedaux was then bluntly told what favor he would have to come across with in return. His favor was to be, or so he later quoted Wiedemann, a personal service "to the Master, to be done with the Master's knowledge and permission." It was to maneuver out of Germany a former superior of the Master, a Jew named Rosenbusch, who in the last war had been a lieutenant in Hitler's company, giving orders to the then corporal and future Führer. Because of Hitler's still-active hypersensitivity to the old German Army and its hierarchy, and despite the bloody anti-Semitism that was already flourishing in the Third Reich, Rosenbusch was, to the morbid leader, apparently only an embarrassing problem in protocol rather than a potential concentration-camp victim, and Hitler wanted help. Would Bedaux please set up a Bedaux office for Rosenbusch to manage—in Constantinople, perhaps, since Tur-

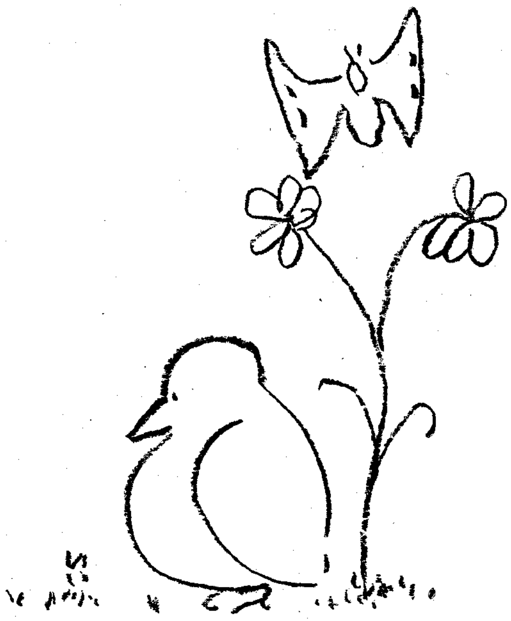
Whitney Darrow, Jr

*"Did your men loathe you as much as mine did?"*

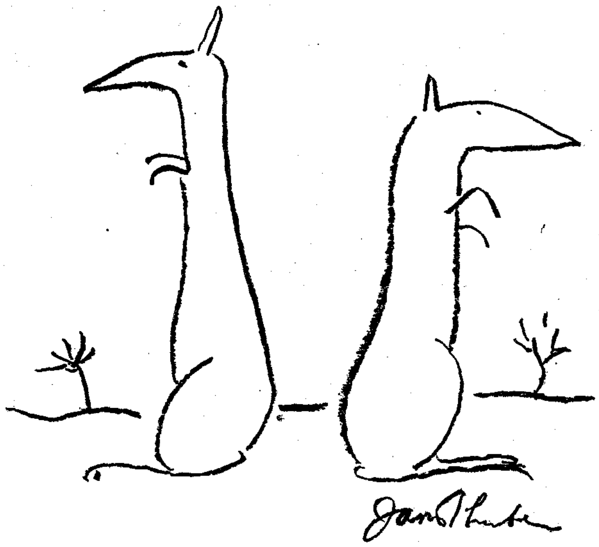
## OUR NEW NATURAL HISTORY



*The Femur* (*left*) *and the Metatarsal*



*The Peeve* (*or Pet Peeve*)



*The male and female Tryst*

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key was far away and since Wiedemann, who had been captain of that same company, also hoped never to have to lay eyes on Lieutenant Rosenbusch again. For the benefit of all the principals in this crazy, ill-at-ease setup, Bedaux promised Wiedemann, as a personal favor to the Führer, up on his mountaintop, that he would create a Turkish company (which he had been intending to do for himself anyway). The final proof, which was not long in coming, that he was making progress in his collaborationist career was word that roving Ambassador Joachim von Ribbentrop had expressed the wish to meet him, an honor that Bedaux decided to reserve, like an ace in the hole, for the future.

Then, in November, came the nine devastating days Bedaux spent in New York and the collapse of the projected visit of the Windsors to the United States, a trip for which he had come here as advance press agent. American labor and a large section of the American press had, when it became known that the proposed labor-studying trip of the Windsors to this country was being sponsored by Bedaux, attacked him as a Fascist and an enemy of labor. The important men in the four American Bedaux management-consultant companies rebelled against the idea of the Windsor expedition, and he had to relinquish his control of these organizations. At the end of the nine days, he fled the country, an altered and suffering man. Apparently, being called a Fascist in forty-eight states had not sickened him, but failure had—failure for the first time in his career. He had lost not only his American companies but his pride; success was his natural element and vanity was essential to his state of well-being. It is significant that in his state of collapse he went to Germany, not France. For three months he lay in a Munich sanatorium, where his trouble was diagnosed by German doctors as coronary thrombosis. An attempt at suicide was rumored. For years he had been bothered with insomnia. He now developed a reliance on a German barbituric sleeping tablet called Medinal. From the beginning of 1938, sleeping drugs dominated his nocturnal existence, and six years later a fatal overdose ended it in Miami.

After his convalescence, in the spring of 1938, spent among Italian Fascists in lovely Taormina, Bedaux roused himself to go to Athens to supervise the triumph of the Bedaux industrial-efficiency system in Greece, where for the first time it was to enjoy government sponsorship, under which Bedaux Bs (his personally devised unit of human productive effort) would become the compulsory unit of measurement in Greek industrial life. That summer he also went to India to found a company. He was received by the Viceroy, and on the way back to France he was entertained by the Governor General of Mozambique. These rarer and rarer splashes of grandeur were a part of Bedaux's fight to hold on to his old contacts and contracts and to make new ones; as the result of his American misadventures, he had lost face around the world. His British industrial-management company, imitating the rebellion of his American companies, had demanded that he submit to a directorate which thought it could run the British Bedaux business more quietly and sensibly than he had run it. The American press had declared that he was

## ROBINSON

The dog stops barking after Robinson has gone.
His act is over. The world is a gray world,
Not without violence, and he kicks under the grand piano,
The nightmare chase well under way.

The mirror from Mexico, stuck to the wall,
Reflects nothing at all. The glass is black.
Robinson alone provides the image Robinsonian.

Which is all of the room—walls, curtains,
Shelves, bed, the tinted photograph of Robinson's first wife,
Rugs, vases, panatelas in a humidor.
They would fill the room if Robinson came in.

The pages in the books are blank,
The books that Robinson has read. That is his favorite chair,
Or where the chair would be if Robinson were here.

All day the phone rings. It could be Robinson
Calling. It never rings when he is here.

Outside, white buildings yellow in the sun.
Outside, the birds circle continuously
Where trees are actual and take no holiday.

—Weldon Kees

• •

a multimillionaire, and our Treasury Department was sufficiently credulous to start an investigation of his income-tax payments. Not long thereafter he was asked for some back taxes, which, since he thought them unjustified, he indignantly decided he would not pay, even if he could. Wherever he was known in European industrial circles, gossips wondered if he could manage a comeback. To impress them, he bragged about his state-operated Greek company, though its profits actually were not worth mentioning; he also talked about his Hitler-inspired Turkish company, without saying that it cost him money to keep it going.

In August, 1939, Bedaux, smelling war in the air, rallied to its possibilities. He bustled back and forth between France and England, and he also had a final ten-day fling in Berlin with his latest high Nazi acquaintance, Otto Abetz, Germany's Ambassador to France. Bedaux still held to the hope, before hostilities began, of getting something out of his German company, which the Nazis had graciously permitted him to operate again but from which Party xenophobes felt they should take all the foreigner's royalties. He sensed a possible horse trade when Abetz suddenly requested him to proceed from Berlin to Salzburg for his delayed, and he hoped now useful, meeting with von Ribbentrop, at the latter's villa. The meeting at first seemed to be right up Bedaux's alley. The Nazis, von Ribbentrop said, without bothering to explain the obvious fact that Germany was getting its war funds ready, were considering setting up a new kind of money, the basis of which would be not gold but a unit of work similar to Bedaux's unit, the B. This new currency, von Ribbentrop said, was intended to complete the economic chaos of the gold-based democracies. The revelation of this remarkable fantasy was followed by a disjointed tirade against England, interrupted by a secretary's entering with a slip of paper, which von Ribbentrop, not knowing that history had knocked, for a time ignored. When he finally read it, he shouted, "This may change everything!," told his guest what it said, and rushed away to a waiting plane and Moscow. What the slip of paper had announced was Hitler's order to him to go sign the Russo-German pact with Molotov.

Without pausing to advise either his adopted government in Washington or his native government in Paris of this truly world-shaking news, Bedaux hopped a plane back to Berlin to discuss with Minister Schacht, at dinner in a smart restaurant, the possibility of the von Ribbentrop-Bedaux ersatz-money scheme's actually going through. Schacht, then in semi-disgrace with his Führer for obstinately remaining an intelligent, orthodox banker, snapped, over the coffee cups, "Monsieur, are you an engineer, an economist, or a fool? If von Ribbentrop could lay hands on the gold you Americans have in Fort Knox, Germany's money would rest on that gold and not on your silly unit of human energy." Then, his nerves being as taut as all German nerves were at the moment, he continued his philippic. It included economic theories which, Bedaux later confessed, were over his head. Schacht's exposition was interrupted by the Berlin chief of police, who led Schacht off to a three-day confinement, since he had been forbidden to appear in public or to talk to a foreigner. On the last civilian plane permitted to leave Germany before the bombers started for Poland, Bedaux hastened back to his more familiar Paris, where, according to the account he later gave our Department of Justice, he spent the last three days before the war "in meetings—with Rothschilds, mostly."

IN his reaction to the war, Bedaux was perfectly typical of all collaborationists with a certain rich, rootless, unpatriotic, international, cartel type of big-business brain. From September 1, 1939, until he died, on February 18, 1944, while under detention in the Miami Immigration Center, where the Department of Justice and the American flag had inexorably closed in upon him, he and his life were symbolic.

The day France fatally went to war, he reacted like a good Frenchman by announcing that he would make no profits out of it, and that the engineers in his European companies were going to war anyway. He reacted like a good American by offering his Château de Candé as a refuge for our Embassy staff if the bombs over Paris got too hot for our diplomacy. The offer was

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accepted, and some of the chancellery staff moved down, though at first only for weekends. Robert Murphy, counsellor of the Embassy, gave Bedaux an official paper declaring him to be in charge of the protection of the property of the American Embassy—in other words, of his own home. As the war progressed, Bedaux's château housed not only the Embassy staff and families but some five hundred American refugees, to whom Mrs. Bedaux acted as hostess. By October of that year, his standing in France seemed firmer and he was expertizing the potassium situation for the French Ministry of Armaments. By November, he was in England, trying, and failing, to put over his reasonable idea of pooling French and British explosives, technicians, and equipment. In March, 1940, French Minister of Armaments Dautry asked him to use his friendship with Marshal Pétain, then Ambassador to Spain, to get three hundred thousand tons of Spanish steel for French munitions. According to Bedaux, he had first met the old Marshal in 1926, at the Invalides, and had instantly offered to erect for him, when the time came, a handsome memorial monument near Verdun. "And that is how my friendship with Pétain began," Bedaux later told an acquaintance. "My offer was accepted, but the Marshal did not die." Indeed, as a lively though antique plenipotentiary, Pétain introduced Bedaux to everyone useful in Spain, where Bedaux found mills and iron for making the steel but not enough coal. He went to inspect the Kenadsa coal mines, at the edge of the Sahara, and then optimistically reported to Governor General Le Beaux that by employing Bedaux methods the Kenadsa production could be upped three or four hundred per cent to furnish coal to Spain to make steel for France. On June 7th, he returned to Paris for authorization from Dautry to get priorities for everything Kenadsa needed for the speeded-up production. A couple of weeks later, during the Army's last, sad stand at Tours, the French made an attempt, under a light flurry of German bombs, to blow up a gunpowder factory just outside the grounds of Candé. The windows of the château were shattered and a Bedaux horse was killed. France fell.

In the middle of June, the Germans rather thoughtlessly seized Bedaux's château, though by the end of the summer they had given it back and were merely occupying the American Embassy's bedrooms as Bedaux's honored guests on weekends. The Nazis also took over the Paris Ritz, where Bedaux usually stopped in town, so for a short while he and his wife, twice homeless, put up at a small hotel tenanted mostly by German officers. Bedaux now began to work for the German Occupation administrators with the same efficiency he had offered the French, with whom he tapered off his relations in one final tragic task when he made an *expertise*, at the request of Vichy, of French Army airplane production permitted under the terms of the Germans' Wiesbaden Armistice. Soon Bedaux's office, in the Avenue de Friedland, was staffed by German Army clerks. His private car, for which he received German gasoline, was equipped with license tags marked WH, issued only to the Nazi High Command and collaborationists in great favor. Among the flood of Nazis who were arriving for the colonization of Paris was Bedaux's friend and former Berlin agent, the Austrian Count Joseph von Ledebur, now a *Rittmeister*. Bedaux said later, in Miami, that von Ledebur had, "just to make things easy and have no trouble," introduced him to the German *Hauptquartier* set and the German Embassy staff. Before long, Bedaux was paying a friendly call on his old acquaintance Abetz. As Bedaux also said in Miami, "The Germans were the only ones left in Paris to do business with." This is probably the best and briefest definition of collaborationism yet put on record. One evening in December, Bedaux was strolling and chatting with Abetz, principally about Pierre Laval, in the chill Embassy garden. Abetz thought that Laval was like most of the French—superficial but with a winning person-

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PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86.8 PROOF ality, cunning but not serious. Abetz cited, as a handy news-of-the-week example of what he meant, the "frivolous," as he put it, arrest of Laval, just announced by Marshal Pétain. (The outraged Marshal had arrested Laval, and Abetz, thus providing news for the next week, was about to release him, for having plotted to ship the Marshal out of Vichy and up to Versailles as a sort of prisoner of state.) Bedaux's contribution to the garden chat was to describe himself as an expert in efficient organization and Laval as, unfortunately, "an artist with a horror of orderliness," who had once said to Bedaux's face, "I like to look at you and see an example of what I wouldn't be for anything on earth." When Bedaux gently suggested that Abetz might be happier if Laval had his own government—consisting, say, of Laval and one efficient man—Abetz was quick to take advantage of this new undercover agent's possibilities. Bedaux was about to leave again for Morocco and the Kenadsa coal mines; why not pop over to Rabat first and ask General Weygand, Delegate General to French Colonial Africa, if he would be a part of a new Vichy setup—one without Laval, since Abetz would rather have an outspoken enemy like Weygand, whom the Nazis respected, than collaborationist turncoats, whom they could not rely on.

Bedaux's usefulness as a trusted Naziphile handyman and as a Franco-American launcher of Third Reich trial balloons (even those, as in the case of the proposal to Weygand, that were received with contempt), and the particular usefulness of three new freak industrial schemes he cooked up, all with an eye on Vichy or on the Nazis, were the working basis of his comfortable privileges, of his treason in the eyes of our government, and, above all, of his enormous mental satisfaction during his years of collaboration. Symbolically enough, the three strange industrial projects he devised for Berlin and Vichy were all literally founded upon sand. (A fourth scheme, also founded upon sand, was his earlier plan for increasing coal production at the Kenadsa coal mines, on the edge of the desert, a scheme later to be dusted off for the Nazis.) They were, in chronological order: (1) a plan for a Bedaux super-system called Equivalism, blessed by Marshal Pétain, allied with a scheme for digging brier roots from the sandy heath near Roquefort, to be converted into fuel for gasless French motorcars; (2) a plan to fill the great Abadan pipeline to the Persian Gulf with what he called "fluid" sand, which he seemed to think would be a protection against Allied bombing; and (3) a plan—his peak scheme—for a peanut-oil and water pipeline and a trans-Saharan railway, an idea which, alone of the three, may outlive its phantasmagoric qualities as a wartime creation and persist as a practical proposition during peace.

To suppose that Bedaux merely sold himself into German pay would be to underestimate him. He definitely lost money on the Nazis, and liked it. However, for the Bedauxization of the Kenadsa coal mines he did demand a fee—from the French—and he made it so high that General Weygand indignantly called him a bandit. In his good American years, Bedaux had enjoyed squandering an annual income of about two hundred thousand dollars; to him money was merely fun but power was a serious matter. At his final Department of Justice hearing in Miami, he said, with sincere indifference, that he did not know whether he was a pauper or a rich man, that he had once been a millionaire and might well be one still.

The thing about his schemes for the Nazis that gave Bedaux egotistic satisfaction was the thought—and in this he hewed to their Party line, though otherwise, politically, he was merely undemocratic and, if anything, a technocrat—that in his rebirth, after his American failure, he was, as the great Bedaux of Europe, finally altering the shape of the world, not merely some Yankee razor factory's output. He had always had the grandiose notion—compounded of humbuggery, sincerity, lack of culture, impatience with mankind's stupidity, and a profound belief in the Bedaux system—that production organized by his methods could do away with poverty; that an efficient society could come only from a revolution on the right, led by people, preferably engineers, who knew how to run things; that because other men were preoccupied with making war, which he considered destructive nonsense, it was his humanitarian duty, as

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an inspired systematizer, to build society up on a new, technical basis. After the fall of France, this notion, and his egotism, led Bedaux to regard the Nazis not as France's enemy, not as conquerors with whom he was collaborating, but as promoters of that new world order in which, along with all the other novelties, his precious ideas would become history. Moreover, as an internationalist who had no patience with patriotism, Bedaux, the uneducated, self-made, professional management consultant, was impressed by the Nazis' pseudo-scientific, global ideas and their massive organizational talent. (As a Franco-American Anglophobe, he had declared, after Dunkerque, that though the British Empire, an earlier global idea, was still, by a miracle, holding together, miracles could not last forever.) Devoid of political sense, he did not criticize the French Republic for falling; instead, he criticized the French people for being, as he brutally said to other collaborationists, "slothful and unbridled and in need of discipline and organization." A lighter bon mot, which Bedaux reserved for Parisian collaborationists' dinner tables, was that the German occupation was like a strong dose of salts; it might do the French good for a little while. In other words, he had become sold on the Nazis' new order.

IT was at the request of Pétain, now Vichy Chief of State, that Bedaux, early in 1941, finally put into operation the Kenadsa coal-mine speedup which he had planned the year before for the Third Republic's government as part of a belated war effort against the Boche. Under Pétain, Kenadsa looked different and, from an Allied point of view, not so good. Though Kenadsa's coal was supposedly now needed only for fuelling unoccupied French North Africa's trains, the speedup required two hundred thousand dollars' worth of precious machinery, which was donated from the Nazi stockpile in Occupied France. From the viewpoint of an American citizen and a humanitarian, Bedaux's job, later that year, of railway building in the Kenadsa district looked even worse. Bedaux constructed a hundred miles of railway, between Colomb-Béchar and Béni-Abès, on the Oran main line, aided by Nazi engineers and a motley labor gang of Berber natives, Moslem Negroes, and Axis war prisoners—Poles, Czechs, men impressed for the task from the French Foreign Legion, and Spaniards who he later denied, at one of his Miami hearings, were Loyalist prisoners from

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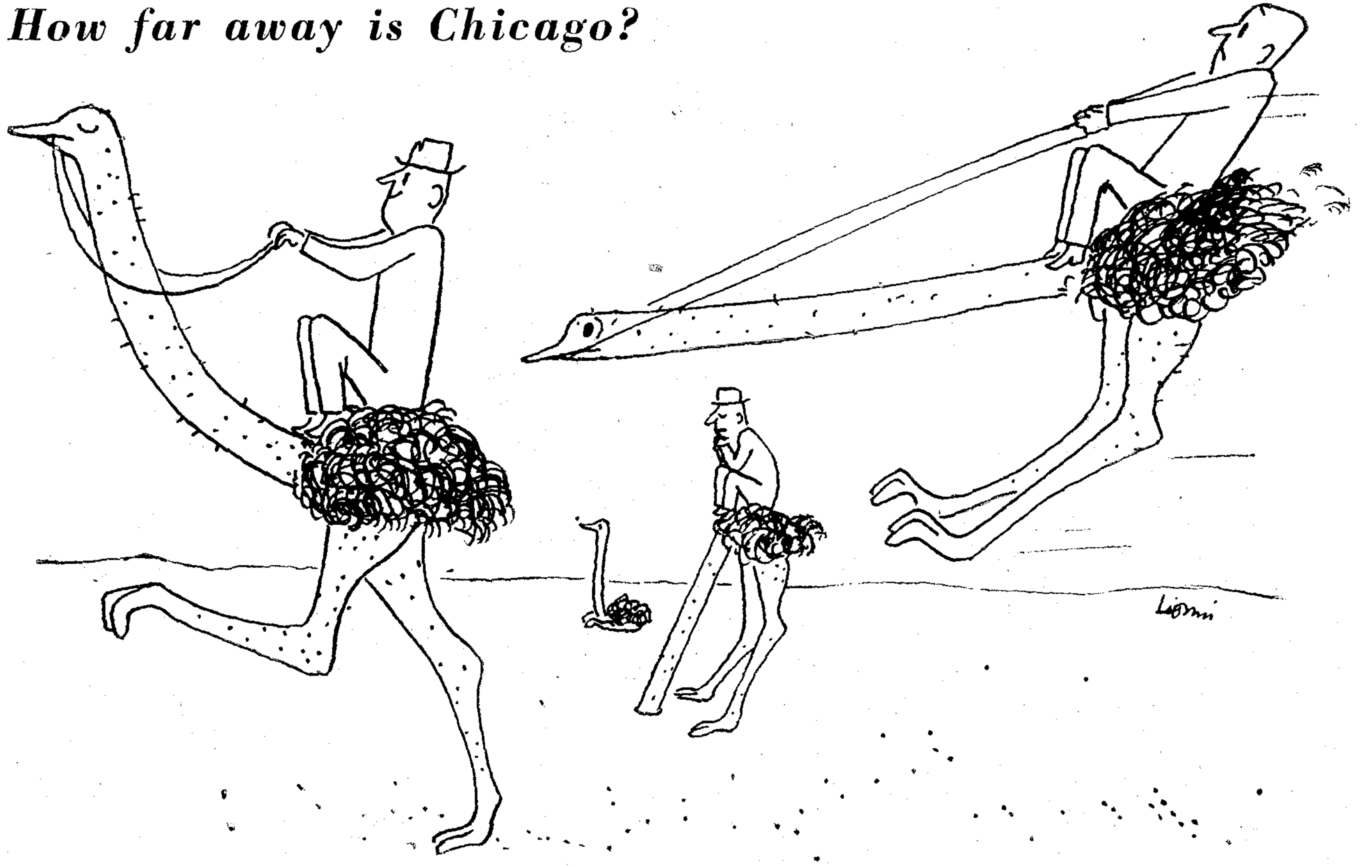

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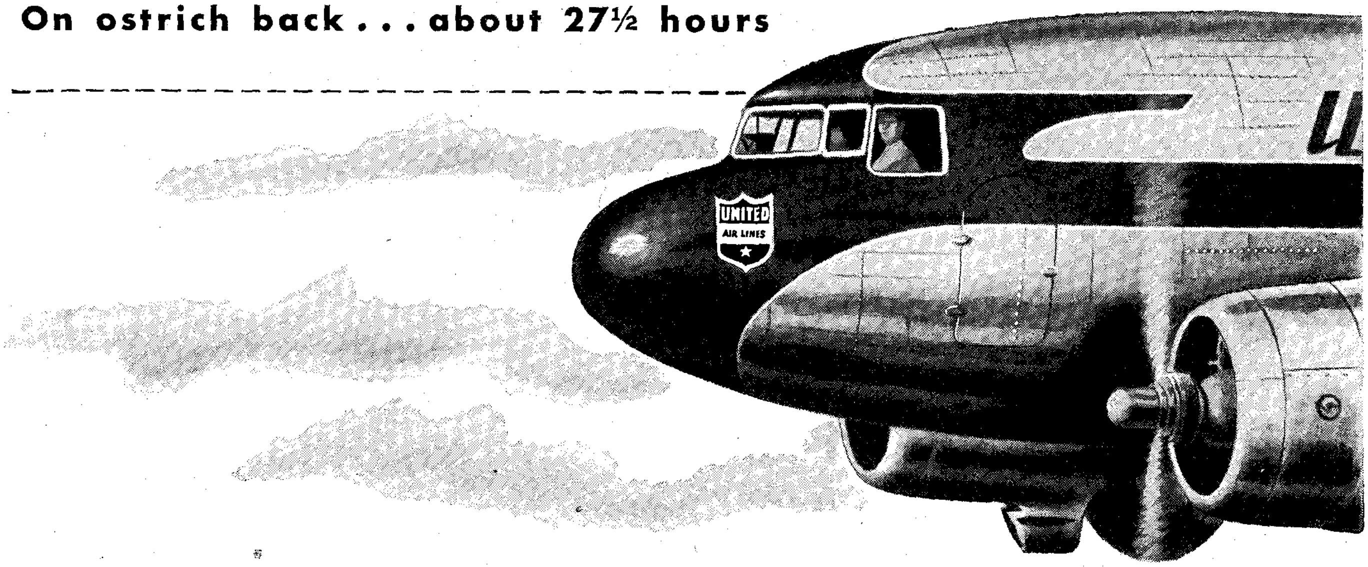
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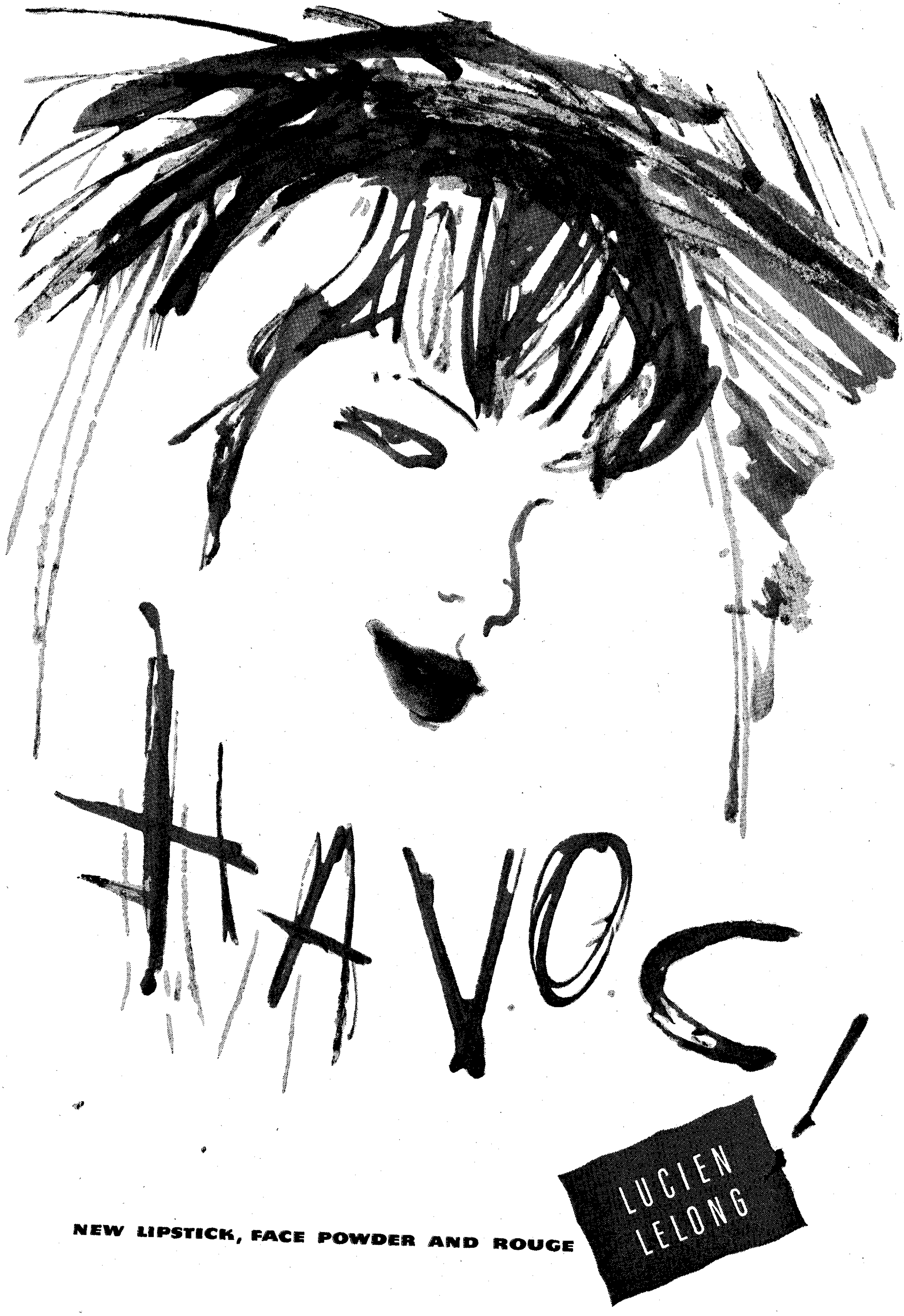
Franco's concentration camps. They were, he said, "Spanish exiles, on paid vacations, who liked their work so much that they could labor twenty-two hours a day." It was perhaps the suffering, or inefficiency, of these wretches in the heat and without enough water that inspired his trans-Saharan pipeline scheme.

That year, in whatever time Bedaux had to spare between speeding up the desert mines, building a railroad, and putting on lush bouts of hospitality during visits to his château (where, when in residence, he now made a regular thing of entertaining the Nazi High Command), he also started to set in motion the Roquefort brier-root scheme he had secretly sold the winter before to Marshal Pétain. Roquefort, a hundred and ten kilometres northeast of Bayonne, in the Landes heaths, was chosen to be the scene not only of the brier-root operation but of one of the oddest social experiments since the Bostonian Transcendentalists' failure at Brook Farm. This involved a new Bedaux unit called a Bex (an improvement over his old unit, the plain B), which, in calculating a worker's earnings, "measured production qualified by mental effort," to quote the inventor's own words. The Bexes were, in fact, to take the place of money. Thus a poet might be paid three Bexes for a nice sonnet, whereas a plumber or a farm hand would be paid his fifty Bexes regularly every Saturday night. Work was, nevertheless, to be optional. A minimum subsistence was guaranteed even to the lazy; everyone automatically received enough Bexes to eat on. However, for those who chose to work, the Bex was a new, idealistic form of pay that would reward each man in proportion to his contribution to society; in addition, it would serve as a standard, stable unit of exchange, thus eliminating horrid speculation and even what we know as commerce. This was Equivalism, which Bedaux defined as "capitalism within Communism." Bedaux later said that when he had explained it to Pétain, Pétain had understood nothing but had given him in return a very good lecture on the subject. "The old Marshal," Bedaux said, "can take your words and amplify excellently without having comprehended anything." Preposterous as it may now seem, Bedaux claimed that Pétain, for Equivalism's sake, handed over to him the entire town and township of Roquefort, along with its 1,200 inhabitants, as a demonstration ground. Bedaux felt that this community had what he called "a perfect cycle," for it contained an agricultural element, a pastoral group (principally herds of *pré-salé* sheep), a village intelligentsia, and a commercial element (a local paper-bag factory). Most important to Bedaux, there was, at its outskirts, the sandy heath full of brier roots. While the Equivalists would be laboring for their Bexes, Bedaux would be busy uprooting brier by machinery. His brier-root business was not to be put on an Equivalistic basis, and the villa, in the hamlet of Lencouacq, that he acquired as a base of operations was also safely out of bounds. Before Equivalism became, toward the end of the year, only history (purely local history, since the rest of the world heard nothing of it), because Bedaux was unable to obtain the Detroit bulldozers he needed for the brier-root uprooting and therefore lost interest in the allied project, the Nazis got wind of the scheme and sent down a covey of foresters and agricultural experts to take notes. Their solemn conclusion was that Pétain should not have given Roquefort to an American.

That same summer, while weekending at his château, Bedaux heard from some Nazi guests of the possibility that the Germans might bomb the world's greatest oil refinery, at Abadan, on the Persian Gulf. Perhaps because Abadan was the property of a former client, the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, Bedaux gave the German plan his serious attention, and the Germans the benefit of his advice. It was his theory that Europe would rebuild after the war only as fast as fuel to drive the necessary machinery could be supplied; that Abadan's twelve million annual tons of oil were the mainstay of Europe's liquid fuel supply; and that the preservation of Abadan was, as he called it, Continental logic. His preservation plan was less orthodox; he advised the Germans not to bomb Abadan but to capture it, empty its pipeline of the crude oil drained from Iraq, three hundred miles away, then fill the pipes with fluid sand, which, as a shock absorber, would, he hoped, save them from destruction if and when the British and Russians, in retaliation, bombed the line. In November, he was called to Berlin to consult with Nazi technicians. His plan specified an artificial sand, made from Persian sandstone, rather than sand from the Persian Gulf. This Bedaux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sand was to be so light that it would rise in a wind to a height of twenty thousand feet. He figured that it would take only three days to fill the pipeline with this sand and only two weeks to empty it.

Bedaux, Nazi Minister of Armaments and Munitions Dr. Albert Speer, and some Berlin experts wasted a month in a discussion of this project, with the exception of a few valuable days during which Bedaux gave the Nazis what he thought would be lagniappe—some sound advice about pepping up copper production in the Bor Yugoslavian mines. After all, to capture Abadan for sand-filling, the Germans first had to capture Egypt, Arabia, and probably General Auckinleck. The Abadan scheme was one of the alibis Bedaux gave the Department of Justice at his hearings in Miami, when he sought to show that, although he had pretended and appeared to aid the Germans, his plans had been so cleverly double-edged that they had really helped the Allies. His advice to the Germans not to bomb Abadan had, he said, not only saved its precious oil for the Allies in 1941 but discouraged the Nazis from trying to bomb it in 1942. After that, it was too late, for after Field Marshal Rommel's Afrika Korps began cracking up, the Nazis never again got within range of Abadan. Another use to which Bedaux put the Abadan scheme was to make a trade with the Nazis. He wanted to effect the return of Count Joseph von Ledebur from the Russian fighting front, where, since he was now a Nazi Army officer, he had been sent following the capture of Paris, an event he had been in on.

After Pearl Harbor, Bedaux needed von Ledebur badly. Being now a newly made enemy alien, Bedaux was, to his astonishment, put under house arrest by his Nazi chums at his château, in which he was confined for two months. To make things worse, his Amsterdam office and its secret files, containing what he claimed was invaluable private information on his clients and private geographical data on many odd parts of the world, were seized by the Germans. His Paris office, even though it was much less important, was taken over too. In February of 1942, von Ledebur was back safe in Paris, and grateful, and Bedaux blandly asked him to perform the impossible—to transfer the Bedaux International Company's Amsterdam files from a German enemy-property custodian in Holland to a German enemy-property custodian in Paris. The Count's grandfather had been a man of importance, Finance Minister of Austria under Emperor Franz Josef. Von Ledebur, who not only was the grandson of an important financier but in his own right had an excellent reputation as a businessman, was suddenly appointed an enemy property custodian in Paris. That simplified everything. Within a few months, Bedaux was escorted to Amsterdam by German military officers, under whose eyes he was permitted to pack and transport his files to Paris. Once the files had arrived in Paris, they were removed, with the custodian's permission, from Nazi military control, and before long they found their way into the hands of enemy alien Bedaux, who promptly moved them into the possession of a Frenchman, his highly educated, respectable, stay-at-home, state-functionary brother Gaston, of the Department of Bridges and Highways. Gaston was already a director of the Bedaux Paris company. He now became dummy president, for the duration, of Bedaux International. Thus Charles Bedaux, who had been deprived of his right to manage his American and British companies, now ceded his right to manage the rest of his world affairs. All that Gaston, as French boss pro tem, had to promise in return was to keep his sister-in-law in comfort for the rest of her days, in the unlikely event that something fatal happened to brother Charles, and, if nothing did, to give the company back quick when the war was over. By making France the headquarters of Bedaux International, Bedaux was at least able to keep an eye on it. Even more important, he could get at the files containing information, which only he could interpret, on two hundred of the world's big industries, and he could use his interpretations as valuable handouts to the Nazis in that constant exchange of favors which keeps a collaboration healthy.

—JANET FLANNER

(*This is the second of a series of three articles.*)

•

**FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.**

[*From the Cape Cod Standard-Times*]

WIFE POSTING

My wife, Legrea M. Soares, having left my bed and board, I will not, on and after this date, be responsible for any debts incurred by her in my name.

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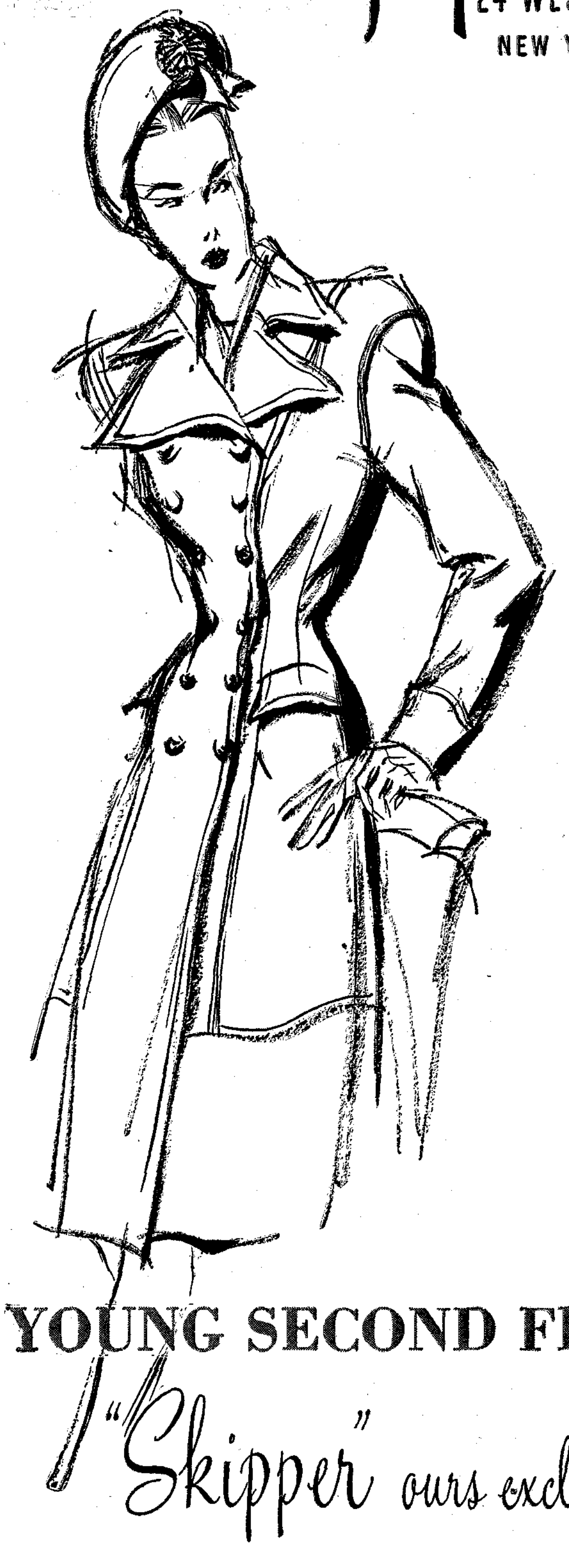
Old Mill Road,
Osterville, Mass.

We are likely to be judged on Judgement Day not by what we have given but by what we held back.



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# THE THEATRE

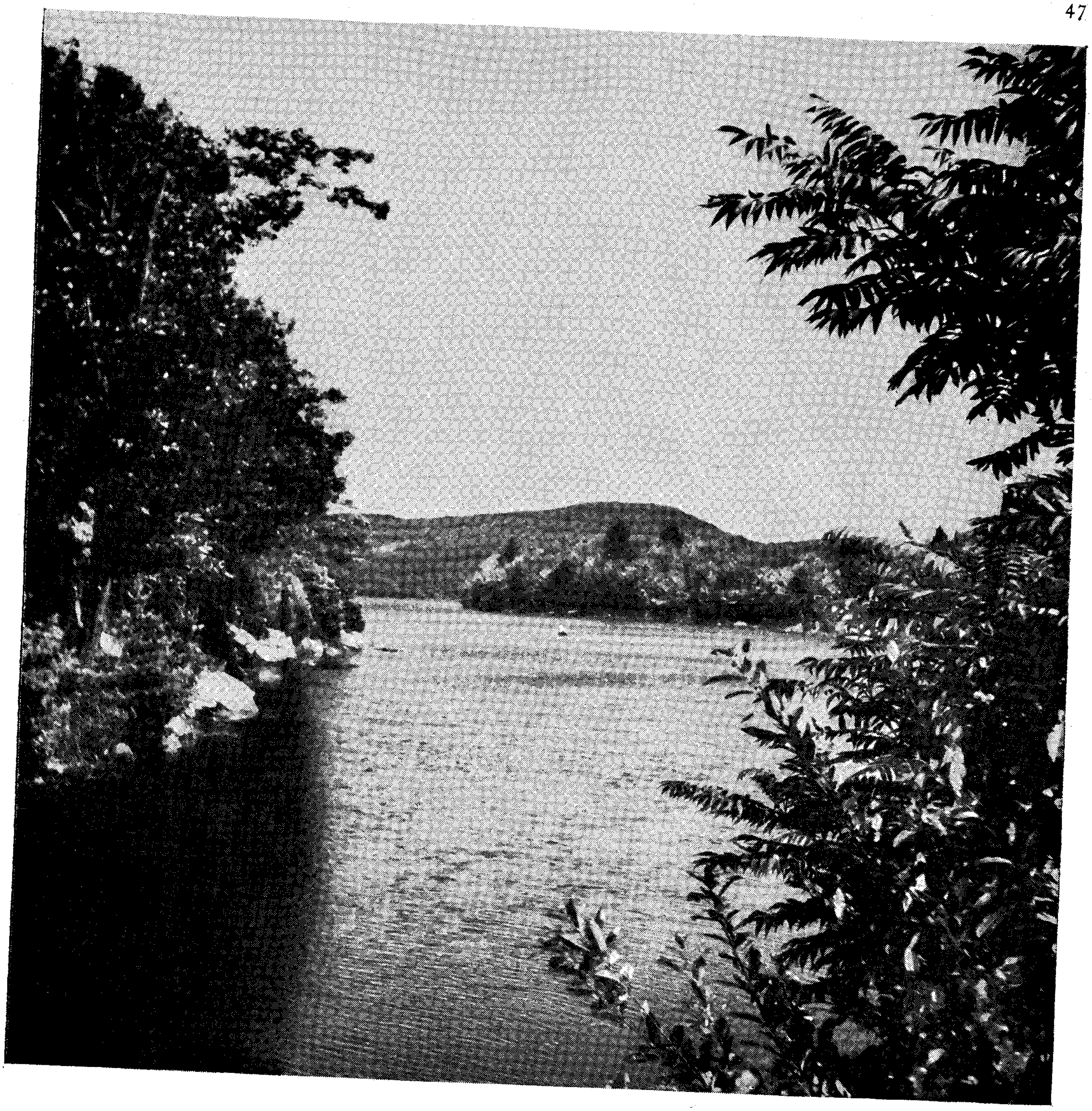
## WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT DIXIE

When Arnaud d'Usseau and James Gow wrote "Tomorrow the World," which had to do with the reëducation of a Nazi child in an American household, it was clear that they were a pair ready and eager to grapple with the issues of the day; it was also clear that any cause they chose to take up would be handled on a fairly primitive theatrical level and that the English language was hardly likely to be enriched by their prose. "Deep Are the Roots," their current play, about the Negro problem, bears out this early promise. It states nothing especially new about its subject and offers no coherent remedies; it is written in a painfully florid and elegant style (all night I kept hearing what sounded strangely like literary paraphrase—"So I invoked the White Man's Law," for instance, must be Kipling, if it isn't Service); and it has all the symptoms of hearty theatrical success.

In reviewing a drama that freely attacks the economic and social evils prevailing in the South and deals sympathetically with miscegenation without precisely recommending it, most of my colleagues complimented the authors on their courage in even approaching such a theme. Not being exactly sure how bravery gets into it, except in a commercial sense (and the risk in this case appears to be negligible), I think I'll just ignore that aspect of the piece at the Fulton and consider it purely as a topical melodrama.

In the beginning, then, we have a mansion in the Deep South, and for a while the twilit amenities of the inmates disguise the fact that it is built on that ancient hatred that has its roots in fear. Old Senator Langdon, the head of the family, is at first only an anachronism, rather absurd but picturesque; his children, Alice and Jennie, are gracious daughters of the South, apparently adequately reconstructed; Howard Merrick, a liberal novelist from the North and Alice's fiancé, finds them rather charming—he has the superior manner of all those who share their political opinions with God, but altogether he is an amiable man; on the surface, even the servants seem contented. The first hint of the gathering storm comes with the entrance of Cousin Roy, the local candidate for Congress, who feels vaguely that the Negroes have been getting out of hand. He represents, however, only what you might call the humorous aspects of intolerance. The sinister note is introduced when Brett Charles, a colored officer who has been a hero in Europe, comes back to take his place in the household and the town. Inevitably the war, and especially the social equality he has found in England, have changed him and he is a stranger and an enemy in a culture that has never changed. His new manner, not much more than a suggestion of impatience with old taboos and white paternalism, works quickly on the Senator, who sees in him, of course, the black symbol of an unthinkable future. It is just this sense of the colored man as a threat to whatever decent traditions are left in the world that leads him to plot Brett's destruction. (The device used has to do with the theft of a watch, an heirloom of the Confederacy, and it is moderately fabricated and tiresome.) The Senator's elder daughter, however, has a far more urgent reason for her hatred when she discovers that the young Negro and her sister are hopelessly and tragically in love. Between them, the old man crazily obsessed with the idea of the extinction of his class and the girl driven by a terrible, hereditary revulsion, they manage to have him thrown into jail after a brutal beating by the police.

Up to this point, Mr. d'Usseau and Mr. Gow are on firm theatrical ground and their play has mounted in tension. Since, however, they are confronted with serious social issues, not to mention a rather eccentric love interest, the happy miracle that resolves most melodramas isn't available to them. In the last act they make a brave, desperate effort to clear everything up. The Senator, a defeated man, wanders off, apparently to join the Klan; his elder daugh-



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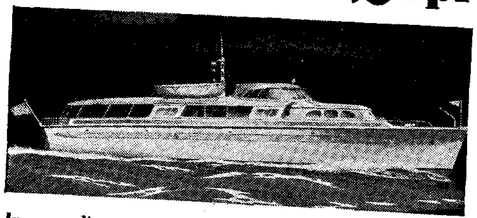

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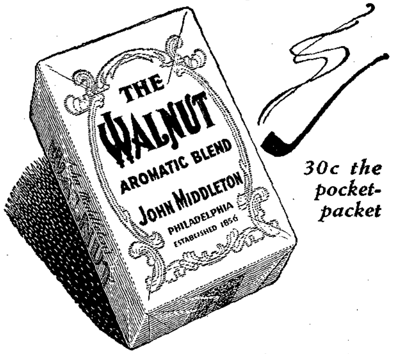

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ter, having acquired a new perspective on racial equality from Brett, who throttles her briefly in the process, is reunited with her literary admirer; Brett and Jennie go their separate, rueful ways, having concluded that black-and-white marriages are not the immediate solution to the Negro problem. It is all very tidy, but I doubt whether it is quite satisfactory from the point of view of either social advance or convincing theatre.

While the play itself is faulty in construction and confused in purpose, the production is admirable. Young Barbara Bel Geddes, though sometimes afflicted with almost incredible lines, is remarkably simple and touching as the tortured younger daughter; Charles Waldron, once a very sinister parent in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," is even more alarming here in his portrayal of vicious senility; and Carol Goodner, as Alice, Lloyd Gough, as Merrick, and Gordon Heath, as Brett, are all sure and resourceful, filling out parts on the whole rather inadequately conceived. Howard Bay's set has just the correct atmosphere of dead ancestors and dying magnolias.

WHEN it opened last week, "You Touched Me!," by Tennessee Williams and Donald Windham, proved so much better than anything that had preceded it this season that any professional criticism seemed a little ungrateful. The awkward fact remains, however, that it wasn't much of a play. Mr. Williams and Mr. Windham have credited their basic situation, if not their plot, to a short story by D. H. Lawrence, but they seem overconscientious, since it is a theme that has served writers faithfully for many generations. Reduced to its simplest terms, what they have written is an elaborate and intensely literary variation of "Snow White." The beautiful princess, lying in a drugged sleep in a world of dead enchantment, is brought back to life by a kiss, or rather, for the authors' mood is one of even frailer charm, just by a touch from the hero-prince. The parallel with the old fairy story, or at least with Walt Disney's version of it, is carried quite a bit further at the Booth. The wicked stepmother is present, in the person of a spinster aunt who, assisted by the High Episcopal Church rather than the powers of darkness, casts her deathly spell on the unfortunate girl, and the seven dwarfs are all summed up in a raucous old seafaring party, the heroine's widowed father, who has that warm, almost supernatural understanding and fine, antic wit that the stage, romantically, I should say, so often attributes to the chronic souse. In spite of the fact that it all takes place in England and in the recent past, "You Touched Me!," in fact, *is* "Snow White," plus a certain cloudy modern lyricism but minus the Technicolor. Somehow, it doesn't seem to be an improvement.

To give their simple story an air of implying far more than it says, of possessing, indeed, the full stature of literature, the authors have adopted an ingenious and, to me, an extremely exasperating style. In the serious parts of the play, that is, nothing is said quite as it would be in normal experience. Sometimes the lines are obviously intended to be on an exalted poetic level and sometimes they are the curt speech of people under stress; almost always, however, there is a studied avoidance of the phrasing that would naturally be employed, the word the ear expects. This is either variation caused by the need for some extra force or precision of statement, in which case it is art, or it is variation for no rational purpose at all, except to impress the unwary, in which case it is merely pretentious. Since Mr. Williams and Mr. Windham are capable, in unguarded moments, of causing their hero to say things like "You are asleep. What you want is Love, Life, People," and their awakened heroine to whisper tenderly when the hero is about to take her in his arms, "What are you waiting for—you fool?," I am inclined to suspect the art.

In addition to this tendency to write more arrestingly than seems strictly necessary, the authors are fond of underlining their points by repetition. Matilda, or Snow White, is informed so often that she is half dead that her trance might as logically be the result of boredom as of any psychic trauma; the prince, a bomber pilot on leave, goes so thoroughly into the world of the future (omitting various symbolical excursions, his thesis is that the next war must be fought *for* life rather than against it) that a full year's editorials from *PM* seem to have been compressed into a single night; and a very fancy analogy having to do with a lively fox and a tranquil henhouse is so severely beaten over the head by everybody that it crawls off the stage in the end more dead than alive.

In its lighter moments, there is a good deal to be said for "You Touched Me!" The drunken father, played with great pantomimic gusto by Edmund Gwenn, has two scenes, practically interpolated night-club numbers, one dealing with a frankly physical affair he had once had with a female porpoise and the other involving a joint imitation of the fox mentioned above and the naturally reluctant hens. Both these items ought to make you laugh, and the old man is also very fine in an encounter with his sister's clerical suitor, "an ecclesiastical capon," who wants to shut him up in a sanitarium. The audience, on opening night, greeted this rather disassociated vaudeville with obvious pleasure and relief; the rest of the time you might have thought you were in church. Montgomery Clift, Marianne Stewart, and Catherine Willard, as the hero, the heroine, and the seriocomic menace, in that order, occasionally seem a little mystified about what makes them behave the way they do, but they are hardly to blame. It is a puzzle that might defeat anybody.

IN "The Ryan Girl," at the Plymouth, Edmund Goulding, who is charged in the program with having discovered Bette Davis, Gloria Swanson, and Joan Crawford, has demonstrated again that very few writers come back from Hollywood with anything except a collection of Charvet ties and swollen pecuniary glands. Mr. Goulding's play is about an ex-"Follies" girl who feels obliged to shoot her gangster husband in order to save their son, a war hero, from the knowledge that he comes from quite such gamy stock. It consists for the most part of interminable expository passages (the opening scene, between the villain and his wife's maid, takes exactly thirteen minutes) in which one character relentlessly furnishes another with a set of facts obviously familiar to them both. The gunfire that terminates all this superfluous discourse comes while a radio is broadcasting an interview between the young warrior and Lowell Thomas, a device that lends a disconcerting air of modernity to a script that otherwise might easily have been written in 1906.

June Havoc gives an ornamental but rather convulsive performance as a woman who was starred by Ziegfeld at fifteen, became a reluctant mother at sixteen, acquired a rich protector somewhere in her twenties, and finally, exhausted by so much gaiety, took up

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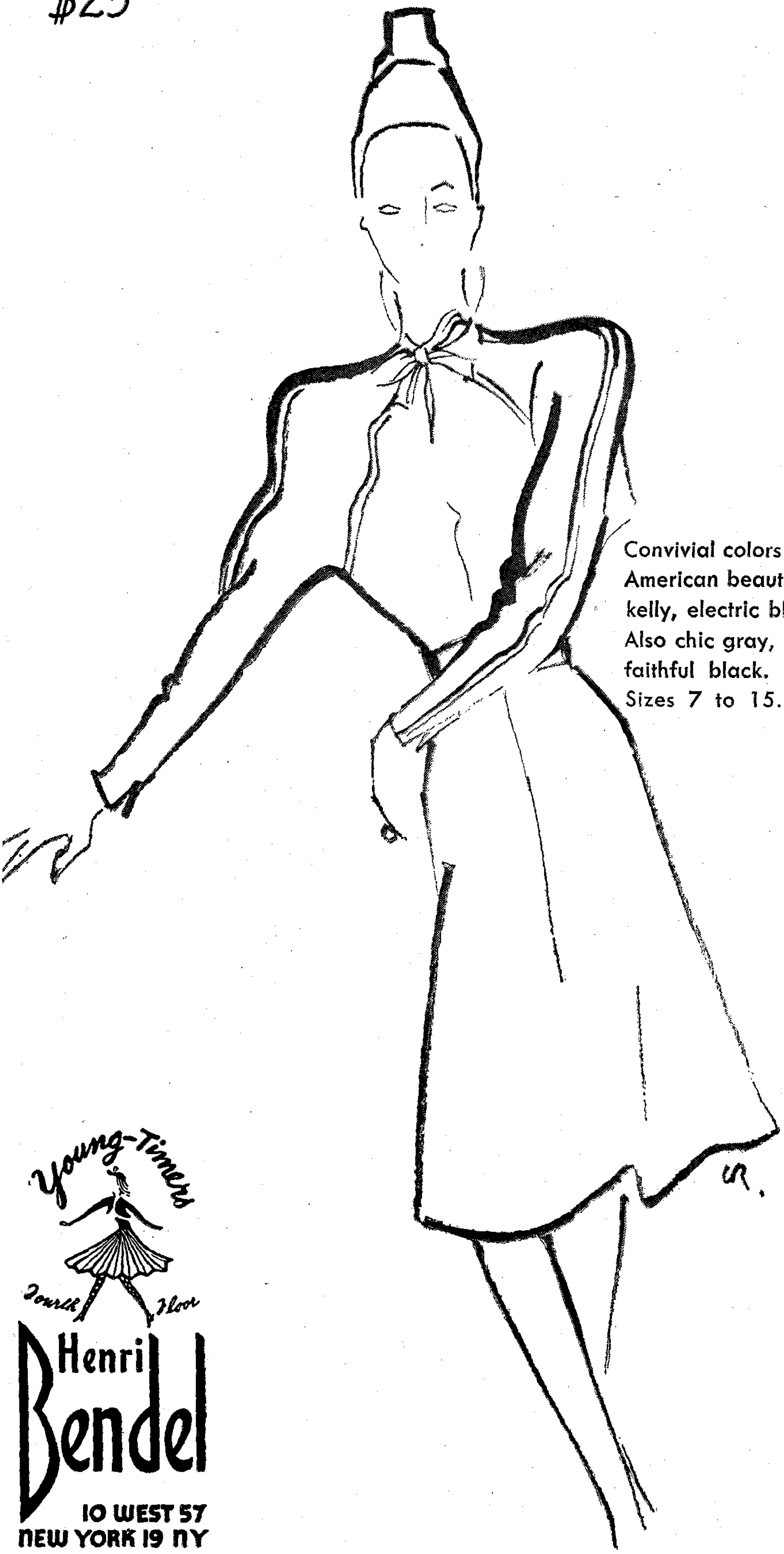

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Or how would it be if Sidney Greenstreet recited "The Night Before Christmas"? Things like that could happen any Sunday night at 9 p.m. EST on CBS *Request Performance,* for the leading stars of radio, stage and screen are committed to portray whatever role the lucky listener requests. You'll probably hear some pretty weird cross-casting as well as many "straight" scenes made famous by the same players, all members of Hollywood's noted Masquers Club. Since almost anything can happen on this program, let us not be caught napping.

★

This year marks the 25th birthday of broadcasting. The record of Columbia's contribution to radio's striking growth marches steadily forward. How many of these "great occasions" do *you* remember? (And how many more?)

**1927**, Sept. 18—The first radio performance of the American opera *The King's Henchman* by Deems Taylor and Edna St. Vincent Millay.

**1930**, Feb. 4—The opening broadcast of the *American School of the Air,* the first regular network program to be used as a supplement to classroom education by the nation's schools (now starting its 16th year).

**1931**, Sept. 13—The first broadcast of the *Church of the Air,* offering a regular weekly radio pulpit to representatives of every major faith (now in its 15th year).

**1933**—The establishment of Columbia's News Bureau, radio's first (and today foremost) news service bringing in eye-witness reports from world news fronts.

**1936**, July 18—The establishment of the "Columbia Workshop", an experimental laboratory for radio writing in which unknown writers were encouraged to produce new techniques. One such was Norman Corwin (he is not unknown now).

**1942**, May 19—The dedication of *La Cadena de las Americas,* the first regularly operating radio network between the U.S. and Latin America.

**1944**, Feb. 1—Kate Smith's 57 broadcasts on CBS urging listeners to buy war bonds and resulting in the largest amount ($112,000,000) ever attributed to any radio star in one day.

★

That man on top of that platform 275 feet above Boston Common the other night was Fred Garrigus, public service program director of WEEI (CBS in Boston). He was up there to observe and broadcast the first flight of a P-59, jet propelled *Airacomet* sauntering overhead at 400 m.p.h. And that man in Salem Harbor the next morning who was broadcasting while an ocean helicopter hauled him up off the deck of a Coast Guard boat into the cockpit of the hovering aircraft—that was Garrigus again—describing a helicopter "rescue". ...Typical feature stories—of concern to all the people—but told on the spot, radio style. Vivid.

★

The man who observed first hand for nine years the uses of radio in the major countries of Europe came home the other day and had this to say about the American method *(The speaker is Edward R. Murrow, CBS foreign news chief):*

"Our system is fast, experimental, technically slick; it is highly competitive and commercial; often it is loud; occasionally vulgar; generally optimistic; and not always right. But the man who is wrong has his chance to be heard. There is much controversy and debate and some special pleading, but frequently the phonies are found out. There is no conspiracy to keep the listener in ignorance, and government does not guide the listening and thinking of the people."

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homicide at thirty-nine. Edmund Lowe, on parole from the films, strides around the stage like a frowzy tiger until his mate, wearing that funny little smile we are told she always assumes at solemn moments in her life, let's him have it with the .44, right in the neck.

It is hard to say just how much "Carib Song," a plotted song-and-dance recital starring Katherine Dunham, really derives from its West Indian sources. Presumably the actual rites are a good deal more innocent and animal, directly expressive rather than artfully suggestive, as they are at the Adelphi; certainly the native costumes and scenery haven't the extraordinary chic of those furnished by Motley and Mielziner. Probably it doesn't matter much. Miss Dunham is always an exciting dancer, conveying God knows what jungle transports; Avon Long, her principal assistant, is one of the most graceful men on the stage, though stylized in a much more urban way than you'd expect in Trinidad; and the others sing and dance with that air of cheerful improvisation that only Negroes can command. The plot, disentangled as far as possible from its mad Caribbean syntax ("I ain't want she in us cabin, man"), has to do with sinful love and jealousy and death, a sort of aboriginal "Street Scene," but on the whole it can be ignored, and I enjoyed myself most of the evening. I had better report, however, that a crabbed friend of mine remarked that he saw no reason he should have to suffer for two hours just so I could feel primitive and cultured. I'm afraid "Carib Song" will affect a lot of people just about that way.

Dan Totheroh's "Live Life Again," a play you certainly don't need to investigate personally, is a sort of Nebraska "Hamlet," blank verse and all. Mr. Totheroh writes with the implacable rhythm of a metronome, an effect heightened by the fact that the actors read his lines with such deadly emphasis on scansion that what little sense they have is often lost. His poetic formula is simple, consisting usually of a flat statement and a trite simile, arranged in two lines of equal value; a high-school student follows this principle when he first learns, to his amazement, that he is cursed with the gift of song and achieves:

The night comes on
Like some dark bird.

Mr. Totheroh is, of course, occasionally a little more elaborate than that. In a nature note from a kindly old doctor, for instance, we get:

> This rain is good.
> It helps to lay the dust,
> And keep the fever down.

Or, in an educated spasm from the heroine:

> You read me Keats' "Saint Agnes' Eve,"
> And "To a Nightingale."

Or, again, in an indignant moral comment from one of the neighbors:

> That fine, old house, and rich, moist land,
> He give it to a Swede from Black Snake Creek.

The worst thing about this idiom, perhaps, is that it has a certain wicked fascination for the listener, whose own thoughts presently begin to fall into the same cadences. In my own preliminary reflections on Mr. Totheroh's play, in fact, I found myself experimenting with a lyric description of one character and wrote rapidly:

> His teeth and hair fell out, and there was only left
> The squeak of hands on his damp skull, and the sad whimper of forsaken gums.

No? Well, it's as good as anything you'd be likely to hear at the Belasco. Donald Buka, Mary Rolfe, Thomas Chalmers, and Beatrice de Neergaard have leading parts in this dense and dismal hash. The plot has to do with a young man's abnormal attachment for his dead mother and it turns out very badly, I am told.

Incidentally, after rereading what appears to be the longest damn composition ever devoted to one week's drama in this magazine, or perhaps in *any* magazine, I can only say that it is a long time since so much talent and energy have been turned loose in the theatre all at once. I guess I just got carried away.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

### DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION

[*From the News*]

WINDOW CLEANER
TOO GOOD A JOB

KANSAS CITY, MO., (U.P.)—The owner of a shoe shining and hat cleaning establishment in Kansas City is thinking that perhaps it doesn't pay to keep plate glass windows too clean. A 225-pound man walked into the 5-by-8 glass in front of the shop recently. The window was an opening."
caught up with him, the confused window broke, and the man backed up and walked away. When police needed a shine and thought the "would-be customer" explained, "I

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# A GUY JUST HAS TO LEARN

THE carabinieri, backed by two light tanks and a couple of machine guns, surrounded the Regina Coeli, one of the big Roman jails. They wouldn't let anybody within two blocks of the place, but the usual morbid crowd of Italian civilians and American G.I.s hung around, waiting to see if there was going to be any shooting. I was hanging around, too.

A tall, stout sergeant with a vase-shaped P.B.S. patch on his shoulder came by with a slender young Italian girl. She looked about sixteen. She was not pretty, but she had creamy skin and black hair and an interesting figure. He stopped and asked me, "Still raising hell in there, Sergeant?"

"I don't know. Haven't heard any shooting," I said.

"Those poor bastards! They say there's several thousand in there and room for only a couple of hundred," he said, speaking with a slight drawl. The girl held his arm and looked around at the people. She didn't seem interested in what we were saying, or else she didn't understand English.

"Must be rough," I said. "Funny, even if the war is over, to feel sorry for a bunch of Fascists and black-market operators."

"I feel sorry for any prisoner," the sergeant said. "That's when you know what war is like."

"These aren't war prisoners," I said, taking out a pack of cigarettes. I passed them around and he said he didn't want one. The girl looked at him and he said no, and she said in English, "Please, only one!" Her accent made it sound cute. He nodded and she took a cigarette and thanked me. "Don't want her to get the smoking habit," he said. "Sometimes I think the Italians, or any of these countries, would be a hell of a happier nation if they didn't smoke. Black market always starts with cigarettes."

"People would rather smoke than eat," I said, lighting her cigarette. She blew out a cloud of smoke and giggled.

The sergeant said, "I know how tough it is to do without butts—I was a prisoner in Africa."

"Africa?" I said, and tried not to stare at him. "That's years ago. You a prisoner long?"

"Long enough—over a year. They had me working around Rome, and the Partisans released us a week or so before Rome fell. Been here ever since." He shrugged. "Being a prisoner you learn one thing awful well—no matter what anybody thinks about war being tough, being on the losing end is the worst of all."

"I guess the Italians learned that," I said.

"No," he said. "It isn't something a nation learns. A guy just has to learn it for himself. I mean, your country can win a war and a guy still lose it." The girl tugged at his arm and said in Italian that she wanted to walk. He told her, in good Italian, that he wanted to walk, too. He turned to me. "We're walking along the Tiber. Want to come with us?"

I said I was going that way, and after we walked a while I asked, "Do you mind talking about being captured?"

"Nothing much to tell," he said slowly. "When Jerry was being pushed out of Africa, they flew us prisoners to Naples. We weren't in too bad shape then. Not too hungry or dirty. But in Naples we hung around a goddamn stockade for a few days. No food, not much water. When they moved us out of Naples, they paraded us through the streets. It was smart propaganda for the krauts, but it was a son-of-a-bitch parade." He stopped talking and watched the girl trying to blow smoke rings. She giggled. He smiled, as if he thought it was funny, too.

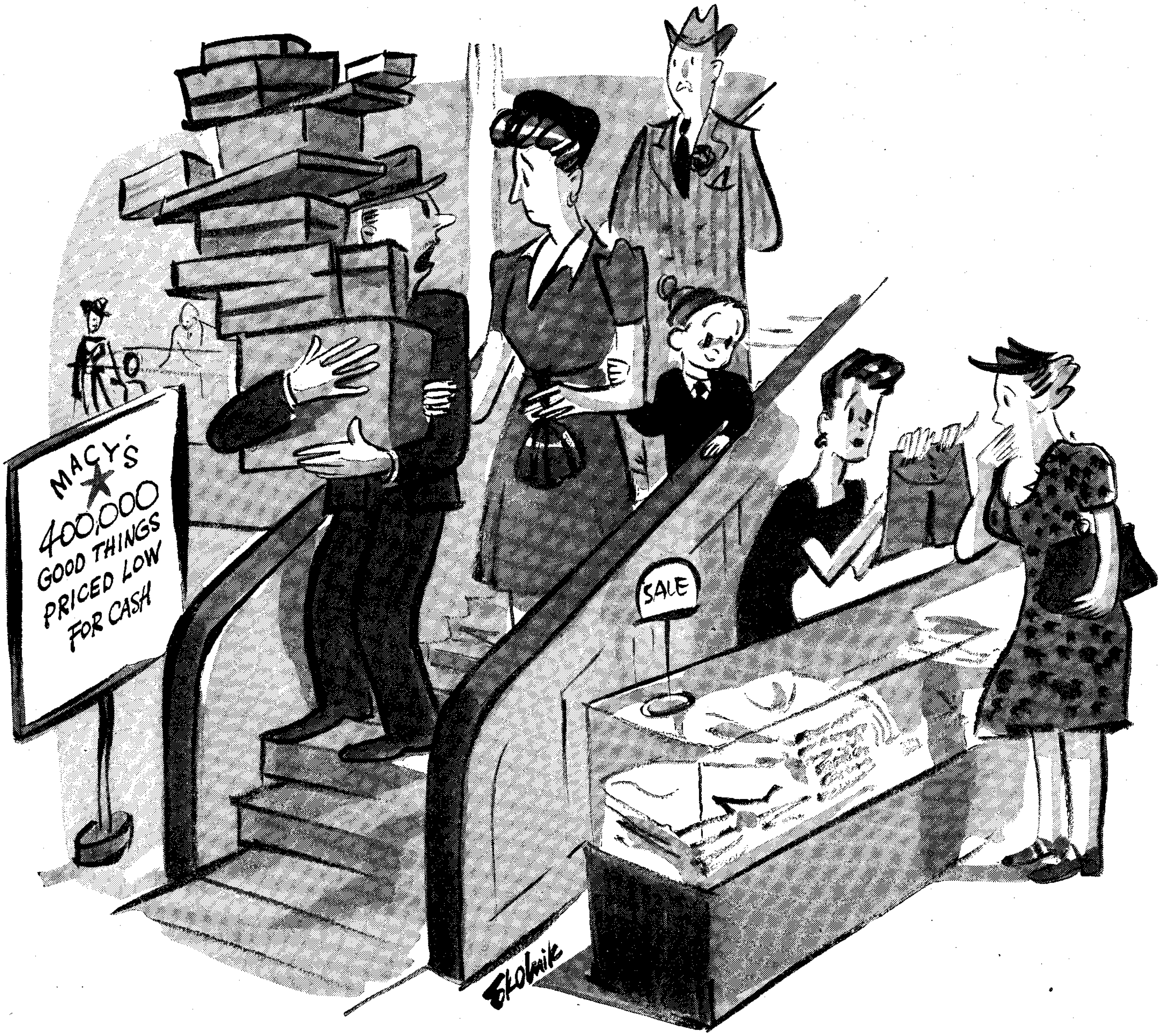
"Long march?" I asked.

"What?"

"The parade through Naples."

"Yeah, that was some parade. You know, it took me months before I stopped having nightmares about it. We were dirty, lousy, and hungry. The Eyeties lined the streets and threw rotten fruit, laughed, and spit at us. Some old bitch threw a pail of slop and stinking dead fish at me. Know how I felt then, smelling like all hell and walking before those laughing people? I didn't feel like an American who expects to be recaptured and sent home, or a guy that hopes to be exchanged for kraut prisoners and returned to the States. See, it wasn't that I felt scared; I felt lost, like I was alone against the world. I couldn't help it, I burst out crying. It was a big deal for them to see me bawling like a kid. The people let out a hell of a yell, and I got hit by a regular shower of fruit and junk. I wanted to die right on the street, get out of the world. If I had a gun I would have killed myself. I didn't even want to see the other G.I.s walking next to me."

The girl blew a fairly decent smoke ring and he put his finger through it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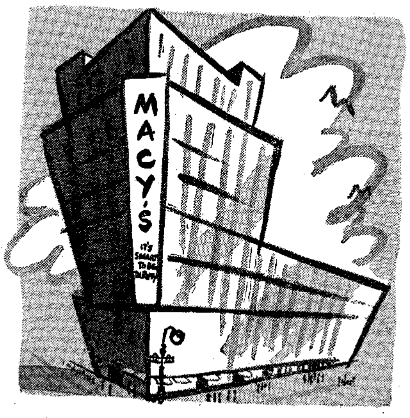

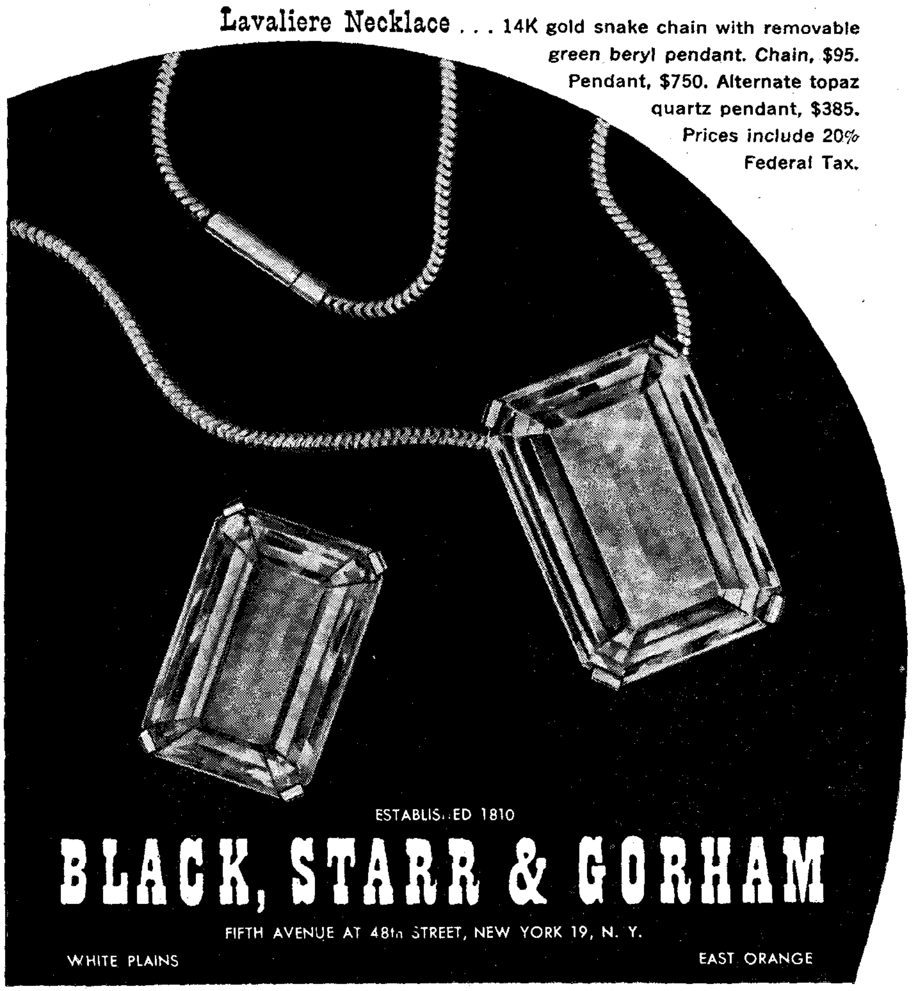
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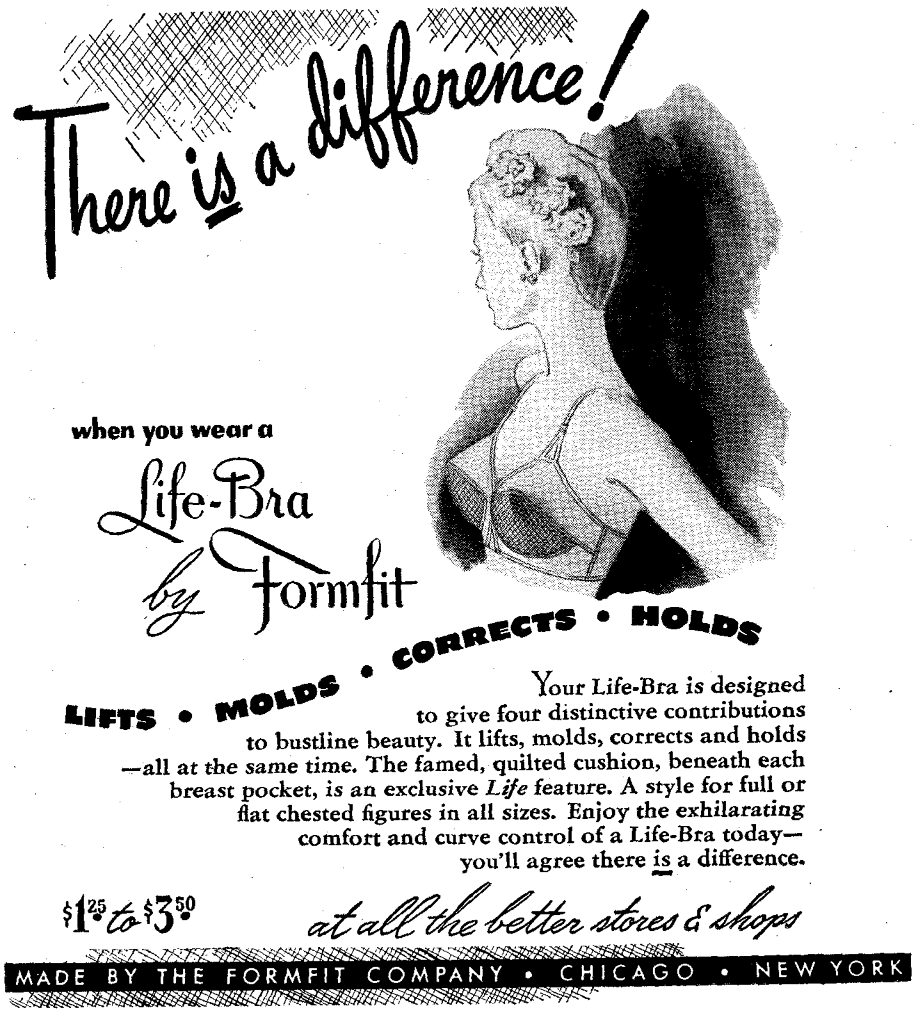
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without spoiling it. She laughed and squeezed his arm.

"That must have been a hell of a feeling," I said.

"It was a lost, miserable feeling. I think the girls peddling it in Rome and Naples must feel a little like that. So do the homeless, hungry kids. It's something you don't shake off."

"If you were captured," I asked, "why weren't you sent home when the Allies took Rome?"

"I didn't want to go home. They said I could stay if I became a rear-echelon boy."

"You must hate the Italians," I said.

He was watching a man in a boat on the Tiber, rowing with long, easy strokes. "In Africa I hated them. I didn't like the way they fought. They rigged piano wire across a road so when a guy went racing by in a jeep his head was sliced off. But then there isn't any such thing as fair fighting in war. Now I don't hate them. I don't hate anybody. I'm just a little careful about liking people too much."

We stopped across the street from a sidewalk café and he asked, "Will you join my wife and myself in a shot?"

"No thanks, I have a bum stomach," I said, trying not to show my surprise that the girl was his wife.

He looked at me and smiled. Then he pulled the girl to him and ran his hand through her hair. "Go ahead," he said, "say you're surprised."

"She's very pretty," I said.

"She's young and sort of dumb," he said. "And I don't know how long it will last, but she's something for me to hold on to."

"Sweating out returning to the States with her?"

"No, I'm not going back. Getting discharged over here."

"You can have Italy. I've had my fill of it," I said.

"It isn't Italy, it's her," he said. "She's something to hold on to. I mean I don't feel so lost."

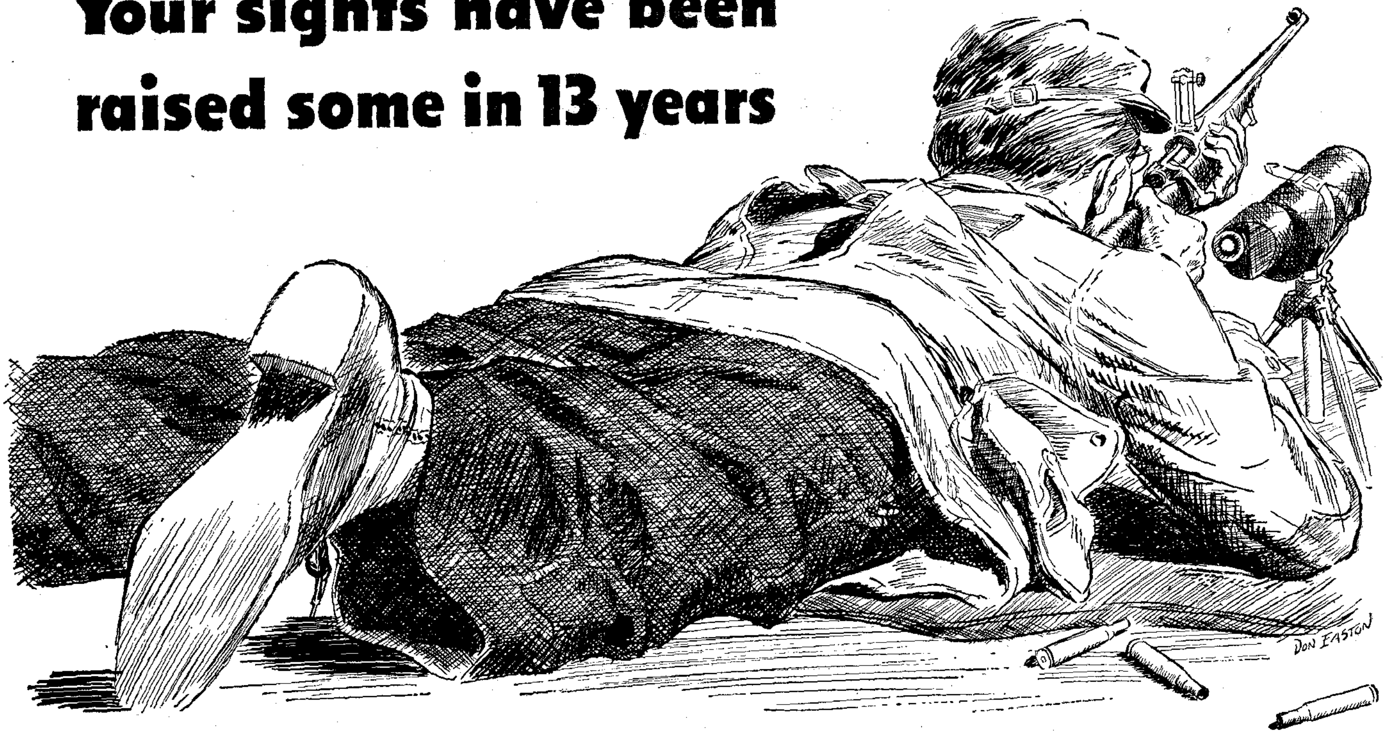
"Ever expect to return to the States?"

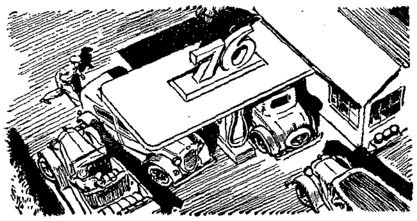
He said quickly, "I'm trying to tell you, I can't return. A young Italian girl in the States—she'd be lost there, depending upon me instead of me leaning on her. Hell, I can't explain it to you. Sure you don't want a drink? We haven't got much time. Her folks are waiting supper for us."

I said no and we all said goodbye. They walked across the street and sat at one of the little tables. The waiter bowed as though they were old customers.

—LEN ZINBERG

# Your sights have been raised some in 13 years





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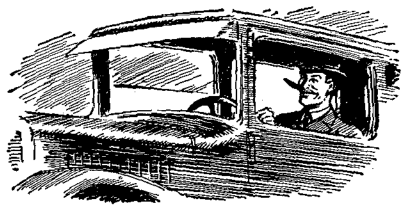
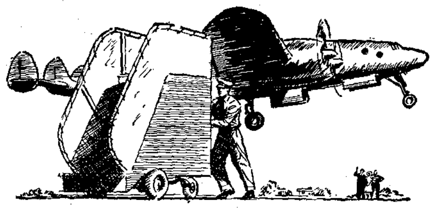


**3. People were more** than satisfied with our 1932 gasoline—in 1932. If no improvements had been introduced you'd *be satisfied with it today.* For you would know of nothing better to compare it with. But competition would not permit us to stand still.

**4. For each of us knew** that if we could put out a product a little bit better than the rest of the industry we could *get more business.* Consequently, even the company that was in the lead kept constantly searching for improvements. Progress from year to year was gradual—as it always is.



**5. But in 13 years** that total progress was considerable. Now if the oil business had been a monopoly—private or governmental—it is doubtful if this would have happened. For there simply aren't the *incentives* to better your product when you already control all the trade.

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**6. So as long as** there's still room for improvement in an industry, the only way to guarantee *maximum progress* is to have an economic system that guarantees *maximum incentives.* Our American system with its *free competition* provides these to a degree no other system has ever approached.

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# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## GREEK DIARY: A TRIP TO DELPHI; NOTES ON THE BRITISH

I MADE a trip to Delphi from Athens with some U.N.R.R.A. workers in August. The heat was the most stunning in decades. The U.N.R.R.A. people made me wear a sun helmet, and the American chocolate bars that we bought at the PX for the journey were immediately turned to syrup. No Greek ever understood setting out on such exploits at noon: they wanted to eat and go to sleep. So did we, as a matter of fact. Most things are uncomfortable in Europe; one did not often choose one's company, and even when one did choose it, the springs of good humor and charm were likely to dry up this summer. But before we had gone very far, bumping and baking in the jeep, I felt that I had fallen by chance into a fortunate combination.

The sanitary engineer from U.N.R.R.A. who was taking me and who drove the car was one of those modest, soft-spoken, shrewd, amiable, and very able men that we like to imagine representing us among the fevers and confusions of Europe but actually rarely find. His interpreter was a young Greek woman, who expressed herself so well in both English and French that I was amazed when she told me later that she had hardly been out of Greece. She had seemed to me, when she appeared, the first really smart-looking woman that I had so far seen in Athens. I had been putting down the absence of chic—very striking when one came from Rome—to the non-availability of attractive clothes; and I tried to figure out whether Eleni, as she was always called by her boss—she was a Mrs. Something, but I had not caught her last name—had somehow managed to get a few things from Paris or whether a natural gift of style were carrying off inferior garments. She was slim, with bare arms and legs, so burned that they were in some places purple, and she wore a simple dress of plain yellow, flat-soled sandals, and a dish-shaped straw hat. She said that she had borrowed the hat, as she never ordinarily wore one and did not feel natural in them—she had lovely, slightly curly brown hair—but as she kept on the hat with one hand while she laid the other sideways in the crease of her lap to keep her dress from blowing, she would have done as a model for *Vogue*. She was a type of good-looking Greek woman that I was beginning to identify—I had already seen one very fine specimen in the young actress, Stasa Iatridou, at the Theatro Lyrikon. They have dark, very bright, and alive but not enormous eyes, and small, round, rather recessive chins that do not challenge attention like Anglo-Saxon and Latin chins and may at first suggest weakness of character, as the eyes suggest extreme gentleness. But one soon gets a different impression and watches them with increasing interest, and I presently decided that Eleni was not only smarter but prettier than any other Greek woman I had seen. She had a pointed but not salient nose, and she seemed authentically and traditionally Greek in that she resembled not the classical statues—which we always imagine fair—but the dark women with long hands and feet painted in black on the red clay Greek vases. But it is quite different to see one of these women living and in all her dimensions. To an American—in America we have only the grin—the play of her eyes was enchanting: not the animated lifting of eyebrows that one finds in the Latin women and that always has something of a routine coquetry, nor the quick narrowing of eyelids of the Slavs that always suggests an animal caginess; but a marvellous sympathetic sensitivity, an instinct to respond and to please that was always self-possessed and quiet, and a power to fascinate that was exerted so unobtrusively, so sweetly, that one felt it must be almost involuntary, as if it were a spirit that lived in her and that could not help looking out.

I was disappointed, however, by Eleni's politics. We passed through a little town that was covered with crosses and crowns, painted in patriotic blue; and I asked her whether this really meant that the place was predominantly royalist. She replied, with childlike confidence, that it did, and added, after a moment, that she must tell her husband about this: it would please him because he was a royalist. She said she was a royalist, too. Thebes, also curlicued with blue, was an abject and sordid place if one had expected a setting for "Oedipus." We tried to decide which was the least forbidding restaurant—though without any invidious comment on the part of the U.N.R.R.A. man or myself, since Eleni, quite unlike some fine ladies in minor European countries, never apologized for accommodations or commented on the misery of the people. The glasses and decanters were dim with dirt, and most of the tableware showed traces of previous meals. We sidestepped the meat and got a

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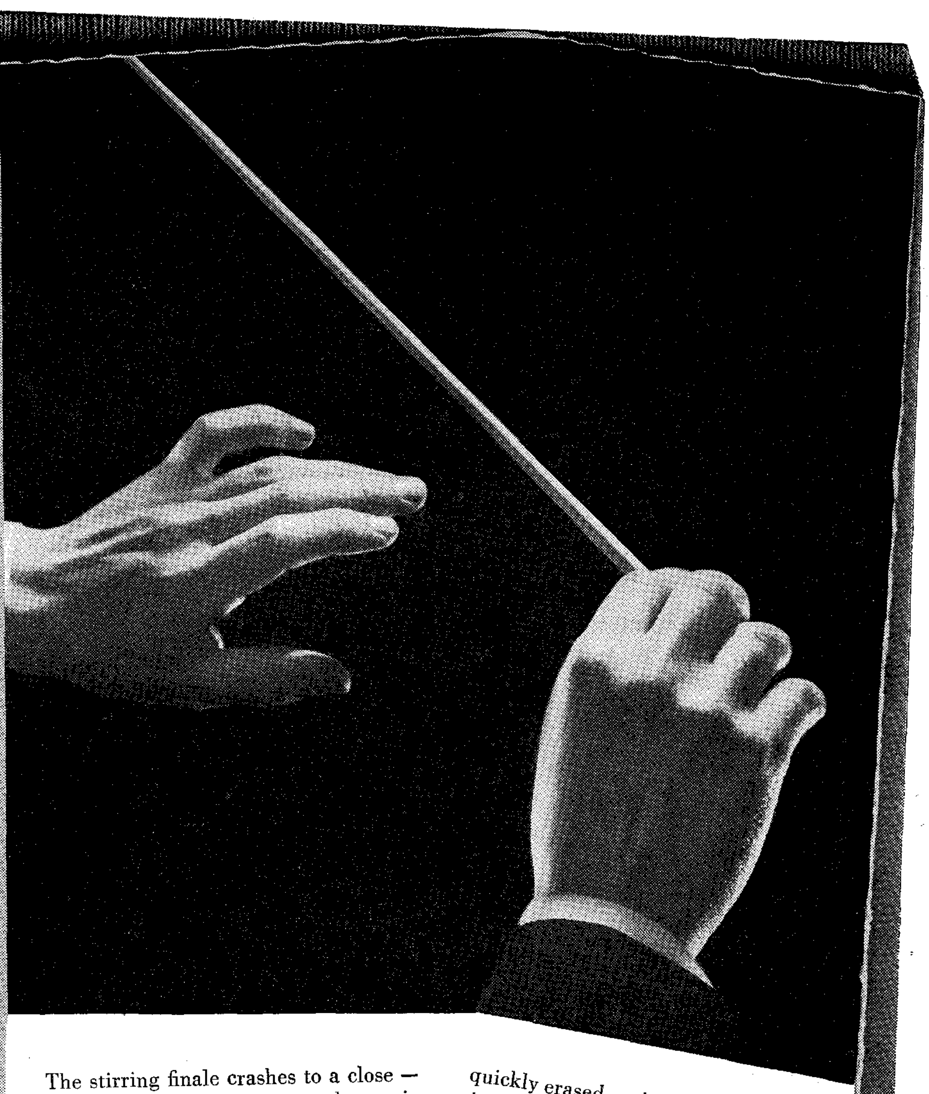

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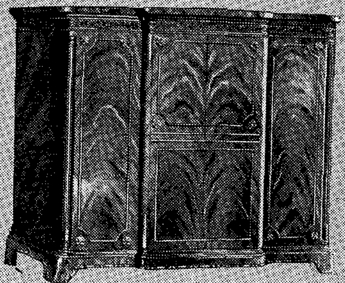

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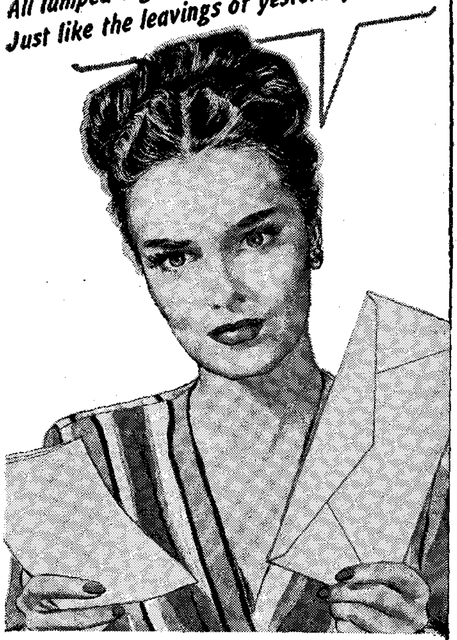

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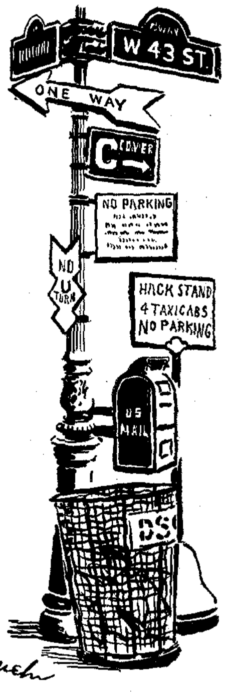
lunch out of sliced tomatoes, boiled potatoes, sawdusty gray bread, and a bottle of raw retsina. The tables were out of doors, and while we were eating, some diseased little children came in from the street begging. They were in rags and had sores on their faces. Eleni quietly gave them a good deal of the bread. She had two children of her own, she told me later. The principal feature of the lunch, however, was an English U.N.R.R.A. man whom the American had arranged to meet there. It is always a relief in Europe to find an Englishman who is not in the Army and who is trying to do something to help the people improve their own conditions instead of to keep them from making trouble for the English. The most striking thing about such men, in contrast with most other exiled Englishmen, is a spontaneous middle-class cheerfulness which is inspired by the satisfaction of doing good and the excitement of seeing foreign parts. This man was reporting on the progress of a summer camp for Greek children in which U.N.R.R.A. had a hand. It was one of a large number of such camps that had been organized by the Greeks themselves in an effort to supply a ration of normal feeding and play to the starved and scared generation which had come into the world during the war. It was curious to hear this little man describing, with precise matter-of-factness and a kind of schoolmasterly humor, as if he had been talking of British Boy Scouts, the problems of such work under conditions that must have seemed to him abysmally uncivilized.

We did find the setting of "Oedipus" as soon as we emerged from the town: a row of black mountains, grim and simple, not rugged, not comparable, in the old cliché, to anything so human as the lifted heads of giants, but looking like thin flint blades against the pale and impoverished sky. I remembered that the Theban plague had been attributed to the incest of Oedipus, and reflected that we now even knew that malaria was not due to bad air but to a particular species of mosquito, and that the purpose of our U.N.R.R.A. expedition was to apply a scientific technique for the destruction of this mosquito. But in Greece such historical contrasts are not really felt as dramatic. The country has remained so primitive since the period of its great civilization that history does not show as a pageant. You do not look back on the landscape of "Oedipus." You are right in it, and it is grand and uncanny. And those poor country people who were stricken by the plague—working with distaffs and carrying clay jars—are still right there around you. They are nice, they are unusually courteous, but they are not at all "picturesque," and it seems just as natural to an American to be trying to do away with their diseases as if they were Georgia hookworm sufferers.



We looped at a terrific rate along what the "Guide Bleu" for Greece calls "*les lacets de la Voie Sacrée*"—which also presents itself not as a historical sight but as an unsatisfactory actuality, full of dangerous hairpin curves with no fences to stop cars going over the side, bone-rattlingly rocky with ruts and bumps, and sometimes bitten away in great chunks by explosions of bombs and shells. Saturated with dust like old carpets and lame and stiff from the jeep, we stopped at a café for a drink. It was several degrees worse than the one at Thebes. The waiter, in honor of Americans, produced a long-unlaundered tablecloth, stained all over with soup, egg, and wine, that was dirtier than the top of the table. We picked out, among the people in the café, the men who looked as if they must be politicos and tried to figure out which parties they belonged to. Eleni told us which papers they were reading. I had been playing a game in Europe of trying to guess from their accents where the Americans I encountered came from. I hesitated, for the U.N.R.R.A. worker, between Missouri and Texas, but finally took a chance on Missouri. "No, sir," he said. "I was born in Texas, but I've been living in Missouri and I may have picked up the accent." I hoped that Eleni was impressed by my feat, but it turned out that her ideas about America were extremely generalized and vague. She hadn't been able to understand why the Texan and I talked differently, and she didn't know what Texas was. "Texas is a state," he explained to her, "that's almost as big as the whole Balkans. It used to be a nation itself, but we combined with the United States to help 'em against the British." This was not quite historically true, as Texas did not join the United States till almost the middle of the century, but it had perhaps a more general truth, and may have reflected a preoccupation on the part of the U.N.R.R.A. man. His family name was the same as that of a famous frontiersman, and I asked him whether he were any relation. It turned out that he was a direct descendant and had the famous man's first name, too.

MOUNT PARNASSUS and the Castalian spring, which we reached in the late afternoon, are gritty, gray, and bleak affairs, quite unlike the poetical properties associated with their names; the great temple of the Delphic Apollo you cannot see from the road; the town of Delphi, caught on this road like gobs of mutton on a shashlik skewer, has its center in a group of little inns, which had been turned into British billets and were crammed with soldiers off on holiday. Only the view below of the great sweep of the Delphic valley, with its limitless olive orchard, made one expect some unimaginable mystery: all that the name of the oracle implies. No rooms, we thought, were fit for Eleni: the best that we could find was one, in a house full of British officers, that was imperfectly screened from the room next door by a partition that did not reach to the ceiling. So we drove on down to Itea, on the water. The monotony of ruin in Europe becomes sickening and exasperating. Though one has already seen many such places, it comes as a shock to reach the Gulf of Corinth and find a quiet little seaside town in the same shape as Anzio and Naples. While the frontiersman went to see about lodgings, Eleni and I sat down on a bench and, fighting off the malarious mosquitoes, looked out across flat and dull water to where the hills, in the blue-gray air, were growing blurred like a Whistler nocturne, but more massive and more sullen. She had asked me whether Italy resembled Greece and I tried to explain the difference. The Italian mountains were shaggy and the Italian country was planted. In Italy, there was too much color, too much flesh, and too much smell, too many things sprouting and swarming; Greece was lean and bare but somehow on a higher plane. Yes, she said: it was just the difference between the Roman and the Greek Catholic Churches. The Roman Church proliferated madonnas and was preoccu-

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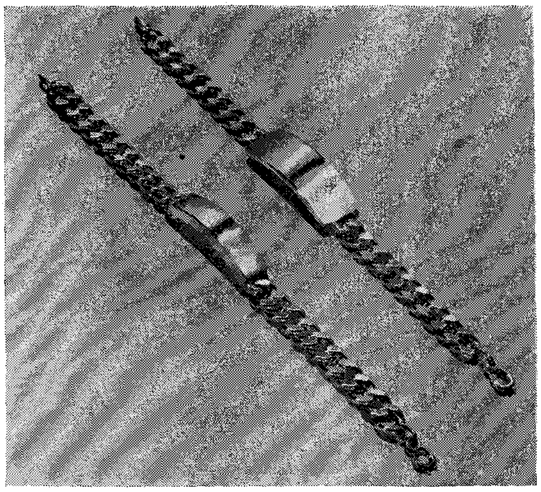
pied with sins and pardons, whereas the Greek Church went in for doctrine and tended to turn theology into metaphysics.

The U.N.R.R.A. man brought back a British officer: swarthy, with a dark, cropped mustache, shoes and leather belt well polished, and a smart lanyard, I think green, tucked into his left breast pocket. His first name was Demetrius, as we saw from his trunk when he took us up to his room, and Eleni, who found that he did not speak Greek, thought that he looked like an Egyptian; but he had mastered the British manner and practiced it with a consistency more relentless than the native English themselves. And he established the tone for our visit. He took us, with no comment whatever, through a small wooden door in a wall into a yard full of vegetables and chickens, where a mash made of tomatoes was spread out to dry, and up a tiny outside flight of steps. Then, always with a dazed and indifferent air of not knowing whether he were going to do anything for us or whether we ought to be there at all, he produced a basin of water and—one cannot say that he showed or invited Eleni into a room; she went in because it seemed the thing indicated—he left her with the curt injunction, "You carry on in there." He was depressing: this English world of the war, with its impassivity that masked weariness and resentment, I had been glad to leave behind in London—where anyone of whom you ask a direction will tell you to turn to the right and "carry on from there." He continued to stand there detachedly while the U.N.R.R.A. man and I washed in the room across the hall. "How is it out here?" I asked. "Pretty boring?" "No: it's all right," he answered, and then, after a short pause, as if something more were demanded: "Most of the time is spent swimming." I had already noted this use of the impersonal passive as one of their curious ways—like the use of "one" where we should say "I"—of suppressing the first person. So you will find A. N. Whitehead, in a brief autobiographical sketch for a volume devoted to his work in the "Living Philosophers" series, writing, "In the autumn of 1885, the fellowship at Trinity was acquired, and with additional luck a teaching job was added. The final position as a senior lecturer was resigned in the year 1910 . . ." The trouble about this is that the effort at self-effacement is likely to become conspicuous and betray what the French call *la morgue anglaise*, of which, as a matter of fact, it is not really a corrective but a refinement. And the lieutenant's next remark seemed to me also characteristic (you had a good deal of time to reflect, because the gaps between remarks were immense and my commentary expands in proportion): "The works are over there, I believe"—nodding to a corner of the yard which had a primitive and precarious W.C. "I never use it myself." The natural thing to say, I thought later, would have been something like "We've got a much better one at the mess where we're going in a moment and perhaps you'd better wait and use that," but, though really, I think, a very good fellow, he was dominated by the British principle that you should never do anything for anyone without indicating a slight hostility.

Later, on the way to the mess, he told us, as if to back up his assertion that the British were quite happy at Itea, that they had been up to all hours the night before, marching around the town singing, and had finally ducked in the water the padre and all the top-ranking officers. Coming into the mess from the crumbled town and the dull and stuffy darkness was startling and disorientating: it was as if one had found, in a provincial town, an unexpectedly competent revival of some vivid old period piece. With their red faces, their bright silk lanyards, their batman standing mute like a butler and vanishing in obedience to orders given without raising the voice or looking in his direction, their gin and bitters and their bottles of wine, their miraculously complete dinner, the London *Times* and the Manchester *Guardian* lying on the table behind them—these Englishmen had made for themselves a snug and self-sufficient little world that seemed more obviously anachronistic—because it was self-consciously historical; that is, because it represented the rôle of a certain nation accomplishing certain things—than the life of the olive-growing and goat-herding Greeks who were still contemporary with Homer. And we did not fit into that world. I was surprised when the U.N.R.R.A. man told me later that he had made several trips to Itea and had already met these men. I said that they had all behaved as if they had never seen him before. "Oh, they always do that," he replied, "but I just burst right in and start talking. They always treat me all right." But, though blank silence does not matter with men, it seems schoolboyish or boorish with a woman—especially so pretty a woman as Eleni (she had changed into a blue dress), who spoke English perfectly and was



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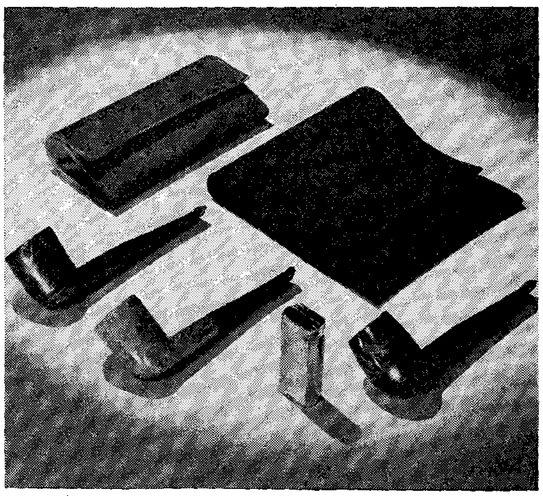

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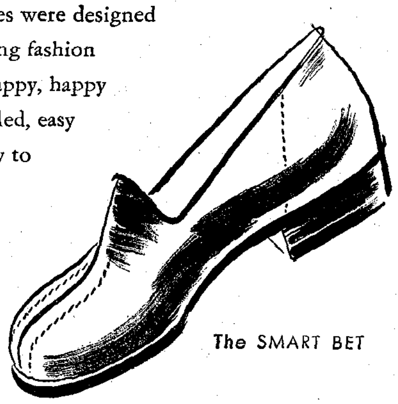

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obviously a lady. Nobody talked to her or gave her a look; they went on with their own conversation. Only the major who was the ranking officer in the absence of the real C.O. and who had to preside at dinner felt an obligation to show some interest. "Hot drive?" he inquired. Yes. "No top on the car, I suppose? . . . Then why haven't you got a big red beak like me?" One didn't know whether this was self-depreciation, implying an indirect compliment, or whether the implication was that she had no business to look all right when the damned sun of her native Greece had so grotesquely disfigured an Englishman. Yet he was evidently the nicest of the officers: tall and lank, with long, straggling mustaches, and with a touch of the Victorian innocence of Major Dobbin or the White Knight.

But it was only a question of moments before, from another quarter, the inevitable British attack on the unacceptable foreigner began. The young officer on my left and just across the table from Eleni, on learning that she was an Athenian, immediately proceeded to tell her that Athens was "an awful place," and that the people there were lazy, untrustworthy, hard to get along with, inefficient, and given to quarrelling among themselves. We Americans, I am sorry to say, allowed this rudeness to continue. We were a little in the situation—the phrase is that of a friend who had visited the British in Trieste—of being "treated like captured enemy officers," and there was always the danger, between Americans and British, of exacerbated political argument. I had one at an Anglo-American party at the Grande Bretagne Hotel in Athens which culminated in my being asked by an aroused English correspondent what we Americans were doing "messing about in Europe." But the young man who did not like Athens would not let the subject drop and kept going on and on, while Eleni, who had not, I imagine, ever encountered anything like this before, colored and did not reply. He was finally broken up by the chaplain, a sandy-haired little man sitting on Eleni's right. He made some comment in a voice so unassertive and low that I did not catch what he said. "Oh, the padre's off on one of his tirades!" the man sitting next to him said sharply. "Yes, we all know that England has its faults, too!" And now the presiding major felt that some sort of intervention was needed. "We have no manners at this end of the table," he said, with hardly a glance toward Eleni—putting an end to the unpleasant conversation

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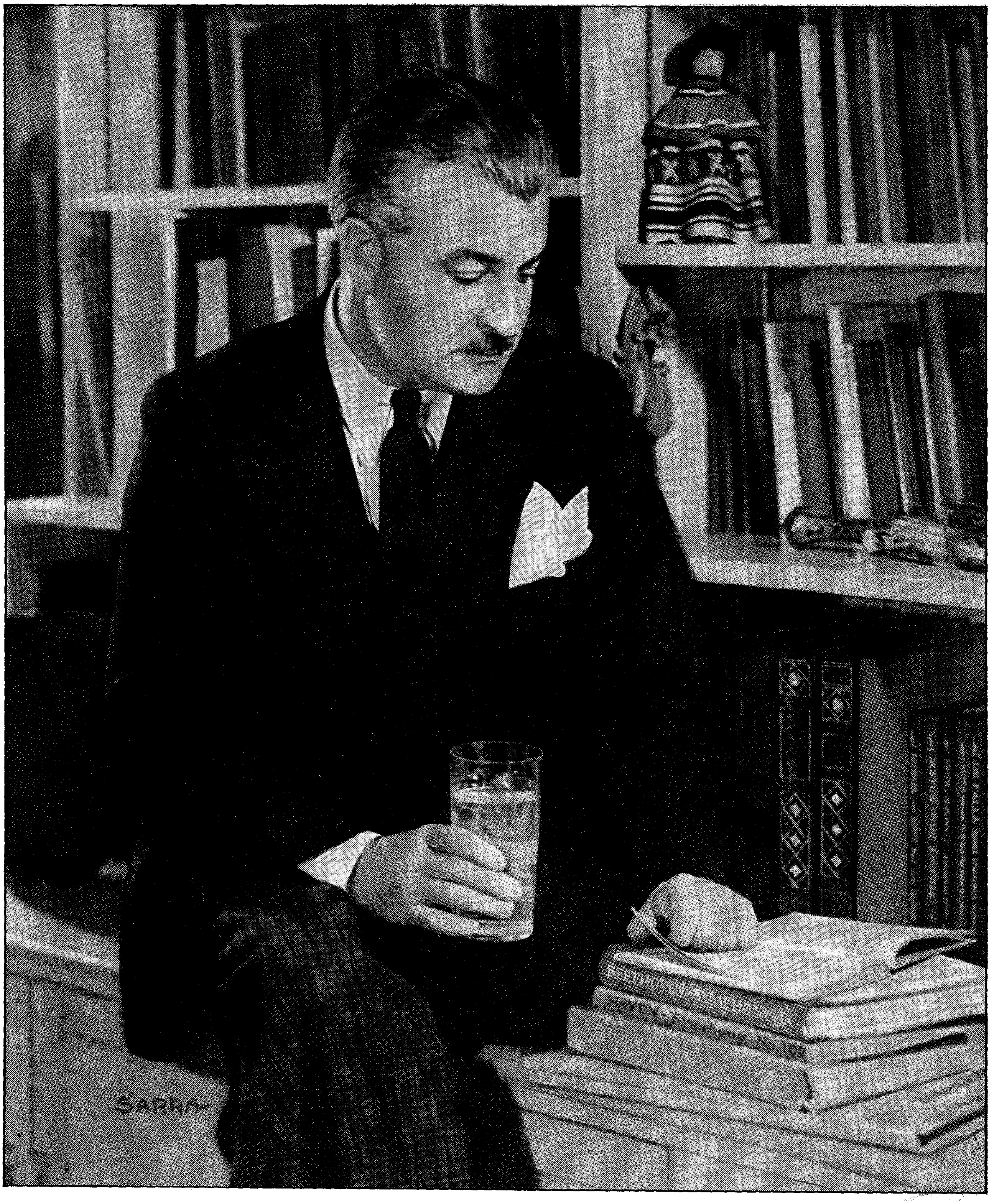

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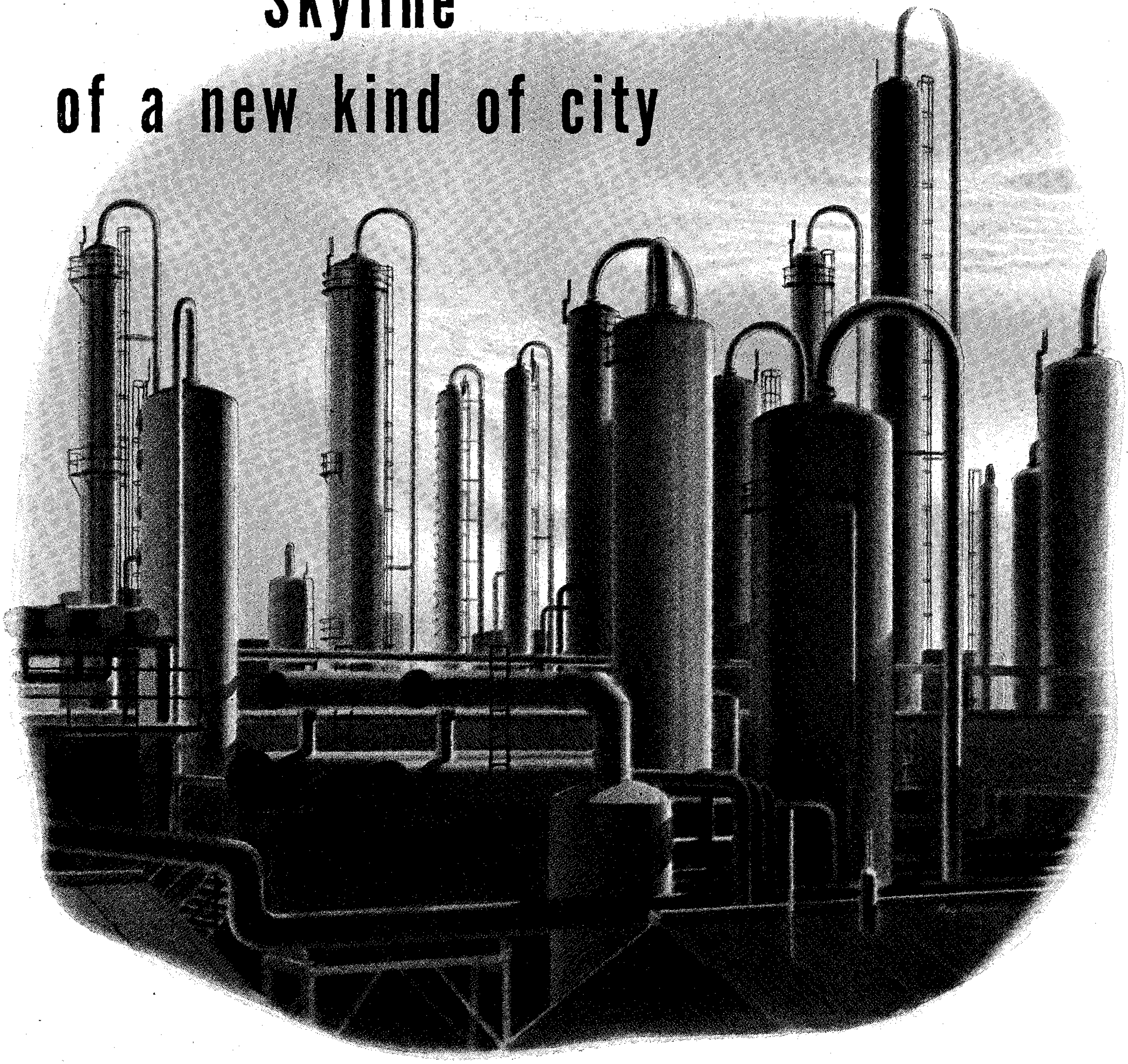

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but doing nothing to stimulate a better one.

Soon they were talking about water polo as if they had been dressing in a locker room. They had organized rival teams, which seemed to have become the chief interest of their exile. The U.N.R.R.A. man remarked that he understood that all the officers had been ducked the night before. "No officers were ducked," said Major Dobbin. "Only the padre and the doctor." (The doctor, it appeared, was Demetrius.) I asked the young man sitting next to me what else they did for amusement, and this started a new complaint. The women made things awfully difficult, he said; you couldn't get a girl to come anywhere near you unless she brought along her mother and her father and her grandmother and her grandfather and her aunt. "Our chaps are livid about it!" he ended. There was, however, to be a dance that night—arranged by a Red Cross worker to raise funds for a local hospital—and they had thought up an ingenious device to detach the Greek girls from their chaperones. The parents had always made the girls sit down with them between dances; but for tonight the frustrated British had had built along one wall of the dance hall a narrow, forbidding bench, and had had lined up at the end of the room several rows of more comfortable seats, and they were going to try getting the girls to sit down with them on the bench, where there was not room for many people and where their families might not want to join them.

After dinner, when the table was cleared and we were confronted by one another without the resource of food, conversation broke down completely. It was difficult to talk about England because the officers, apparently to a man, were opposed to the Labour government; and it was difficult to talk about Greece because you could not talk about Greece without "talking politics." "No politics!" the major would say as soon as anyone grazed the subject. "Politics are taboo." Demetrius, with the requisite casualness, asked the sanitary engineer about the American public-health organization that he had worked for before the war and wondered uninterestedly whether there were anything like it in England. Apropos of raising money for the hospital, he said that the medical situation was wretched in that part of Greece, and that it was odd that the local doctors had no confidence whatever in themselves and had the habit—though he'd only just been registered—of coming to him about the simplest

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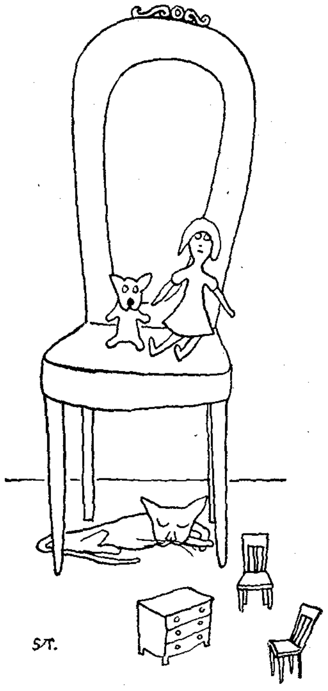
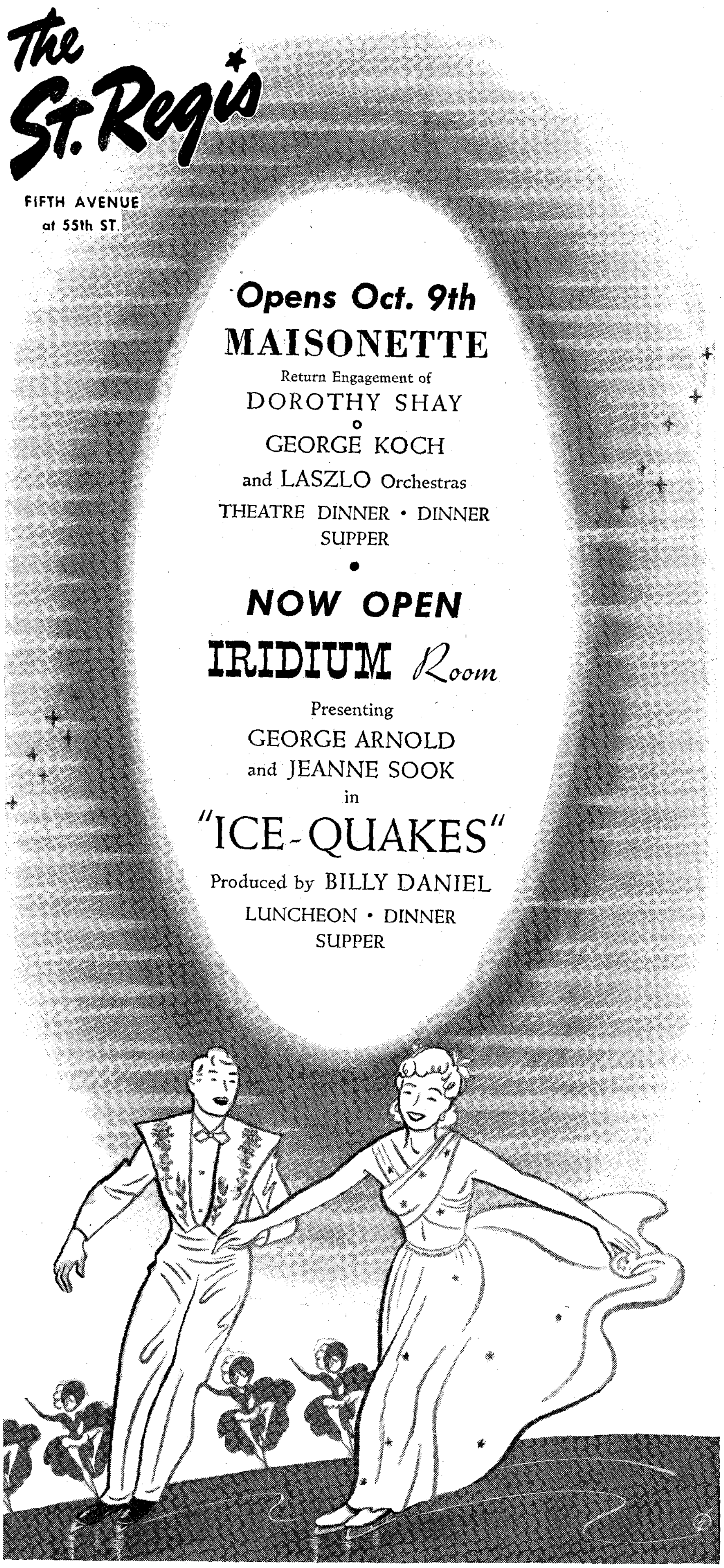
problems. Finally we went to the dance. It was well enough attended and there were people gazing in through the windows, but—partly as a result of the heat, which made everybody exude water like sponges—it was not an exhilarating affair. The Englishmen did induce some of the Greek girls to sit on the narrow bench, but when they had got them there, it was of course uncomfortable and did not especially promote better acquaintance. The major asked Eleni to dance. Every time when, at the end of one of the dance tunes, another was immediately to follow, the bandleader—in a voice that took the heart out of you—would tell the dancers to "carry on."

THE next morning I went up to the temple. An English soldier drove me in a jeep. He maintained at first the same well-trained silence as the batman waiting on table—a silence which is a feature of their caste system but which always seems unnatural to an American. I asked him how it was out there. "Pretty dreadful!" he replied—he did not have to keep up face like Demetrius. It was impossible to get anywhere with the girls, he said; but he did not blame it all on their families. "They're scared to death," he explained, "to be seen talking to an English soldier." I sounded him out on the elections, and found that he was all for Labour. "Well, before the war," he said, "the Conservatives didn't have a very good record, did they?"

I had at Delphi my first intimation of the almost complete class lineup, on the issue of the Churchill government, between the English officers and the English troops. I afterwards talked with a great many English and I found no English soldier who had not voted for Labour and only one officer who had. Class-consciousness in the United States is likely to be sporadic or local: you do not find any social split that runs through the whole people like a fissure; and I was surprised by the uniformity of the class feeling of the British Army and the sharpness with which it was expressed. I had not realized how much Winston Churchill and the War Minister, Sir James Grigg, were disliked by the English soldiers. I learned that there had been some rather scandalous incidents on the occasion of Churchill's appearances among the troops, and I asked one man why the soldiers were so bitter. "Why, Grigg's probably an able administrator, as far as winning the war goes," he said, "but neither he nor Churchill ever cared anything about the troops. They've always been treated like cattle, while the officers lived in luxury." He expressed himself very strongly on the subject of Churchill's cigar.

One factor in the situation which, I believe, has been stimulating this sentiment on the part of the English troops is the contrast they have lately been making between the American soldiers and themselves. The Americans are better fed and they have more and better clothes. They are better taken care of. An officer who had been in Crete fixing up an old barracks for the American personnel of an airport told me that he was having an awful time because it was swarming with bedbugs and crab lice, and they weren't sure that DDT would kill those things. "The English," he said, "let their men live in places like that. I've seen English soldiers living under conditions that would cause riots in the American Army. But we have to do something about it." The relations between officers and men are more democratic with us—and more democratic than they were in the last war. Saluting on the street, in Italy and Greece at least, has virtually disappeared. I heard complaints about arrogant officers, and Mauldin's observant cartoons make out a case against the officer who exploits his rank without taking its responsibilities. But such men are regarded as exceptional and their behavior as an obvious violation of the normal relations of life, whereas the whole technique of the Englishman in dealing with the men in his command is a traditional part of their system. Whether he is himself an insolent or an amiable man, his tone is one of superiority. You see the whole

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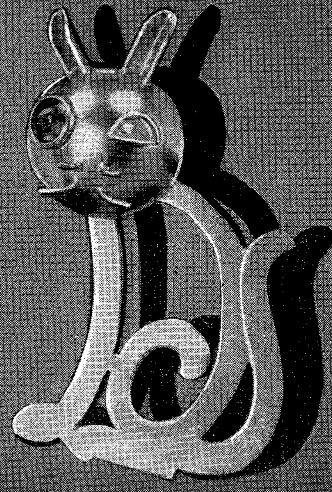
situation in that British phrase "other ranks," which, to an American, seems queer and offensive. We talk about "officers," "noncoms," and "enlisted men;" they talk about "officers" and "other ranks." In Athens, you see, for example, a sign on an inferior night club allotting it to "Other Ranks"—as who should say, "This is the place for the nobodies."

What is most important of all, the American soldier is paid a great deal more than the British. This difference has undoubtedly contributed to the extraordinary, the almost complete failure of the English and the American soldiers to have anything to do with one another outside their military duties. The Americans can buy more drinks, get better girls, and so forth, and this has made the English sulky. In general, they keep to themselves and have nothing to say to Americans. Once in Italy, when I had been visiting Herculaneum with a couple of G.I.s and was separating from them to go back to Naples, one of them said to me, "There'll be plenty of trucks coming along this road, but don't bother with the British because they won't pick you up." When I asked him why not, he explained that they were like that. The Americans in the beginning had always picked up the British, but when the British wouldn't reciprocate, they stopped. The first attempt, in Sicily, to have a rest camp for mixed English and Americans turned out a complete failure, and the second attempt, at Aquila, did not, when I was there in June, seem to be at all flourishing—though I saw it only in an early stage. So few men had been selecting it for their holidays that they had had to assign people to it. In any case, I feel sure that the resentment or envy of the English troops toward the Americans backfired in the soldier vote.

As for the officers, many, of course, are simply Tories with all the old ideas. There are a few of the younger men that do not belong to the upper classes and have not been assimilated to them who tell you stoutly that they voted for Labour. I met a few at Labour meetings in England and was impressed by their sober air of knowing what they were doing and being determined to put it through. They had nothing in common with the atmosphere of the mess that I visited at Itea, and they probably represent an emerging and important element in the contemporary English world.

But there are other kinds of motivations than the old-fashioned imperialistic ones which impel certain British officers



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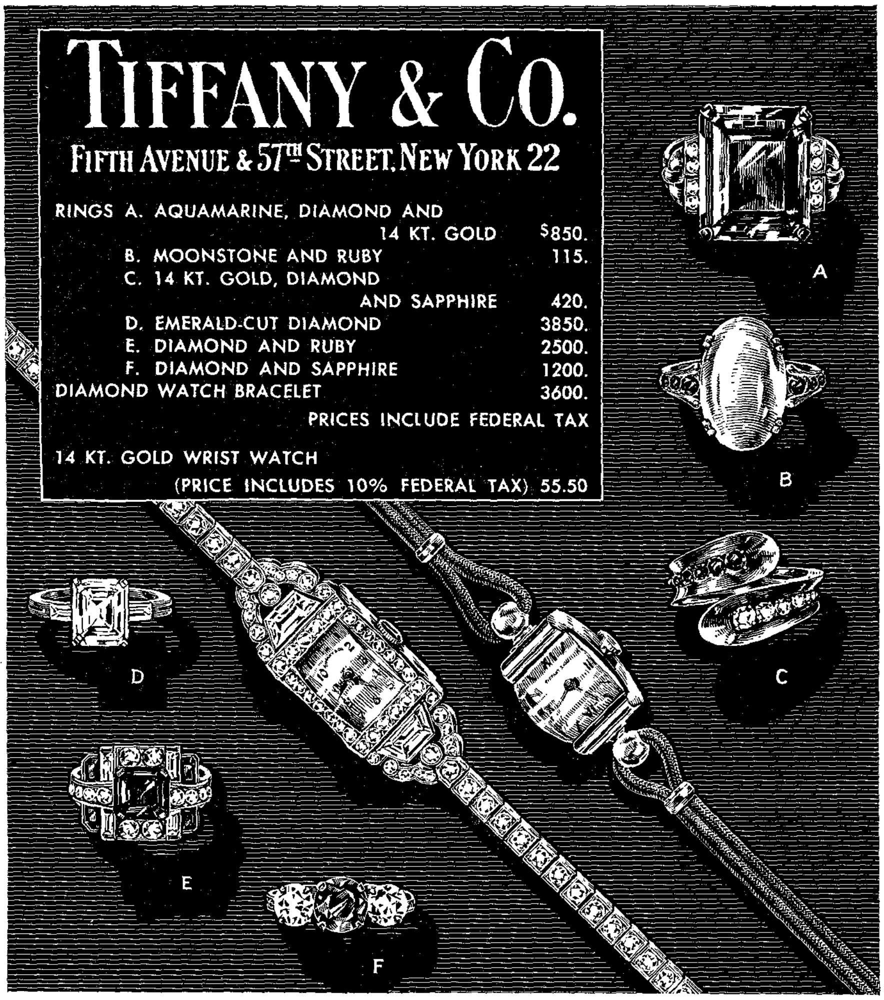
who may once have been liberals or socialists to support the imperialistic policy of the continued occupation of Italy and Greece. A major whom I met in Crete seemed to me an example of these. He was a remarkably able man, well educated, serious, and active. He had been working in the underground in Crete before the Germans left and was on excellent terms with the inhabitants. He spoke Greek, and he had somehow found time to study the Minoan ruins. All this he had accomplished since he came, in, I think, the last year of the war, and he had become, it seemed to me, the Britisher in Crete most respected by both Cretans and Americans. He took me one day to a modest but very clean and decent house where we were given little glasses of ouzo with bits of watermelon, and where he talked at some length with the Cretan family in his exact and fluent Greek. When we were left alone for a moment, he explained, with a shade of a smile, that "an unfortunate thing" had happened: a car had been stolen from outside the house while they were having a party there. I assumed that he had come as an official to investigate the theft of the car. When we got back into the jeep, we were accompanied by one of the men with whom he had been talking in the house. He explained that he was taking him somewhere, and he drove him almost to the top of a hill, then dropped him when the road got too bad. The man walked up to some rudimentary houses that looked as if they were built of clay and contained only two or three rooms. "He wanted me to drive him all the way," the major explained, when we had turned around—with the usual faintly humorous attitude toward the childishness of the native—"but I didn't want to risk it any further." And he added, "People who live in the town in rather a sophisticated way like that usually come from houses like those." Then he said something I did not understand, and I twice got him to repeat a word. "Of the girl I'm going to marry," he said. "He's the brother of my fiancée." The old couple we had seen in the house were his prospective father- and mother-in-law. I distinctly got the impression that, in marrying a Cretan girl, he was settling down for a career in Crete. The completeness of his acceptance of Crete and his excellent relations with the inhabitants seemed to me at first surprising for an English officer abroad; but I learned later on that he was a Scotchman, which explained, I daresay, his willingness to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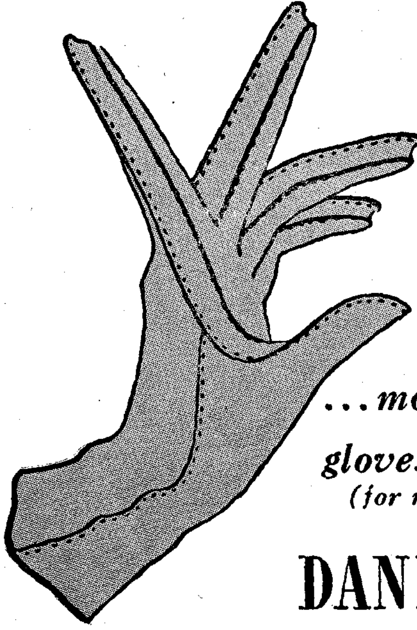

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ally himself with people from small houses. In Scotland, the serious world, the world of authority and learning, may have the but-and-ben close behind it. But he was typical of a whole group of officers that I met in the Mediterranean who seemed to be hoping to remain there as administrators. Conditions in England, as they have heard or seen, are not now particularly inviting: inferior food and clothes, life hemmed in by ration books, housing shortage, looming unemployment, and a socialist Labour government which is not likely to try to solve these problems by letting up on the ration books. In Italy or in Greece, a British officer has the best that can be had, and he occupies a position of importance that he could hardly hope to find in England. Some of the younger men have spent five years in the Mediterranean immediately after getting out of Oxford or Cambridge and are better fitted for their present kind of work than they would be for anything else. (With the Americans, it is just the opposite: they are worse off, instead of better, in Europe, and practically all of them are frantic to get home.) As I say, these men are not all Tories. When I asked the Cretan major how he felt about the elections, he said, "It didn't surprise me. If you followed the soldiers' discussion groups, it was plain that the trend was that way. It's not necessarily a bad thing. It will give them a chance to show what they can do. They've been complaining about the government. Now they'll have to take some responsibility." But such people as this excellent major cannot afford to admit that these countries would be better off left to themselves.

I WENT one day to the British Army headquarters building in Athens to arrange transportation for a trip. I was told to go to Room 47, but when I got there I found the door locked. An English soldier stuck his head out of the door of the next office, and I explained my situation. "It's just down the corridor," he said, and, when I looked a little astonished, he added, with a hilarious cheerfulness, "Yes: we'll inundate you with 'em! There's another 47!" I was so delighted by this—there is not much of Sam Weller surviving in bombed and rationed England—that I was still dwelling on it as I left the building. But as I passed out into the street, I saw something that made quite a different impression. There were two sentries guarding the door, standing rigidly with heads back, eyes front, legs straddled apart, and a rifle with a fixed bayonet gripped in the right hand and held out straight from the body as if by a marionette, with the butt planted on the pavement. Whenever an officer went in or out, these sentries, instead of presenting arms, would convulsively lift the rifle butt and bring it down on the ground, at the same time stamping one foot—as if they had been mechanical contrivances controlled, like the doors at the Pennsylvania Station, by photoelectric cells. If you watched them, as I did, for a moment, the effect was absolutely gruesome. It was the same thing as the goose step, I reflected, though in a considerably milder form. They changed the guard there, I learned, with great pomp, every Sunday morning, completely stopping traffic on the street, which is one of the most important in Athens. An American in U.N.R.R.A. told me that he had asked an English officer why they did this. "We do it at Buckingham Palace," he answered. "But in London it doesn't tie up the traffic," the American pointed out. This made no impression on the Englishman. The truth is, of course, that, like the bayonets, this ceremony is intended to serve as a reminder and a threat to the Greeks. The mood of the good-humored fellow who talks about inundating the visitor with rooms numbered 47 makes no connection whatever with the automaton outside the door, nor have his feelings, his needs, and his interests as yet been able to influence the latter's acts. —EDMUND WILSON

•

He pulled himself to his feet and stood there swaying a little.

"Thank you, I don't need anything done for me." His manner was defiant. Not a word of thanks!—*From "The Man in the Brown Suit," by Agatha Christie.*

Well, not more than *two* words.

•

Having once produced plutonium in amounts measurable in the one-millionths of an ounce, American scientists met and overcame an equally complex problem—that of removing impurities which unsuited plutonium for use in the liberation of atomic energy. z z z z z zz—*Journal of Commerce.*

Look out, men!

•

### BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*Saul I. Wallen, of the War Labor Board, quoted in the Boston Globe*]

Reconversion requires labor, and if labor won't reconvert itself temporarily to create its own permanent future, then labor will have to shoulder the blame for refusing to smash its own Frankenstein-like bottle-neck.

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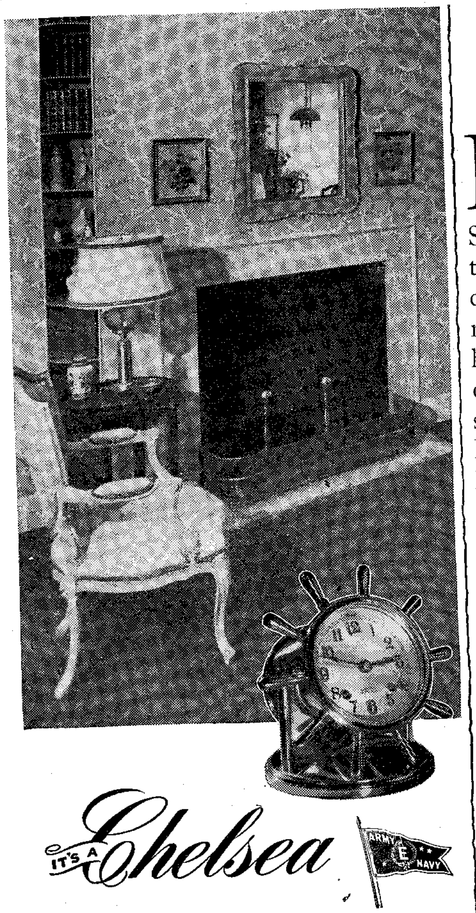

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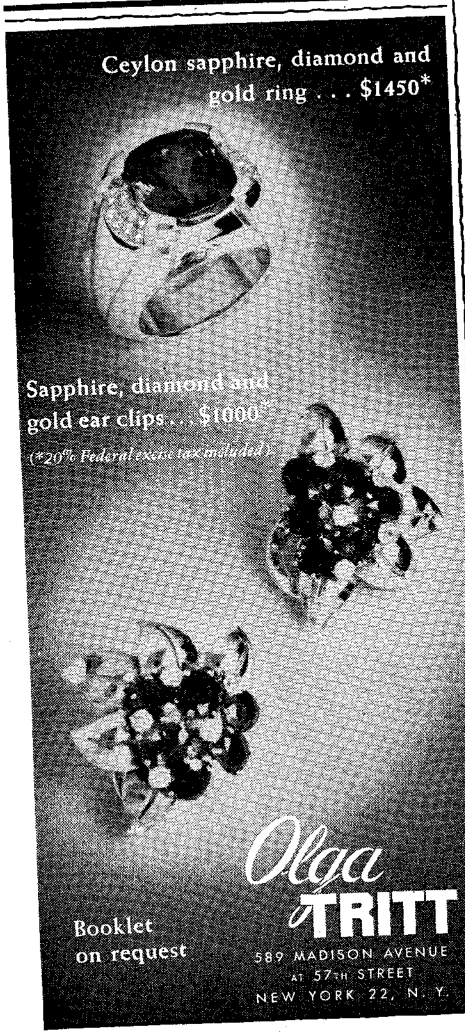
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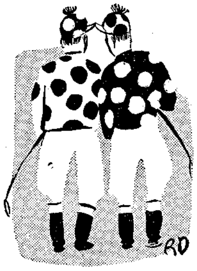
# THE RACE TRACK

## *The Pitcher and the Well*

IT is difficult to be happy about racing after what happened to Beaugay in the Futurity at Belmont last Saturday. She is such a winsome filly that you couldn't help following her career with almost breathless interest, rejoicing over her successes and hating the mere notion of her defeat. I must say, too, I was surprised that she started in the Futurity at all. She had had a hard race in the Matron Stakes and, moreover, it wasn't entirely a stable secret that she had a bit of an ankle. In fact, Mrs. Elizabeth Graham, her owner, and Tom Smith, her trainer, had practically decided two days before the race not to run her. Next day, however, it was announced that she would start after all.



I watched the Futurity from the roof of the grandstand and it seemed to me that Beaugay got off well. When she was half a mile from home, she began to bear toward the rail. Apparently her bothersome ankle was hurting her and she was favoring it. Suddenly her action lost its smoothness and she bore in more sharply. It was evident then to everyone in the stand that Beaugay was beaten. Fifty yards from the winning post she swerved into the rail, broke it, and somersaulted in the air before she fell. The shot of this in the newsreels should be worth seeing—to anyone, that is, who is not fond of horses. This was to have been Beaugay's last appearance of the season. Now I wonder whether she will ever race again. As a matter of fact, she was lucky to escape with no more than a very badly bruised shoulder.

As for the race itself, Enfilade tired, after having set the early pace, and Athene took the lead in the stretch. I wasn't looking, though, when Star Pilot, who is Beaugay's stablemate, passed Athene and went on to win by less than a length. I was too busy watching Beaugay. At any rate, Star Pilot ran well. He carried top weight and finished gallantly. His share of the Futurity purse, $52,940, brought his earnings for the season up to $113,645. Mrs. Graham still isn't at the top of the winning owners' list. Her horses have won forty-one races and $444,855, but Busher won another $50,000 number, the Hollywood Derby, for Louis B. Mayer on Saturday and brought his total up to $450,605.

Revoked, my choice for the Futurity, didn't go to the post. On the morning of the race, it was discovered that one of his tendons had bowed. Nobody knows how it happened, or when he'll run again. It isn't often that the best two-year-old filly and colt go out of racing the same day.

POT O' LUCK won the Jockey Club Gold Cup all right the other afternoon, but the finish was closer than I expected. I'm sure that few people guessed that Eurasian would come in second, since he usually tires after going a mile and a quarter, and the Gold Cup is two miles. It was a confused affair. Pot o' Luck and Stymie, generally slow beginners, were right up with the pacemaker, Bankrupt, who is a slow runner himself, and Eurasian trailed lengths behind them. All the jockeys, it seems, had orders to ride a waiting race. The result was that Eurasian was able to save his strength and come up fast in the last half mile, but not fast enough to catch Pot o' Luck. Atkinson, who rode Eurasian, gave Pot o' Luck enough racing room to drive a wagon through as the two horses came down the stretch together. If he had eased his mount in the other direction, he could have edged Pot o' Luck to the rails and Pot o' Luck would have been beaten. It's an old trick and one the stewards are seldom stuffy about. Atkinson deserves a small star for sportsmanship, something you don't see much of these days.

IT'S AN ILL WIND: During the elevator strike, the pari-mutuel handle at Belmont climbed to a daily average of almost three and three-quarter millions. Last Saturday it was $4,877,645. . . . This weekend we'll be at Jamaica, where there is no Turf & Field Club enclosure, and the myriad friends of the New York Racing Commission will now have to hunt seats like anyone else.

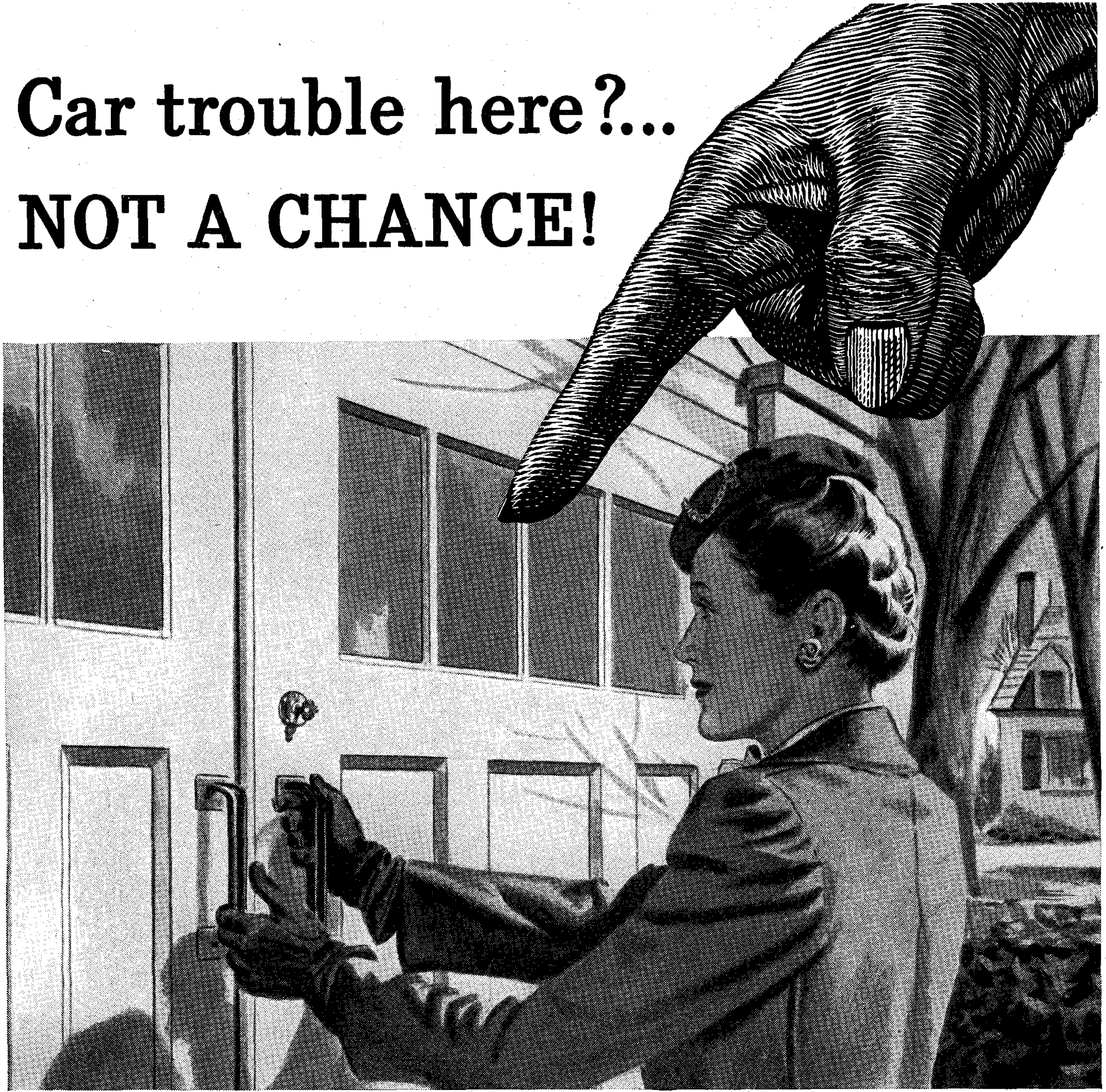
—AUDAX MINOR

•

### EPITAPH

Here lies a conscientious prude
  Whose soul waxed thin as dimity;
Thus, locked in classic lassitude,
  He died of anonymity.

—PATIENCE EDEN



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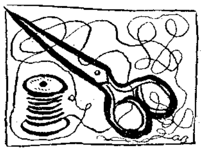
# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

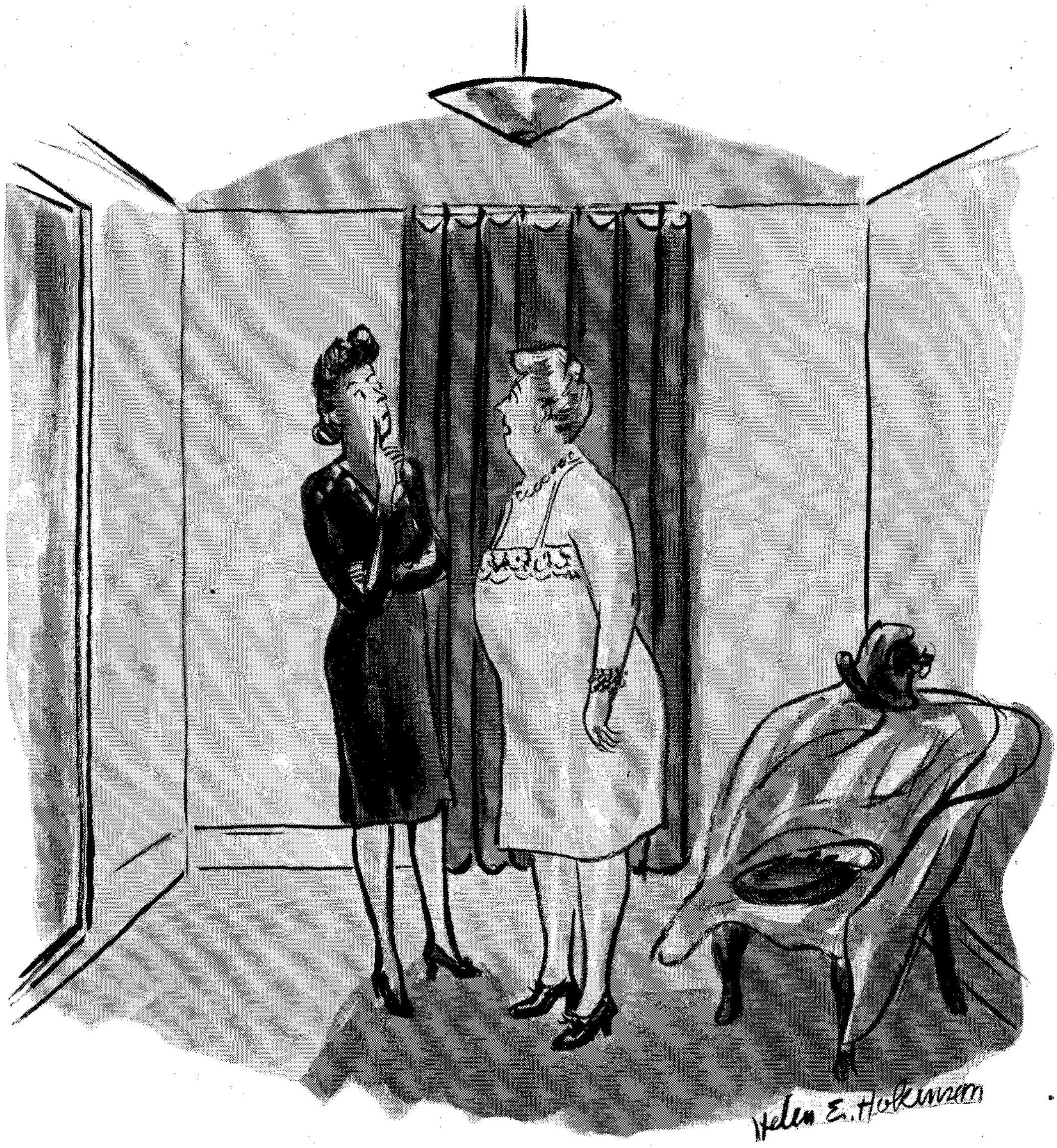
## THIS AND THAT



WARTIME restrictions are being lifted at a rapid rate, but women who need the basic ingredients of a wardrobe have to shop around more than ever, while the manufacturers mark time awaiting the day they will be able to use fabric in the extravagant quantities they seem to feel necessary.

Fortunately, there are certain "classics" that you not only can find but that won't go out of style for a while at least, no matter how dizzy the coming fashions may be. At De Pinna, to be specific, there is a group of "shirtwaist" jacket suits, with youthful tops that can be worn either as jumpers or as jackets and that look like a Rough Rider blouse. For instance, a gray flannel with a collarless neck, hand-stitched trimming, and a black leather belt instead of fastenings, at $49.95, or affairs with turnover collars, flap pockets, and four buttons down the front, made in pepper-and-salt checked or black-and-white hound's-tooth woollens, at $45.95. There are nice, easy-fitting suits here, too—Kelly-green or wine tweed ones with long, fitted jackets darted in at the waistline, nice shoulders, and kick-pleat skirts. The traditional full-length box coat to match has vertical split pockets. Suits and coats are both $69.95. Finally, De Pinna sports one of the few piped or braided suits I could ever feel fond of—black wool with a one-button cardigan jacket and black rayon velvet pipings. It has a gored skirt and is one of the things you'll have a hundred uses for.

SPEAKING of classics, Rosette Pennington, at 10 East 56th Street, has those invaluable black rayon crêpe afternoon or dinner dresses, at from $35 to $49.95. There's one of a black rayon crêpe that looks like thin wool, made in wrap-around style, with widish black lace edging the cap sleeves and the big bow at one hip. Another is a plain princesse with a collarless round neck and three-quarter sleeves tied in a bow at the cuffs; another bow, at the waistline, adjusts the dress easily to your figure, and the whole thing has a look of ease that usually costs more than the $35 you pay here. Then, Rosette has good, simple black wool suits for from $49.95 up—black wool jersey with a collarless jacket fastened with flat jet buttons; black wool with a jacket nicely gored through the back, a removable black rayon satin bow at the neckline, and dolman sleeves. And for dressier occasions, there is a black wool notion with festive white ermine making a bow at one shoulder and a short, fitted jacket with box pleats flipping out in back. . . . The Mannequin, now at 8 East 54th Street, is a tiny dress shop run by former models who know how to pick the clothes that girls with small incomes can look expensive in—if that's what the girls want. Simple and flattering lines, in sizes eight to sixteen. The stock changes very fast, but you can always be sure of finding something to give you that glossy finish. The proprietors do some designing themselves. Their most recent concoction is Cape Cod cotton nightgowns, which are very feminine businesses, beautifully executed by what the management swears are true Cape seamstresses. These things cost from $5 to $15 and take a couple of weeks, and you get stuff like Victorian peach cottons with oval gathered necks and long sleeves edged with really nice eyelet embroidery, or white cottons with colored pipings on short



*"Of course, there are one or two things I always like to play down."*

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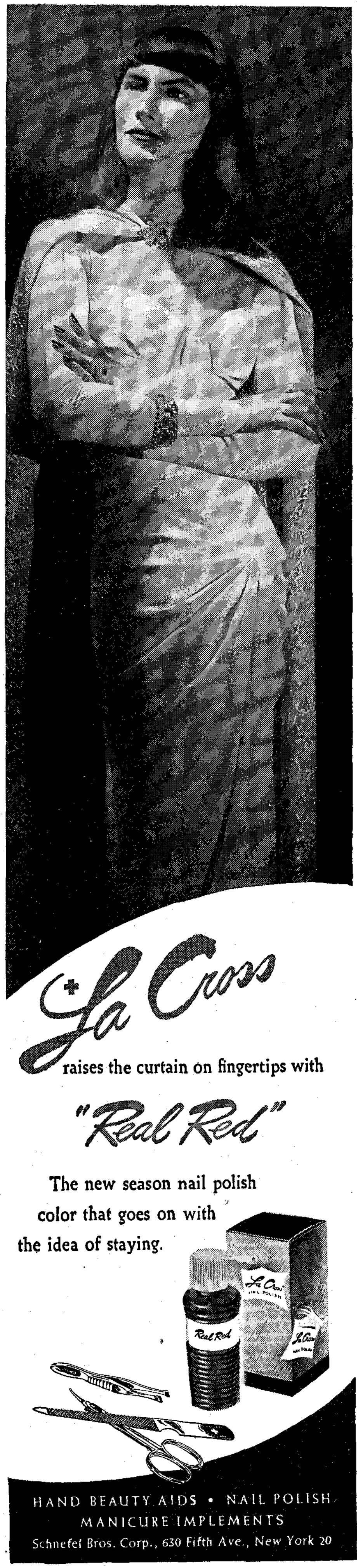

La Cross raises the curtain on fingertips with "Real Red"

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puffed sleeves and lowish round necks. The combination of daintiness and faint comedy is very appealing.

AT Lord & Taylor, women whose bosom lines are low and diaphragms heavy can find clothes that will firmly remove them from the "matronly" class. They are designed by the lady who calls herself Eta, and they succeed in drawing the spectator's eye away from the middle and up toward the shoulders and head. (Eta has the sense, in most cases, to avoid belts in favor of gored, fitted lines through the middle. I have never been able to understand why so many large-sized dresses have belts, which, after all, simply make plump women look plumper.) There's a black wool jersey suit (which you can also wear as a two-piece dress) with fine black braid crisscrossing narrow purple and sapphire rayon crêpe bands, which extend out over the dropped shoulders to make them broader and which also edge a fluttery arrangement high in front that resembles a short bolero. Black rayon crêpe dresses may have a slash of black rayon velvet from one side of the neck down to the opposite hip and also have an insert of the velvet cutting diagonally across the upper part of the sleeve. Or black rayon crêpe is combined with rayon satin in a dress in which the satin is used to make an inset belt and a deep V down below one hipbone. And there are long, graceful dinner and evening dresses, one of which is of heavy black rayon crêpe with wide shoulders and deep, gathered armholes. Black rayon velvet slants down the side of the stitched, surplice top of this number and also makes a panel down the opposite hip, with a fat almoner's pouch of rayon velvet, dotted with starry sequins, dangling over it. (This Middle Ages pouch for the dispensing of alms appears often and effectively on Eta's at-home and evening clothes, just as though no one had ever heard of Social Security. The pouch is gay, and it also helps lengthen the line of the dress.) There is plenty of sparkle and color in these clothes, but nothing that detracts from the long, slender look that is essential for figures that have become a bit portly.

The wait-and-see mood that has in general infected the producers of the major items of women's wardrobes (Eta and a few others are the exception, not the rule) has not had so grave an effect on accessories. Lord & Taylor, for instance, have some really ingenious gilets, pullovers, and doublets. The doublets are just wide front and back

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panels. The front ones usually have sashes that wrap around the waist and tie in a bow. The panels are so wide at the shoulders that they give the effect of cap sleeves. Many of these things can be worn either tucked inside a skirt or hanging loosely. Of the collection, the pinnacle, at least to me, is a turtleneck pullover made of wool jersey so sheer and soft that you can scarcely believe there ever *was* a war on. It's black on one side, cinnamon brown on the other, and can be worn either side out; $19.95. The same fabric (but not reversible in this case) makes a black gilet with a gathered cinnamon pouf emerging at the neckline. A similar gilet is made of a smooth-surfaced matt rayon jersey in black and sand color. Lime wool jersey makes a gilet with a turnover shirtlike collar; brown matt rayon jersey makes a doublet with a band collar tying at the throat; cerise rayon matt jersey makes a doublet with a tiny cowl collar. There are rayon satins, too, but they look obvious next to the others. The lot of them cost from $13.95 up.

Lord & Taylor also have fine handbag-and-belt sets, designed on the premises. I have always yearned for accessories in matching leathers. They are hard to get if you have to shop around and buy them separately, but here, for $20 and $25 a set (plus tax), you can get them without all that trouble. There's a black or tobacco-colored suède pouch, with a buttoned flap and a small handle; the belt to which it is attached is quite wide except at the buckle, which can be worn either front or back, according to your wish. Another bag, shaped to lie flat on the hip when you want to attach it to your belt, is of black suède with black calf trimmings; again the belt is wide except at the fastening. For evening, there are long, beaded jet or bronze pouches with rings to attach them to the accompanying beaded belts.

Macy's Little Shops have absolutely beautiful scarfs, made of a sheer Celanese that feels like nylon and is, they say, good and tough. They are handpainted in colors that are basically slate-blue-gray and white and some have fuchsia and yellow and red designs romping over them—clear, lovely, beautiful colors. You will also find hoop earrings—small, large, corrugated, plain, made of gold metal or simulated stones, and ranging from $4.64 up to (for gold-plated sterling ones) $27.50, plus tax. There are good belts here, too. Lots of them have mirrored buttons—round ones on black rayon

HOUBIGANT

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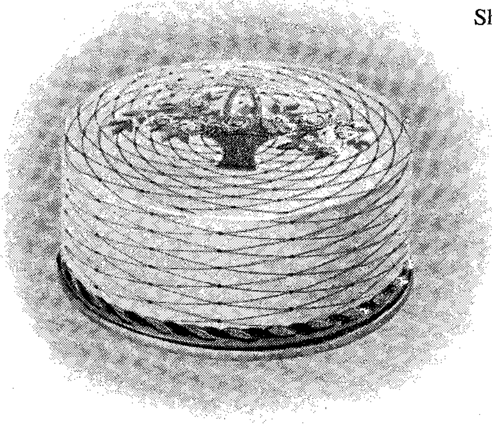

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And last thing before his best date, Junior, too, gives his teeth a good Baking Soda brushing. He likes its fresh, clean after-taste and its convenience. Baking Soda is inexpensive—a package which will give many weeks of brushings, costs just a few cents.

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., INC., 10 CEDAR ST., NEW YORK 5, N. Y.

satin, mirrored links on black rayon satin or gold kid, little square ones on black suède or tan calf. And, for frivolity (not that you really couldn't find a lot of use for them, one way or another), there are a pair of triangles of black fox; $19.98 a pair, plus tax. They're supposed to go over your insteps and be tied around your ankles, sort of like spats, in freezing weather. Very decorative and absurd they look, worn that way, but you could also tie them around the cuffs of that plain black dress or even put one on your head, if you know how to manage tricks like that. There are mittens to match; $26.75, plus tax. Macy, while playing around with fur, has also thought up short mittens of ermine or Persian, and bandeaux, to be worn Eskimo style, of fox. Macy is gilet-crazy, too. What has the earmarks of a knockout, and at only $4.98, is one of soft wool with big round sequins on the tiny V bib at the neck.

GLAMOUR-PUSS DEPARTMENT: The brows of the great cosmeticians furrow regularly, season after season (I wonder if they ever invent crèmes for their *own* brows), as they contemplate the difficulties of changing skin tones. Antoine is out with a wonderful new makeup called High Light, with a powder that is a rich, warm, soft beige without any obvious pink about it, a lipstick and a rouge (either dry or paste) that are a light, vibrant red with just a hint of coral, and sapphire-blue eyeshadow. At Saks-Fifth Avenue.... Jacqueline Cochran has a Hot Pepper lipstick and cream rouge in a dark, rich red, and her Nutmeg Beige face powder is another triumph in counteracting the yellowish, sallow tone of fading tans. Fading tans is something all the beauty people are thinking about these days. At Lord & Taylor.... Lelong's Havoc face powder is also a rich beige, and comes in a heavenly box with white lace traceries on transparent plastic. The accompanying Havoc lipstick is a dark, purplish color.... To go on about lipsticks, Georg Jensen has brought out four of his own—nice and smooth and lasting and in four good colors, with a rather special case that is both practical and smart. Each lipstick comes in a plain black plastic case. On this goes a top, of silver (either plain or with an acorn décor) or of fake jewels. The silver ones can be engraved, and the management will put your first name or your initials on for free. When you've used up a stick, you just buy another one and fit your top on the new stick's plastic case.... Women

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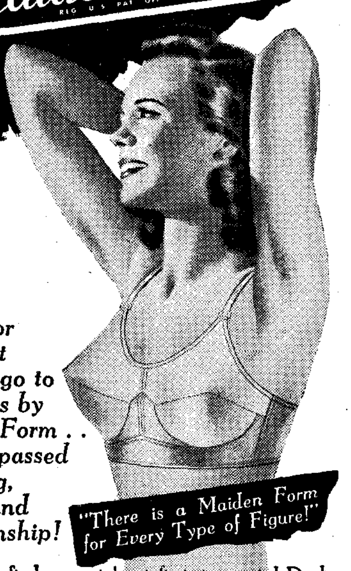

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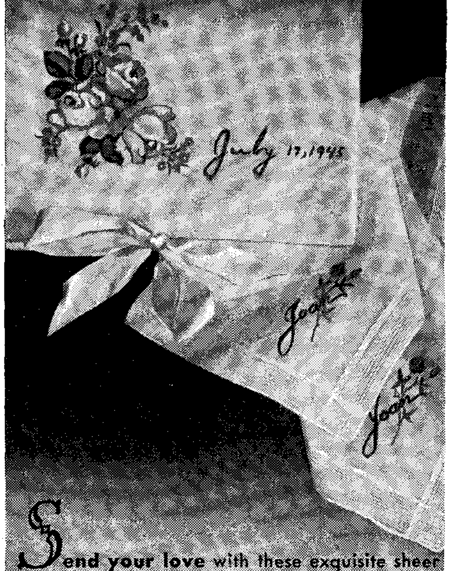
—THE ANNIVERSARY!



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who like to give their nails a rest, as well as those who loathe nail varnish anyway, will be glad to know that that pink powder known as Mad is again to be found around town, at Bloomingdale and Macy among others. Now, all you have to do to look ladylike is learn how to use a buffer again. . . . Eye makeup is occupying the attention of more and more people, and high time, too. I am constantly amazed at the number of dolls who spend endless time tinkering with their cheeks and lips and then sally forth with face powder in their eyelashes and their eyebrows in a shaggy state. And wearing off-the-face hats, too! Helena Rubinstein has a swell little eye kit in a saucy acetate box with a harlequin mask on top which, at $2 (plus tax), contains a tube of her mascara, a brush, a tiny jar of eyeshadow, and another jar of her special eye cream, which not only gives you those glistening lids (and is supposed to be good for the eye tissues, besides) but makes the application of eyeshadow much easier. And *that*, children, is an operation which takes practice, particularly for daytime. . . . And, to continue with eyes, all women with short, sandy, or sparse eyelashes should be told about the Salon des Beaux Yeux, at 665 Fifth Avenue (53rd). Here they attach artificial eyelashes to those you have. They can arrange to give you a starry look that seems completely natural, if you like, or make your brows look as fake as anything, if that's the way you prefer them. They last around ten days, with showers and almost everything. (Haven't consulted hay-fever sufferers.) It takes about an hour to put them on, and costs $2.50. I leave the whole matter up to you. —L. L.

•

### THAT'S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT

[*Political adv. in the St. Petersburg* (*Fla.*) *Independent*]

Dear Folks:

I owe you a candid explanation. I am a plain business man who keeps my word; and I expect my friends to keep their word . . . Before making a public announcement of my intention to run for the office of mayor, I counseled with my friend, George S. Patterson, whom I had known many years . . . Mr. Patterson told me in effect, the city could not find a better man than me for mayor; also that he (Patterson) was not going to run again, and furthermore, that he would help me win . . . Mr. Patterson has not kept his word with me . . . Moreover, in my mind, I am convinced Mayor Patterson is neither the business man nor the deserving public servant he appears to be. HE IS NO LONGER MY FRIEND.

Sincerely,
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# LETTER FROM LONDON

SEPTEMBER 30 (BY CABLE)

LONDONERS would like to think that the first big postwar conference held here had been the first big postwar diplomatic success. It is now only too clearly and dishearteningly apparent that it has not been. Since the Council of Foreign Ministers got under way more than a fortnight ago, walkers in the autumnal-looking Mall have been picturesquely reminded of what was going on around the corner by the occasional traffic-stopping glimpses of Molotov's bodyguard, a bunch of husky Russians in smart uniforms, who take their sightseeing strolls in a formation reminiscent of the Rockettes. In spite of the fact that the skimpy statements to the press that have come out of Lancaster House, where the conference has been sitting, have not been especially illuminating, Bevin still seems to have the confidence of most people, even though they are disappointed by the apparent inconclusiveness of the discussions. There have been few suggestions, even from the Conservatives, that Eden's more experienced handling would have made much difference in the outcome of the conference. Until the Foreign Secretary makes his report on the conference to Parliament, at its next sitting, ordinary worried people will probably have to find what comfort they can in the fine, friendly things said to and by Molotov at the reception given in his honor in the unsocialistic environment of the Dorchester Hotel and in whatever face-saving shreds of accomplishment are gathered together as the meeting breaks up. On the whole, however, Londoners seem to feel, like disconsolate hosts, that the party in their midst has been a failure.

SINCE more understanding and knowledge all around is plainly the desperate need of the day, the sudden and tremendous enthusiasm for learning that has lately developed in this country should be reassuring. The rush for the universities, the schools, and the London County Council adult night classes has been enormous. This stimulating fact is balanced by the depressing one that there aren't enough buildings and teachers to meet the demand. Ellen Wilkinson, the dynamic Minister of Education, has just announced that the government's raising of the school-leaving age to fifteen will not be delayed a minute beyond 1947. In an effort to keep its appointment, the government is rushing potential teachers out of the services as rapidly as possible and making available to them a condensed, one-year course at the Emergency Training Colleges. Schools have a high priority on building materials, but the shortage of space is apt to continue for some time, because almost every London schoolhouse has been damaged and three hundred are completely wrecked. The London colleges are also in trouble. Oxford and Cambridge, however, may open the academic year with a trifle more elbow room than they have had recently, largely because a lot of the young men who will eventually return to resume their interrupted studies are still in uniform and the academic evacuees who have been housed there during the war have now gone home. At Cambridge, for instance, the London School of Economics, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Queen Mary College, and Bedford College have all departed. But in London, University College, which lost three-quarters of its buildings in the blitz, and Bedford College, which lost one-third, have far too many applications. The harassed faculties think that many students, frantic to get a foot inside a lecture room somewhere, are making applications for every London college. Guy's Hospital has had to turn away sixty per cent of its applicants. All the public schools are booked up for at least two years ahead. Despite high taxes and the high cost of living, most British parents seem determined to dip into their reserves to give their children the best education they cannot afford. But education has, like so many other things here, become a commodity people have to queue up for, and there is an even chance that they will come away empty-handed in the end.

THE Old Vic Company is back with an autumn program of Shakespeare and an odd double billing of "Oedipus Rex" and Sheridan's "The Critic." "Henry IV, Part One" opened the other night to a packed house, which included most of the theatrical celebrities and the usual serious young intellectual, unsmart, desperately enthusiastic followers of all Old Vic and Sadler's Wells productions. They saw Shakespeare handsomely dressed, produced with the technical speed of a first-rate film, and superbly acted by Laurence

Olivier as a tornado of a Hotspur, a young newcomer, Michael Warre, as Prince Hal, and Ralph Richardson as a Falstaff with less belly and more brains than the usual interpretation allows him. The Old Vic Company is still exiled to the New Theatre. Its sister theatre, Sadler's Wells, has been having a highly successful season of opera and ballet, its first presentation since it closed down on September 7, 1940, the night of the great fire raid. The Wells audiences are always laced with neighborhood fans from battered Islington who turn up in best dresses and Sunday serge suits to applaud their favorite operas. This season their musical treat was harder stuff to take—the new opera "Peter Grimes," by the young English composer, Benjamin Britten. This work provided London with its biggest artistic event since before the war and England, to judge by the overwhelmingly favorable reviews Britten has received, with the first professional composer of opera since Puccini. The special excitement in the Sadler's Wells ballet seems to be the dancing of a new fifteen-year-old ballerina named Beryl Gray, who performed in the long and difficult "Lac des Cygnes" like a veteran.

Another place Londoners feel is itself again after a sad, empty spell is the National Gallery, which is now showing the pick of its paintings. People come in off the street and walk quickly around the rooms, looking anxiously for old friends. If they find the particular Rembrandt or El Greco or Constable that they have been longing for six years to see again (not all the pictures can be hung yet, because the bomb damage in some of the rooms has not been repaired), their faces relax and they stop happily in front of it. To an eye accustomed to skimpy utility clothing and shabby ugliness, the gorgeous colors and fabrics in the pictures are a shock and a delight. "Think of the coupons," one visitor remarked in a bemused voice the other day as she gazed at the enormous, billowing folds of a skirt in a Gainsborough portrait. The crowds move about as if they cannot tire of looking at the pictures. They seem to feel that there on the gallery walls, glowing and more beautiful than anybody had remembered, are some of the things they fought for.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

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WANT to buy ping pong table and fresh eggs. Ph. 2595.—*Adv. in the Honolulu Star-Bulletin.*

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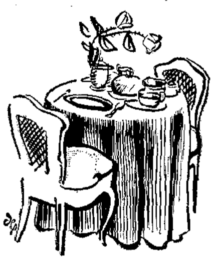
# TABLES FOR TWO

*Whither America?*

WHILE some of the brightest, and some of the dullest, minds of the nation pondered the problems of the changing world that is now confronting us, it was Larue, an East Fifty-eighth Street purveyor of life after dark, that came forward with a solution so simple that men marvelled that no one had thought of it before. Larue, it appears, is going to ask, and firmly, that its guests dress for their dinner. This dread information was laid before me by one of my aides as I mused one eve at a little hideaway—call it the Ivory Tower—that I am fond of because it has no waiters who stand in front of you while the entertainment is going on, no brisk young women with flashlight cameras, no house rules about dress, and occasionally no guests, perhaps the most delectable attribute of all, these bustling days. Thanking my aide, I requested her to get on the telephone and investigate the matter of Larue's injunction. She was back in a few minutes. "Oh, it isn't at *all* as bad as you think," she was saying. "It won't go into effect until next week, and anyway"—here she raised her eyes and looked at me proudly—"they said that people Peter really *knows* will be able to get in whether they're dressed or not." This, I saw, was no time to tell the pretty, eager child who stood before me, so I hastily dismissed her and set about my duty before the interdiction became law.



Peter was at the door of Larue when I arrived—target practice, I presumed. He looked upon me and knew me not, and I passed through the gates of heaven for what I now knew was to be the last time. I had always admired Larue, and this fall it looked particularly fetching after the touching up it had had during its summer vacation—the glittery bar, the strange but handsome silver flowers in their glass columns, the fine, warm light that seemingly springs from nowhere. The Daiquiri was, I thought, too sweet, but the duck was magnificent, the strawberries rich and succulent, the brandy plainly prewar. Afterward, I sat a while watching the ageless Eddie Davis on the bandstand, now playing a chorus or two on his violin, now simply jigging up and down to the infectious, bouncy dance music that is the specialty of his little orchestra, now bending down to hear what one of the dancing couples was saying to him. Most of these customers, I reflected, he had surely dandled on his knee long before he ever played for their first party. It was a pleasant scene, and I was saddened by the thought that I was no longer to be a part of it. I arose, in my threadbare but neatly pressed sack suit, and moved toward the door. Mr. Davis looked up, our eyes met, and, taking his instrument from under his chin, he inclined his head in one of his characteristic bobbing nods. Farewell, blithe spirit, and may we soon contrive to meet again.

LATER last week, I again roused myself and went over to Broadway to look in on the Zanzibar, an establishment that is doing its best to entice wayfarers within its portals rather than repel them. Whether the Zanzibar's best is enough to make them want to stay is, of course, another matter. The show—the Zanzibar's term for the goings on, not mine—romps along at the top of its lungs for fifty-six minutes, and it easily seems like an hour. Even fifty-six minutes is a long time, regardless of who is entertaining you, to balance yourself on the doll's furniture the management has provided in lieu of shooting sticks. The reason for visiting the place is, naturally, Duke Ellington and his orchestra, but he and it have been almost smothered by a swarm of other performers. Only once is there an opportunity to watch his celebrated fingers ramble up and down a keyboard, and then it is the keyboard of a dwarfed piano so bulging with electronics that what comes out of it is little more than a shrill and churlish bleat. The rest of the time he serves as a slightly ill-at-ease master of ceremonies, reading a series of fairly forgettable words into a microphone as he introduces a fairly forgettable sequence of vaudevillians. There are tap dancers who are very muscular but not much else, and there are a pair of comedians who have attained an enormous reputation on the radio for reasons their routine did nothing to explain, and in general there is an air of genial humor based on the librettist's standard theory that Negroes cannot understand words like "matriculation," that they are immensely comic when they are in the throes of a stage drunk, and that their wives can never quite remember who they're supposed to be married to. You know it all, word for word.

There is, to be sure, the Golden Gate Quartet, which has not been in town for a couple of years, but certain not altogether satisfactory alterations seem to have been made in the personnel, and the spirituals the group has always sung lose a good deal of their intensity now that an orchestra is thumping away in the background. The Quartet is, as it happens, more felicitous in a bit of foolishness called "The General Jumps at Dawn." There is also a chorus of presentable young ladies from, I should judge, Harlem, and these are excellent in what they have to do, which is to wear their garish satins and their pink plumes with great pomp and dance with feline ferocity. And, as they leave the stage, there is a glimpse of Mr. Ellington walking slowly toward a musician-sized grand piano as his orchestra gets to work on some dance music for the customers. Only a glimpse, and then he is lost in a surge of couples racing toward the stage. The pomp and ferocity of their dancing is something I do not care to dwell on. —R. E. M. W.

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The Welfare Dept. points out that in Dec., 1931, a family of five, consisting of an unemployed father, a housewife mother, two boys, 13 and 7, and a girl, 10, received $31.15 monthly. In October, when the new schedule goes into effect, such a family will get $1.17. Statistically, it looks impressive.—*P.M.*

Statistics are tricky things.

•

She looked merely like an attractive and highly finished product of New York City, who was about to park her mother with her elder sister in Newport for a week or two, and who, after said parking, would then proceed to Maine, there to open a house which she had never wanted to see again.—*From a story by Mary Roberts Rinehart in the Saturday Evening Post.*

You could tell it at a glance.

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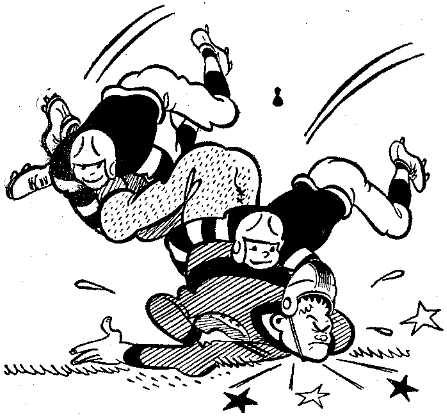

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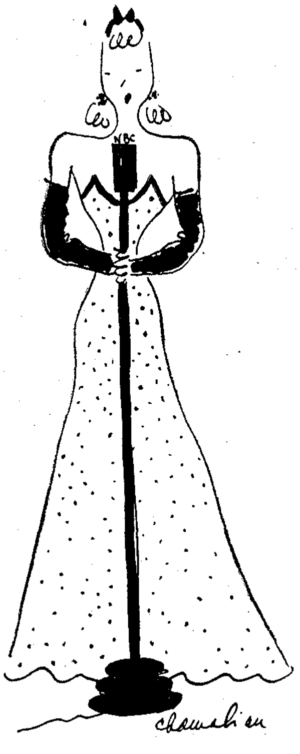
# OVER THE MOOR ON SUNDAYS

DURING the long summers of childhood I had to decide almost every Sunday whether I would go with Father to visit his sister Amelia. I loved the walk, but I wished some other aunt lived at the end of it. We strolled a mile up the steep village street—villages in the north of England are nearly all perched on hillsides—saying "How d'ye do?" to everybody we met, and then, leaving the main road, we climbed the narrow field path to the moor top and descended to the next valley. The air on the summit was never still, and sometimes, if there was a breeze in the valley, the wind on the tops was so wild that we would be blown, laughing, across the moor. On sunny mornings larks soared and trilled, or dropped like falling stones from the sky to the heather. Curlews and peewits wheeled slowly overhead, giving such melancholy cries that I was overcome by a blissful sadness. These sounds never affected Father, whose interest in birds was purely ornithological. Sometimes we saw a bird poised motionless, and Father said it must be a hawk, as only birds of prey knew that trick of hanging in air. A lark could drop like a hawk, he said, but it couldn't hover; it had to keep moving.

No matter how many tricks of lingering I tried, the walk lasted less than an hour. As soon as we were on the farther edge of the moor, we could look over the slanting fields at the cluster of gray buildings in the next valley and pick out my Aunt Amelia's house. It stood at one end of a row of grim stone cottages, and even her chimney had a sinister look, for she had a horror of soot and so had made my uncle put a cone-shaped tin cowl on the chimney top to keep the fireplace from smoking. Most of the English in the wet and windy north will make shift with a fire that smokes occasionally, but my Aunt Amelia was not a woman who compromised. She was a perfectionist, and in her pursuit of cleanliness she made life a hell for everybody who came near her. My happiness dimmed as soon as I saw the cowled chimney, and by the time we had descended the plotted hillside, crossing the stone-fenced fields through worn stiles, I was wishing I had stayed home.

Aunt Amelia was always alone when we went in, for my Uncle Jonas spent most of his Sunday mornings tinkering with the great engine in Crawley's mill. He was the engine tenter there. He went down to the mill every evening, too, and I think now that he spent so much time with the engine in order not to be near my Aunt Amelia. He was a gentle, sweet-natured man, blond-haired and handsome, but he was a slow thinker and he could never answer his wife's shrewish remarks. He earned good money and handed it to her every Friday in the unopened wage packet, but his excellence as a provider gave him no immunity from her nagging. Like the rest of us, the first sentence he heard on opening the door was an angry command to wipe his boots.

Aunt Amelia used to stand watching Father and me wipe our feet on the coconut-fibre mat, and her pale face would be tense, her thin little body rigid. She had black, brilliant eyes that missed nothing, and her hair was pulled sharply away from her face and held in a tight bun at the back by steel hairpins. Her clothes were always shabby, for she put every penny she could save into the Huddlesford City Bank.



"Hullo, Amelia," Father would say, smiling as warmly as though she had never said a word about his boots. "A nice day. But the wind's cool on the top yonder." He never had to vary his greeting, for it always was a nice day and the wind was invariably cool on the moor top; if it was raining, we stayed home.

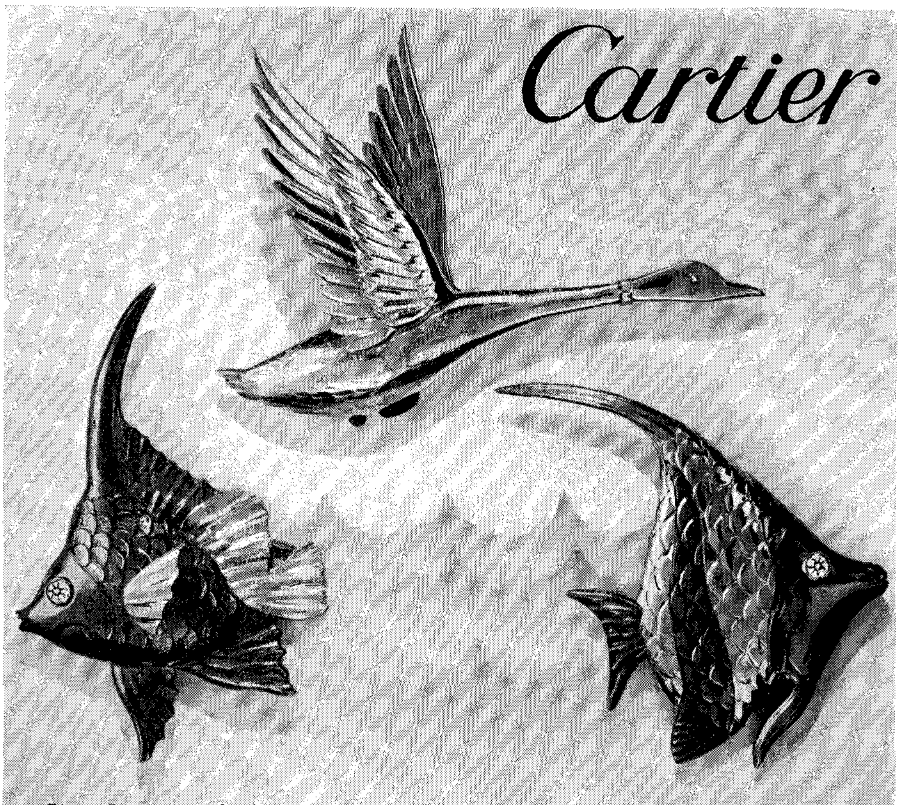
"Nice!" my Aunt Amelia would snort. "The wind's blowing from the west and it'll rain afore night. Every bone I've got aches."

Our visits usually lasted an hour. I had to sit on the waxed horsehair sofa and be careful not to touch any part of it with my hands, because finger marks showed. On the mantelshelf were two china dogs, six brass candlesticks of varying sizes and equal brilliance, and a black marble clock that was never a minute wrong. I used to look at the gilded clockface for a while, and then I would absent-mindedly get up and walk about the room. This was the signal for my aunt, who always sat in the rocking chair, to tell me that I was the most restless girl she had ever seen, and the worst brought-up.

"Now, Amelia," Father would say, beaming at her. "That'll do, lass. Have you seen our Thomas lately?"

Sometimes he said "our Joe" or "our Philip," but whichever brother it was, my aunt would automatically respond with a speech about fraternal ingratitude. Hadn't she slaved for years for the lot of them? And this was the way they rewarded her! It would turn out that Joe or Philip had passed her house without calling on her, or their wives had spoken ill of her to a neighbor. I noticed that it was more often the wives who had done wrong, though. She seemed to hate the women who had married her five brothers, and she made it her business to ferret out their failings. Elizabeth was extravagant, Louisa was a slut, Mary talked too much, and Susan had no more authority over her children than a fly. She never said a word against Mother to us, but she often criticized her to other people, and Mother would never visit her, nor did Aunt Amelia ever step inside our house. But nothing Aunt Amelia said about Mother could prevent Father from crossing the fields on Sunday mornings to visit her.

At half past eleven, Father would go into her big, stone-flagged kitchen to mix the Yorkshire pudding for the midday dinner. We were never invited to stay and eat it, but Father always did the mixing, because Aunt Amelia said his hand was even lighter than hers and he was flattered. While he was beating the batter with a fork, Aunt Amelia would be out in the kitchen too, paring vegetables, and sometimes I would hear the bang of the oven door, which meant she was looking at the joint. Above the clatter of cutlery and cooking pots, I could hear her deep, hoarse voice and Father's brief replies. Sometimes Father would laugh, which puzzled me, as I had never heard my aunt say anything one could laugh at. Although I said nothing, I sharply resented Father's pudding mixing. He would never do any housework at home. On wet Sunday mornings he would sit reading the thick, ink-scented newspaper, and if Mother asked him to mix our Yorkshire pudding, he would loudly declare that he was a workingman and expected to rest on Sundays. Yet when



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**CHOCOLATES**

New York

Aunt Amelia, glancing aggressively at the clock, said it was time to mix the pudding, he took off his Sunday jacket, draped it over a chair back, and marched into the kitchen. I was never allowed in there because, according to my aunt, I was a nuisance. For the twenty minutes or so I was allowed to read a bound volume called "Sunday Reading for the Young," a relic of Aunt Amelia's childhood. I read the pious stories over and over, for it was the only book she possessed. She believed reading was a waste of time and totally unproductive, and she told a neighbor of ours that if my mother sewed more and read less, our family would be a sight better off.

THE summer that I was eight, I had scarlet fever and didn't visit my Aunt Amelia for three months. I was not taken to a hospital because Mother was afraid I might die there. And so, sacrificing one child to save the other, she sent my four-year-old brother to stay with Aunt Amelia. He had seen her only a couple of times in his brief life; now he had to live with her for six weeks. When he came back, I was a pampered invalid, sitting in a cushioned chair in my bedroom and surrounded by books and candy. He couldn't have a piece of my candy because anything I had was considered infectious, and nobody thought to buy him any.

One day, when I was better, he and I went looking for acorns in Farley's wood. We never knew what to do with the round, shiny nuts when we had gathered them, but we used to fill our pockets. On the way I asked him how he had liked living with our Aunt Amelia. The color left his pink cheeks and a frightened look came into his eyes. "She shouts at you," he said. "She hits you with her flat hand." His mouth began to tremble. "I want to go home," he said. "I want my mother."

I took him home and told Mother that Aunt Amelia had slapped him and he was still afraid. Mother's mouth tightened. "You'll never go there again," she said, putting her arms around him. "Whatever happens, you'll never go again."

He didn't worry after that, because he knew Mother kept her promises, and he wouldn't visit Aunt Amelia on Sundays.

"Come on," Father would say to him. "It's a grand walk over yond fields. There's larks by the thousand and happen we'll see a cuckoo."

But no cuckoo could tempt my broth-

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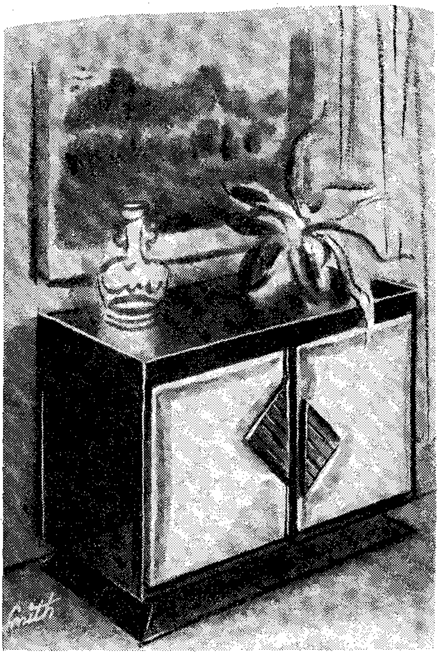
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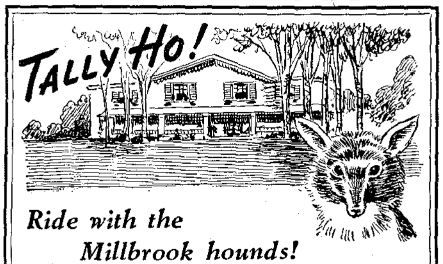
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er. Mother said once, "He's had enough of her, like a lot of us."

Sometimes I, too, would join the Opposition Party and refuse to go with Father.

"Then I'll go by myself," he would say, pulling his bowler hat down on his curly head. "I'm ashamed o' the lot of you. When I think of all she's done—"

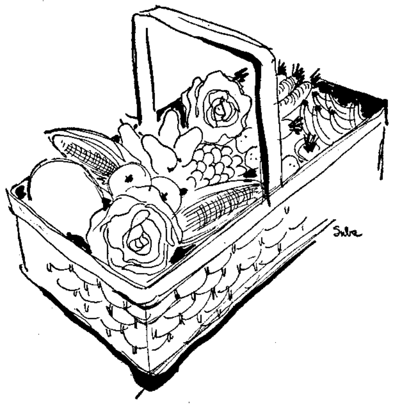
"Yes, think of what she's done," Mother would answer in a soft, bitter voice, and Father would stride out and slam the door after him.

AS the years passed, Father became a little less faithful in his brotherly devotion. If the weather was cloudy, he would say it looked like rain and he'd better stay home. But he still went two Sundays out of four, whereas, by the time I was eleven, I was going only one Sunday in six. Aunt Amelia never reproached us, but she grew sharper in her abuse of the rest of mankind, and she broke off relations with two of her sisters-in-law. I felt sorry for my Uncle Jonas, who had to live with her. On the rare occasions when I saw him, his face had the same gentle, patient look, and he never gave her a back answer. One bright Sunday morning, he was just going to visit his engine when we arrived, and, in spite of my aunt's protests, he took me with him to the mill. I remember how pleased I was to walk beside him, holding his great hand. We went along a path that sloped toward a small, shallow river, and crossed a humpbacked bridge to the mill yard. Flanking the mill was a small dam, and four water hens were swimming on the smooth pond.

"They come when I whistle," Uncle Jonas said. "But not if anybody's wi' me."

He took a thick slice of bread out of his pocket and threw pieces of it into the water. I knew how shy waterfowl were, and wished they would come to me when I whistled.

The mill was enjoying its Sunday sleep. No smoke came from the tall



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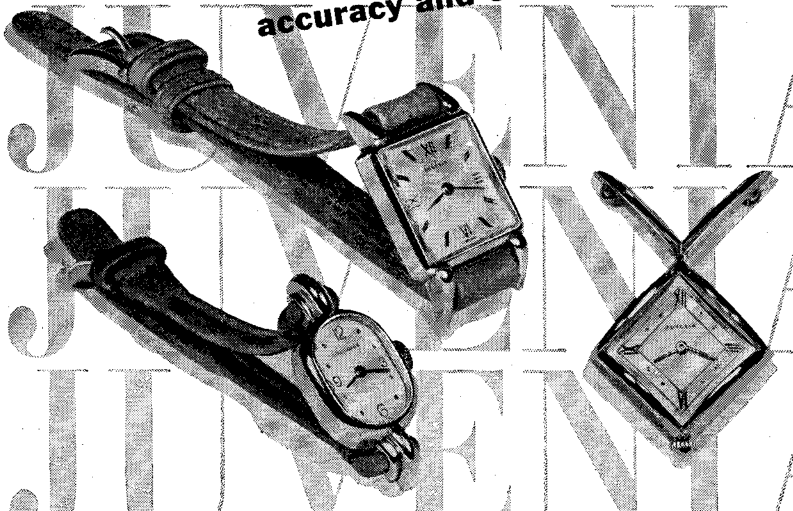

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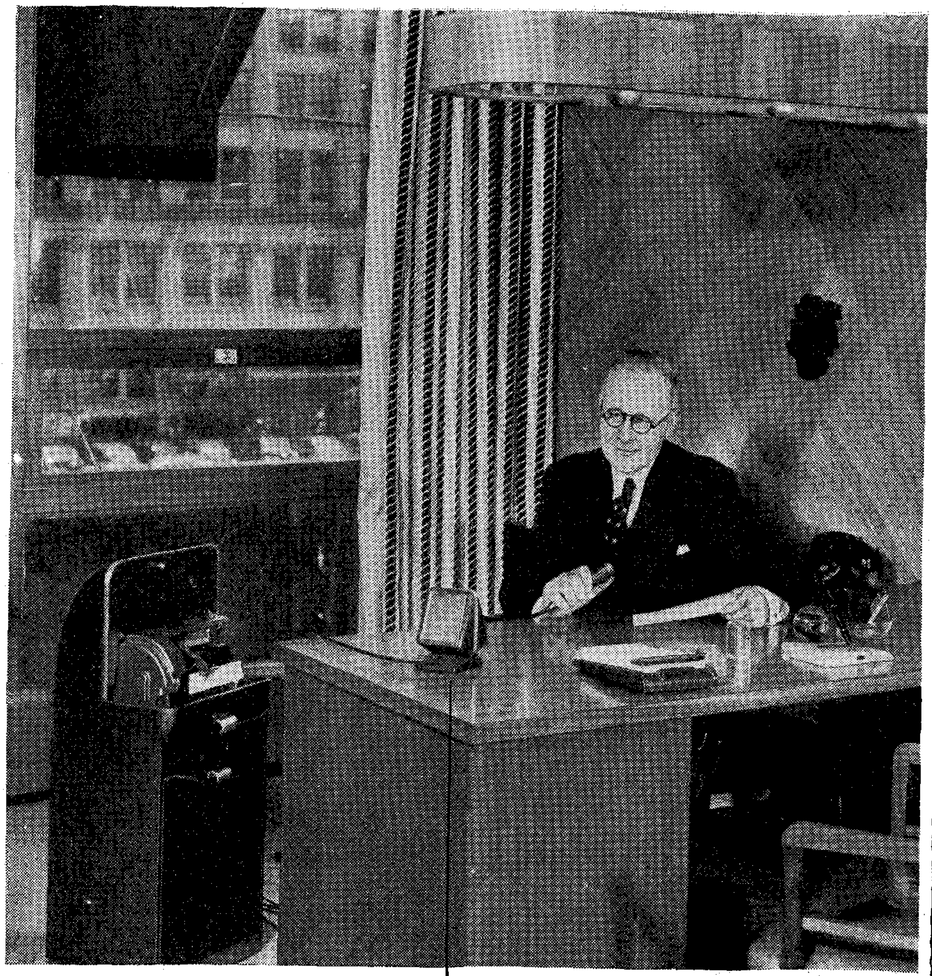

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chimney and all the doors were shut. My uncle unlocked the enginehouse with a ten-inch key and we walked into a white-tiled room with a huge skylight, as clean as my aunt's kitchen.

"That's the valve gear," my uncle said. "These is the piston rods and yond's the flywheel. Mind you don't slip on the floor—it's oily."

"It shines," I said, looking at the huge engine.

"She'll shine as long as I'm here," he said, picking a rag off a hook and wiping the brilliant brass safety rail that surrounded the engine. "You should see her when she's running," he said. "There isn't a better cross-compound engine made. She cost ten thousand pounds."

I saw a glittering brass plate with the word "Bluebell" engraved on it, and asked if that was her name.

"Yes," Uncle Jonas said. "They let me pick it. It's a bonny name." He looked embarrassed. "I have to go through to the boilerhouse to look at the fires," he said. "They're damped down, but I have to look at 'em. You'll have to wait outside, though, because a boilerhouse is a mucky place."

I waited outdoors and watched the water hens swimming on the mill pond. I could hear the slam of iron doors and the sound of coal running down a chute, and I wished I could have gone into the boilerhouse. As we were walking back up the path, Uncle Jonas said suddenly, "How's your mother?"

"Very well, thank you," I said.

"I haven't seen her for a long time. Tell her—tell her if she came to our house she'd be welcome. Tell her I said so."

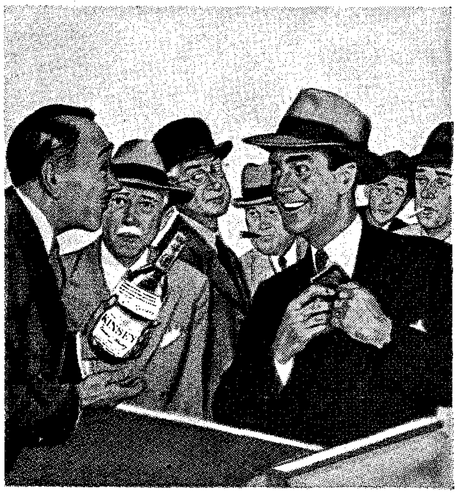
I didn't answer.

"You mustn't take any notice of your Aunt Amelia," he went on. "She doesn't mean half she says." Then his face turned red and he didn't say anything more. When we got back to the house, Aunt Amelia seized my arm and cried, "I might have known it! There's an oil mark the size of a shilling on her sleeve."

"It'll come off," Uncle Jonas muttered.

"You'd know better if you had to wash your own clothes!" Aunt Amelia shouted.

I WAS thirteen when, as a pious neighbor of ours put it, God smote Aunt Amelia. We were sitting in our living room one autumn evening. Father was absorbing politics from the Huddlesford *Examiner*, Mother and I were reading books, and my brother was



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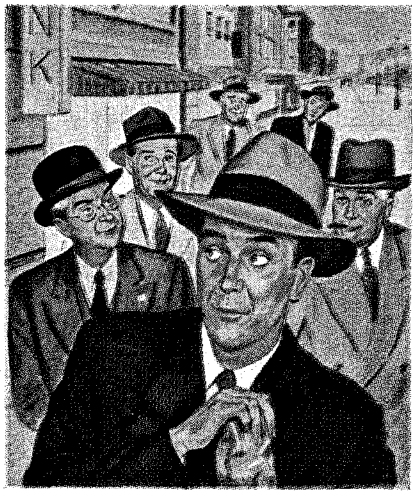
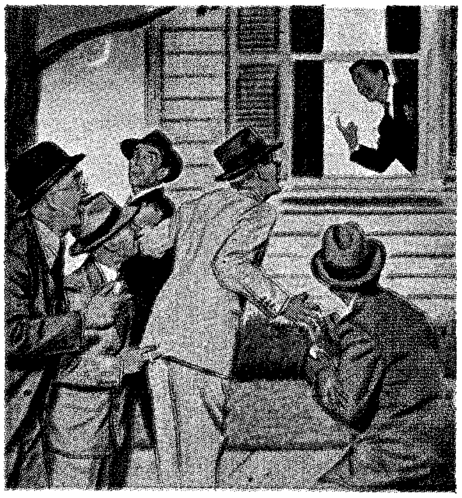
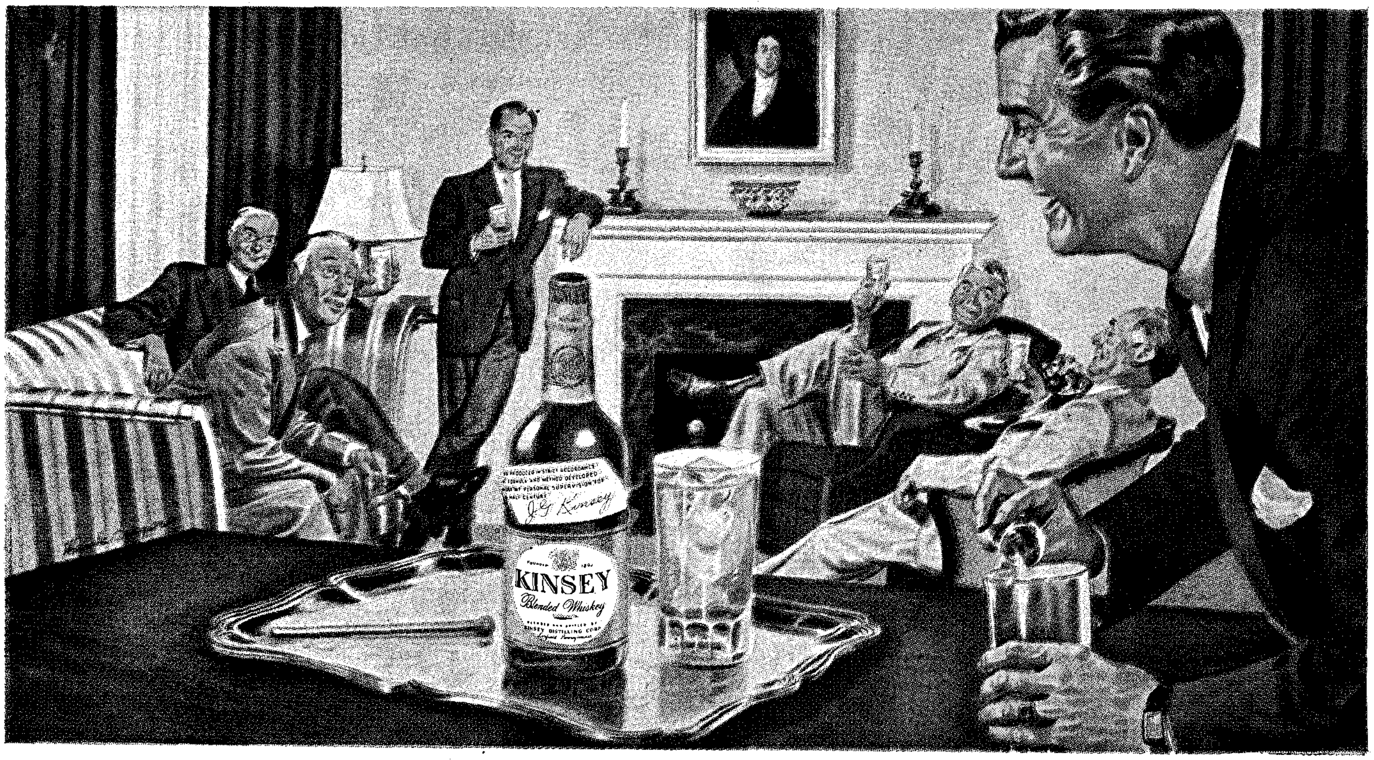


Last hope!



At last!



# Good Neighbor Policy: Domestic Division

*whereas:* everybody is urged these days to share and share alike, and . . .

*whereas:* everybody enjoys having friends and neighbors drop in for a sociable evening, and . . .

*whereas:* a gracious host always serves his guests whiskey of the finest quality, and . . .

*whereas:* Kinsey Whiskey, rich in flavor and surpassingly smooth, makes highballs and cocktails of unusual excellence, therefore . . .

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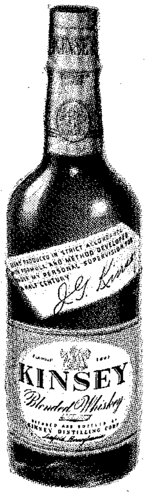

# Passengers' choice for the *Coach of Tomorrow*

## How New York Central's wartime travelers made post-war travel news!

Fighters, service wives, business men . . . these were some of the wartime passengers New York Central asked to become its post-war plans committee.

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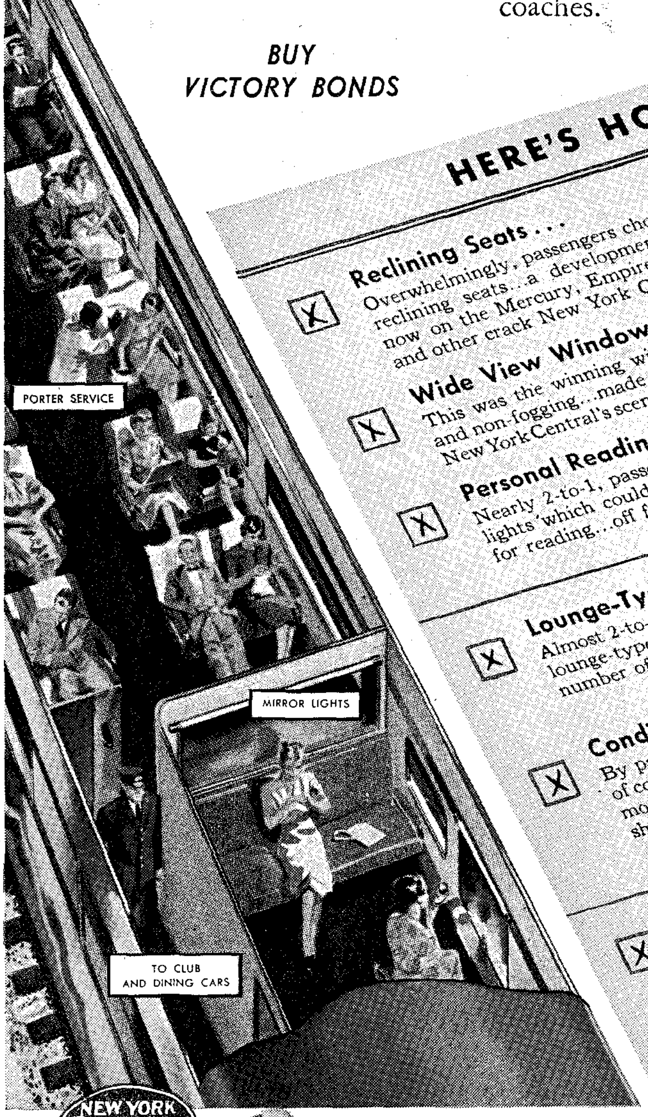


## HERE'S HOW THEY VOTED

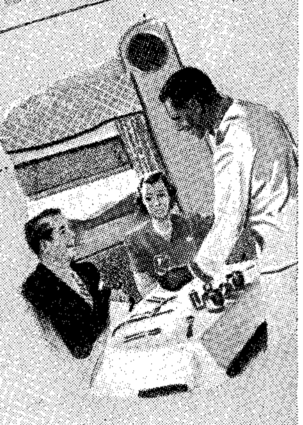
☒ **Reclining Seats . . .** Overwhelmingly, passengers chose adjustable reclining seats...a development from those now on the Mercury, Empire State Express and other crack New York Central trains.

☒ **Wide View Windows . . .** This was the winning window...extra wide and non-fogging...made to order for viewing New York Central's scenic Water Level Route.

☒ **Personal Reading Lights . . .** Nearly 2-to-1, passengers voted for individual lights which could be turned on at each seat for reading...off for napping.

☒ **Lounge-Type Dressing Rooms . . .** Almost 2-to-1, passengers preferred spacious lounge-type dressing rooms rather than a number of small, individual washrooms.

☒ **Conditioned Air at 72° . . .** By passenger vote, 72 is the right "degree of comfort" for winter air conditioning. But most felt that summer coach temperature should vary somewhat with that outdoors.



☒ **Thrifty Dining Car . . .** Low-cost meals in a separate dining car ...similar to New York Central's present Pacemaker diner...won far more votes than any other method of eating en route.

☒ **Public Address System . . .** A public address system to announce stations and points of interest was favored by 70%.

NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM

**NEW YORK CENTRAL** **The Water Level Route**

dismantling a Meccano model bridge when the door opened and one of the men who worked in the mill put his head into the room and shouted to my father, "Tha's to come this minute, lad! Amelia's out on Grimbalds Moor and won't go home! They fetched Jonas, but she wouldn't budge! He told me to tell thee!"

Father got up, put on his hat and coat, and went out into the twilight without saying a word. When he came back it was eleven o'clock. I was still downstairs, for I wanted to hear what had happened to Aunt Amelia. He looked very tired. Mother made him some tea, and as he sat drinking it in front of the fire he said, "I can't think what's done it. I found her on the moor top just before it got dark. She was walking around and crying. Jonas was with her, but she took no more notice of him than of a stone. I went up to her and said, 'Come on home, love,' and she put her arm in mine and we walked down the fields, but she never stopped crying. 'I'm lost, lad,' she said to me. 'I can't find my way home.' I put her to bed and sat with her, and she was quiet, but the minute I got up to go, she was out of bed, wanting to go wi' me. So I shall have to go back."

"You can't," Mother said. "You have to work in the morning. She's got Jonas with her."

"I'm going back," Father said. "Jonas can't manage her. And remember what she did for me when I was a lad."

"What did she do," Mother asked, "except take your wages?"

"I'll tell you what she did," Father said. "When my mother died, I was ten and the youngest, and she was a lass of eighteen. She looked after five of us for nine years."

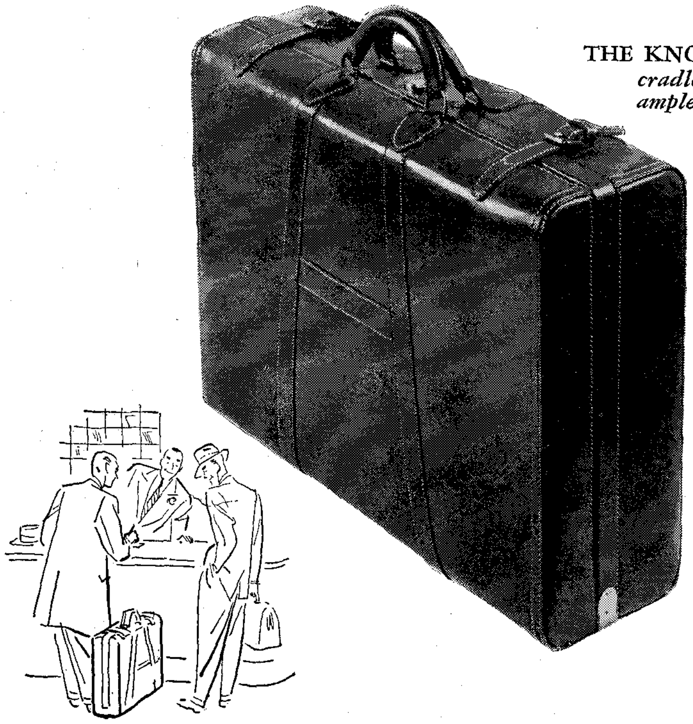
When he had gone, Mother turned on me sharply and asked why I wasn't in bed at that hour; my brother had been asleep since nine, she said, and here was I running around at nearly midnight.

"Do you think she'll die?" I asked.

"No," Mother said. "No, I don't."

Not until Father had spent two weeks sitting up nights with Aunt Amelia, and worrying about her through the days, would he agree with Uncle Jonas and the doctor that she ought to be put away for a while. Father went with her to the asylum and he told us afterward that in the hospital van she held tightly to his hand and wept.

"I said I'd take her home," Father said to us. "And instead I took her to



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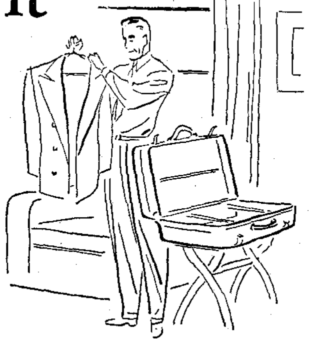

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that place. But there was nought else I could do."

Aunt Amelia didn't stay long in the asylum. In ten days she was dead. I examined my feelings to see if I was sorry, and I wasn't. Nobody was sorry except Father. "I remember the way she used to look," he said. "She had hair like my mother's, and rosy cheeks."

I remembered that once, when I was telling my brother a fairy tale and trying to describe a witch, he had said gravely, "I know. Like Aunt Amelia."

"It's a blessing she went quickly," Mother said at last.

"I should never have let 'em take her away," Father said. "It broke her heart, knowing she was in a madhouse. She should have come here."

My brother looked up from the hearthrug and put the question that was in his mind and in mine. "When you were little, did she used to shout at you? And did she hit your face with her flat hand?"

"Why, of course she did," Father said. "And I deserved every slap I got. I tell you, she was just like a mother to me." —Winifred Williams

•

## POESY DEPARTMENT
### (ALOHA BUT NOT GOODBYE DIVISION)

[*From the Honolulu Star-Bulletin*]

BELOVED HONOLULU

By Clarence I. Lewis
Carlisle, Pa.

Oh, Honolulu, my dreams are of you
Waikiki Beach and Hotel Street too
A ride out to the Pali, a beautiful place
and back
To Pua Lane without the least haste
A stroll down Bishop Street, including the
turn to King,
And then to the post office on Richards
Street, I mean.

If I were there now I know I would sing
I would go down to Beretania Street and
then to Queen.
I think this is the most beautiful place I
have ever seen.
Time seems to fly in Honolulu I know,
as I have traveled a great deal
And I should and I know that that's what
I want—that Hawaiian scene
After it's all over, the war, I mean,
And things or strife quiets down, back
to Hawaii
And there I know my heart will sing

I know now the reason the Nips tried to
invade
They know an ideal place and this you
can't deny
I am so glad they did not succeed with
their raid
For then this story would not be written
and my hopes would fade
And at the thought of it I mourn and sigh
Oh, Honolulu, Hawaii if I can't get back
I know I will die.

# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Ectoplasm and Plenty of Cain*

"MILDRED PIERCE," James M. Cain's story of mother love, starts off in its cinema adaptation with a gentleman falling dismally to the floor of a stylish beach house with five slugs in his belly. Immediately following this introduction, we come upon Joan Crawford, the mother of the piece, staring gloomily over the railing of a bridge, obviously toying with the notion of taking a final dip. After she is dissuaded from this move by a passing policeman, we accompany her to a waterfront dive to meet the proprietor of the place, a lad bursting with concupiscence, who is played by Jack Carson. After a brief trip back to the beach house, where Miss Crawford locks Mr. Carson in with the gentleman's corpse, and a visit to Miss Crawford's mansion, we arrive at the district attorney's office, where our tale really begins.

"FORE ES"
JO MC DE
ALSO
HEDLA
SH N"

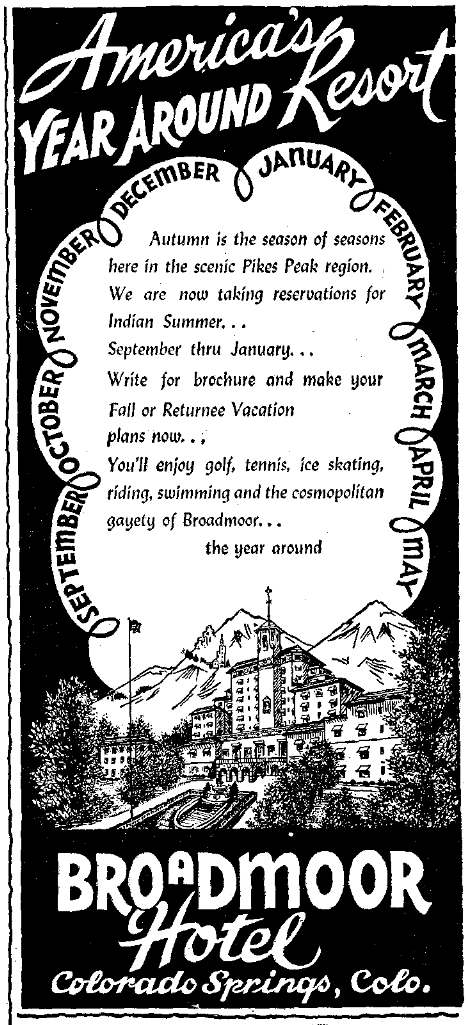
There is nobody, I suppose, quite as deft as Mr. Cain in maneuvering characters through horrendous situations at a breathtaking clip, and Michael Curtiz, who directed "Mildred Pierce," should probably be excused for falling behind the master after running neck and neck with him during the film's early scenes. Certainly, despite its unconscionable length—it takes almost two hours—"Mildred Pierce" contains enough excitement to jolt even the most lethargic customer. It offers, besides the murder, a bit of larceny and blackmail, a touch of adultery, a few hints on how to start a successful chain of restaurants, and a warning about the dangers of spoiling a child. A tiny youngster named Ann Blyth, who is Miss Crawford's daughter in the picture, portrays a brat so horrible that she must have frightened Mr. Cain himself, and he is certainly no man to scare easily. It gave me quite a turn to find daughter grappling amorously with her stepfather (a thoroughgoing heel), but perhaps my life is so sheltered that I cannot view all the activities of Mr. Cain's people with complete calm. Mildred Pierce and her chums are all supposed to be simple suburbanites, but the things that happen make this particular suburb seem pretty far from Scarsdale.

There is a nice lucidity about the photography in "Mildred Pierce," and it is pleasant to report that Miss Crawford is no longer as frantic in appearance as she once was. Despite all kinds of chances to go berserk as a Cain mother, Miss Crawford remains subdued and reasonable, like most of the rest of a highly competent cast.

"BLITHE SPIRIT," Noel Coward's ectoplasmic romp, which was one of the pleasantest items of the 1941 theatrical season, has been adapted for the screen with sprightly competence. In two dimensions, in fact, the otherworldly aspects of the farce seem much more likely than they did in three. The play hasn't changed much in transit to the films, but just in case you've forgotten the thin little story that Mr. Coward shined up with his pretty verbal baubles, I'll remind you that it concerns a writer who experiments with spiritualism and presently finds himself saddled, through the efforts of a mildly demented medium, with the spectre of his dead first wife. Later on, the same medium brings back his recently deceased second wife as well. There are probably some very eerie spiritualists in the business, but there isn't much chance that any of them is half as diverting as Margaret Rutherford is in the rôle of Madame Arcati. Miss Rutherford is hearty, prognathic, muscular, and determined, and she moves through the picture with a kind of skating motion, trailing wild woollen scarves and whooping clichés with the brisk confidence of a football coach spurring the boys on between the halves. "Let's make it a real rouser!" she cries at the start of a séance, and proceeds with mad contortions to do precisely that.

Against the vigorous Miss Rutherford, the rest of the cast bears up commendably. Rex Harrison, as the writer besieged by spooks, does well by the humor Mr. Coward has furnished him; and Kay Hammond, as the first wife materialized by Madame Arcati, is altogether satisfactory and full of blond poutiness as she flits about making husky, salacious comments on the ménage of her widowed husband. The dialogue in "Blithe Spirit" is uniformly excellent, and, since the film was made in England, none of its content has been diluted by contact with Hollywood censorship.

THERE is about "Story of G.I. Joe" such an air of desperate sincerity that it is distressing to be compelled to report that as an account of the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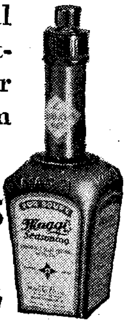

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activities of the United States infantry during the war in Africa and Italy it doesn't do particularly well. Based on the dispatches of the late Ernie Pyle, whom Burgess Meredith portrays in a modest, ingratiating manner, "Story of G.I. Joe" is so anxious to understate its case that it becomes less dramatic than documentaries like "San Pietro." It tries hard to describe the hell the infantrymen lived through, but it presents their lives with a plodding monotony almost all the way through. It is unfortunate that the actors involved have been covered with obviously factitious grime, in view of the fact that they are up against the competition of some real shots of the infantry which have been interpolated. The devices designed to heighten the drama of the picture have a tendency to drag. And the persistent concentration on a comical private's preoccupation with girls wears the subject rather thin. However, General Eisenhower has called this "the greatest war picture I've ever seen," so maybe you'd better ignore everything I've said.

WHEN a picture is called "Her Highness and the Bellboy," you can be pretty sure that it's whimsical as all get out. As it happens, this one is also just a trifle nauseating. The cast is mostly very arch and very handsome and it includes Robert Walker, Hedy Lamarr, and June Allyson.—JOHN McCARTEN

•

## FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

### TO HAVE AND TOO OLD

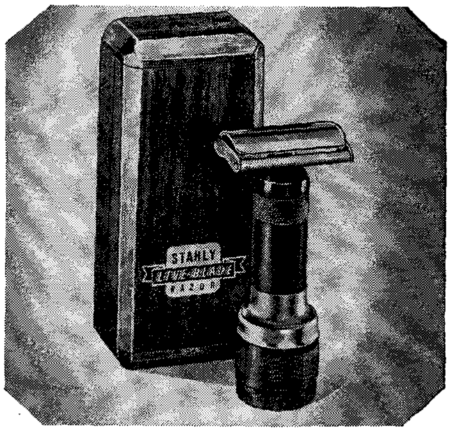
The bride, white of hair, is stooped over
her cane,
Her footsteps, uncertain, need guiding,
While down the church aisle, with a wan,
toothless smile,
The groom in a wheel chair comes riding.

And who is this elderly couple, thus wed?
You'll find, when you've closely explored
it,
That here is that rare, most conservative
pair,
Who waited till they could afford it!
—*Richard Armour in the Saturday Evening Post, April 14, 1945.*

### HERE COMES THE BRIDE

The bride was barely able to totter down the aisle. Gray hair straggled down wrinkled cheeks, but you could hear her cackle with happiness. The groom needed help. He arrived alongside her in a wheel chair, too weak to walk. As he mumbled to himself, his store teeth chattered in happy cadence. His bald spot was damp with nervous perspiration.

And then they said their vows—these two who had waited until they could afford to get married.—*Glenn R. Haugh in Coronet, September, 1945.*



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# OF ALL THINGS

General MacArthur is building up quite a reputation as a gang buster. He seems to be doing a thorough job on Murder, Incorporated, Eastern Division.

•

It is apparent that Patton's visit to Eisenhower did him a world of good. He is now exercising a firmer control over both the Bavarian Nazis and his own vocal cords.

•

The Colonels' Government of Argentina is evidently preparing to carry out its pledge to give the people a free election. By way of sounding the keynote of the campaign, the government has started chucking the opposition into jail.

•

It now appears that the Big Five were unable to agree upon any of the grave problems that confront them. All they could do was get together for a good cry.

•

President Truman has urged the House Ways and Means Committee to change its mind and vote out a good unemployment-compensation bill. In his opinion, the faithful war worker should have something more to live on than happy memories.

•

No one can say for sure whether the much-amended Full Employment Bill that has been passed by the Senate will really help the workers find jobs. Pessimists seem to be of the opinion that all it really does is give everybody a hunting license.

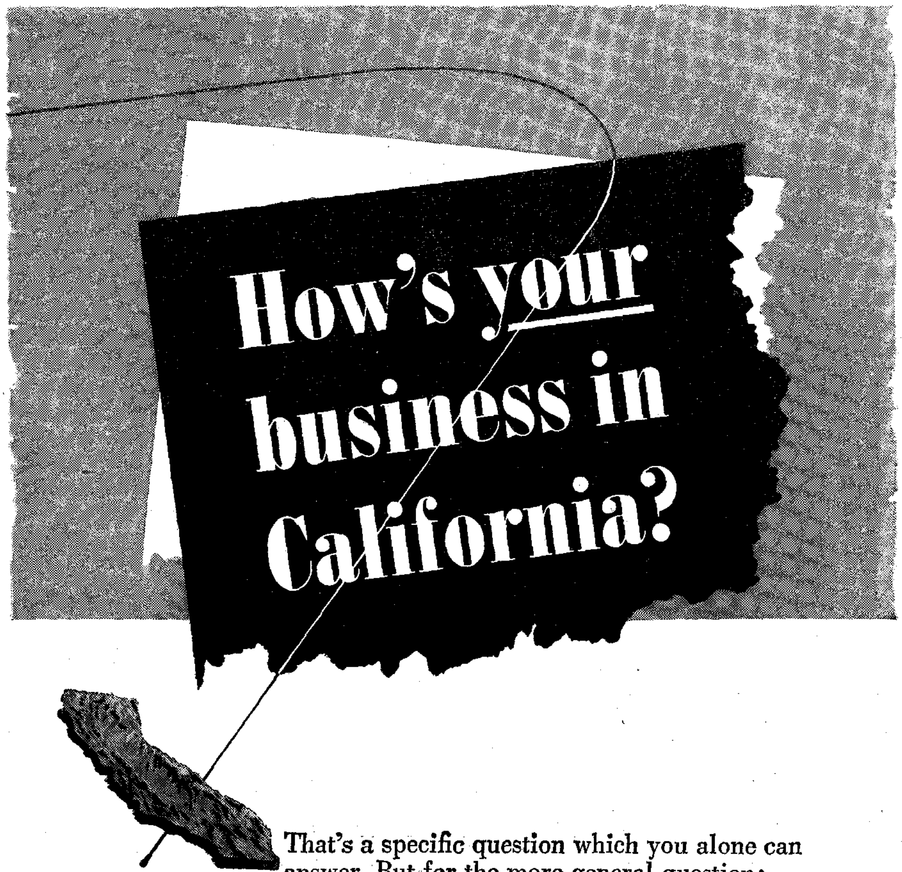
•

New York business suffered heavily from the strike of elevator operators, but it learned one lesson that may make up for all the trouble. It has finally been demonstrated beyond dispute that it always pays to get in on the ground floor.

•

The makings of hamburgers have at last been removed from the ration list. Returning veterans will be delighted to find the American way of life going on as usual.

—Howard Brubaker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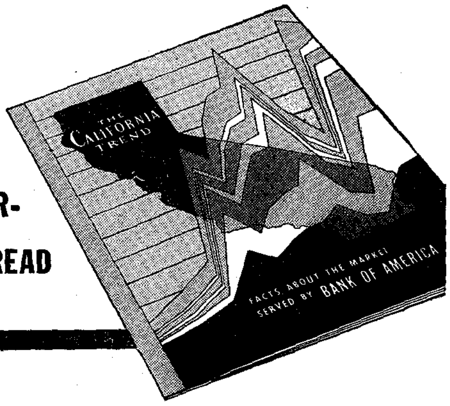
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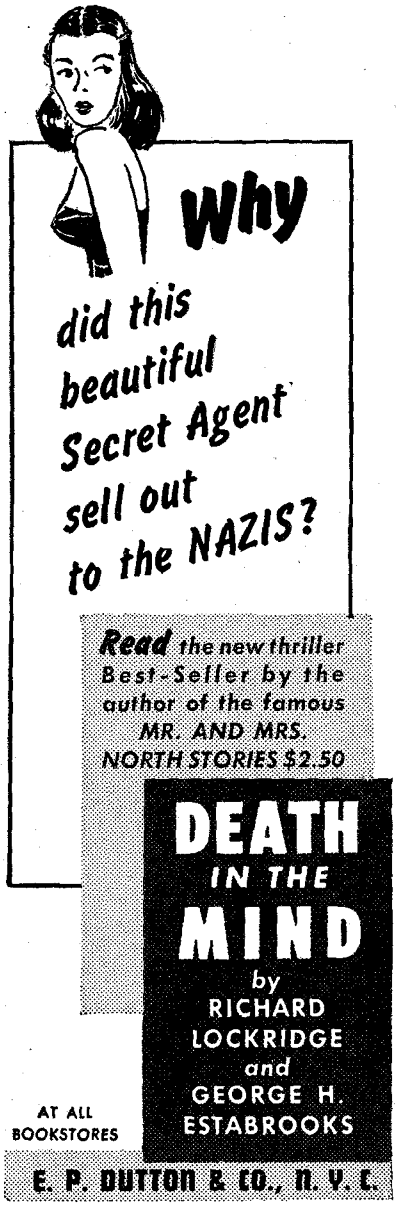

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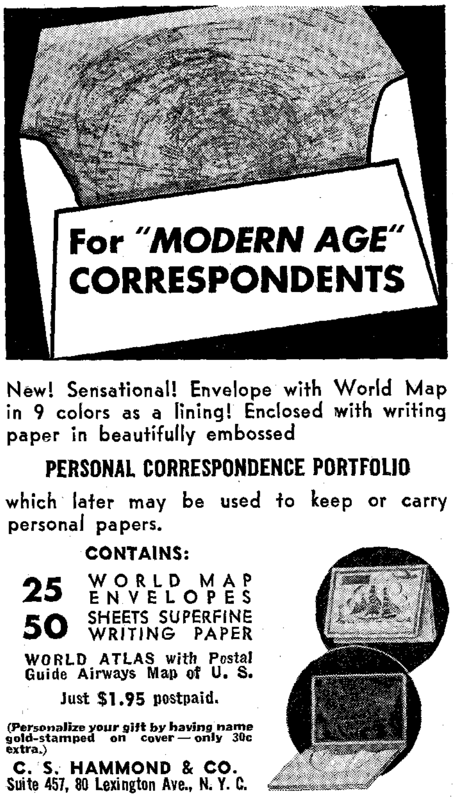

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# BOOKS

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

**The High Barbaree**, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall (Little, Brown). An overheated and rather boyish flight into fantasy about a young Navy pilot from Iowa whose plane is shot down in the Southwest Pacific near an unlikely paradisiacal island, on which he is understandably somewhat surprised to find his childhood sweetheart, now an Army nurse, and his favorite uncle, a gruff, lovable old tanker captain. There is some attempt by the girl to explain the more unusual aspects of the reunion in terms of "faith," and the pilot refers contentedly on one occasion to J. W. Dunne's theories of time, but the chances are that most readers will find this odd little item too embarrassing to care very much what the authors, ordinarily a reliable pair, happen to be talking about.

**Everything Is Quite All Right**, by Wendell Wilcox (Ackerman). Among other things, this somewhat eccentric first novel is concerned with the brief pantry love affair, neither sordid nor idyllic, of a dispirited married man and a stolid, ill-treated servant girl. Mr. Wilcox, whose work has stirred Gertrude Stein to a rumble or two of praise, is not an unperceptive writer and his portrait of a young girl, listlessly troubled by the contradictions of her impulses and actions, is done with considerable skill and with occasional crabbed touches of humor. A fairly successful try, marred chiefly by the author's habit of patronizing his characters and his determination to have the last word himself.

**First Encounter**, by John Dos Passos (Philosophical Library). Dos Passos' first book, originally called "One Man's Initiation" and dealing with his experiences in the last war, now reissued under a new title and with a preface in which the author discusses the differences between the attitude toward war of his own generation, who had been "raised . . . during the quiet afterglow of the nineteenth century . . . confident that industrial progress meant an improved civilization . . . a more humane and peaceful society" and to whom the war came as "something outside of the normal order of things, like an epidemic of yellow fever in some place where yellow fever had never been heard of before," and the attitude of the generation that grew up in the thirties, who "from the time they first read the newspapers . . . drank in the brutalities of European politics with their breakfast coffee."

### GENERAL

**Armament and History**, by Major General J. F. C. Fuller (Scribner). General Fuller, who may be recalled for his "Grant and Lee," as well as for his more recent "Decisive Battles: Their Influence upon History and Civilization," has attempted to trace the influence of armament on history from the time of the Greeks and Romans down to the second World War. This is quite a bite for any man, but General Fuller, who is an authority on armament, manages rather well. His political opinions will probably annoy some people (he isn't very fond of Russia, for one thing), but his ultimate conclusion, which is that improved methods of destruction mean simply destruction by improved methods, could profitably be remembered by everybody. General Fuller finished his book before the invention of the atomic bomb, which is squeezed into a footnote, but that further advance in the science of extermination merely gives added emphasis to what he has to say.

**Forever China**, by Robert Payne (Dodd, Mead). Enough books have been published about China lately to rebuild a substantial portion of the Great Wall, but Mr. Payne, a young English novelist, translator, and foreign correspondent, has written an outstandingly good one. He is more interested in people than in politics, more absorbed in philosophy than in military strategy, and more anxious to present a picture of China than a portrait of himself. His story, which is done in the form of a diary, is much too long and much too diffuse, but his range of interests is so varied, and his quiet enthusiasm for China so contagious, that the book, in the end, turns out to be something of a literary achievement.

**Village in the Sun**, by Dane Chandos (Putnam). A pleasant, sunlit book by a man who hit the Aztec trail and settled in a little town in Mexico. The climate is no less pleasant, the people no less engaging, and the Mexican way of life

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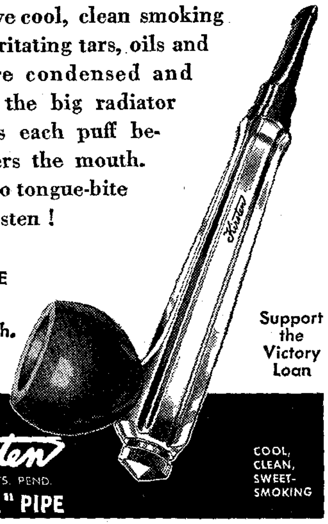

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no less enticing than when last reported on. Those who want to recall their memories of Mexico, as well as those who are saving up to acquire some, ought to find Mr. Chandos's contribution to the literature of leisure just what they're looking for.

SIXTY MILLION JOBS, by Henry A. Wallace (Simon & Schuster). Democracy, says Mr. Wallace, doesn't come free. Its future in this country, he implies, depends on a two-hundred-billion-dollar annual national income, derived from sixty million jobs. Having put forward this proposition, he presents a sort of blueprint showing how it is to be done, along with a celebration of the profit system, which, he says, is completely adequate to produce the superabundant life. Mr. Wallace's book has naturally kicked up considerable argument, and will doubtless generate much more, so the more serious members of the seminar may as well find out for themselves what he has to say.

ONE NATION, by Wallace Stenger and the editors of *Look* (Houghton Mifflin). Words and pictures—the former by Mr. Stenger, the latter by many different photographers—adding up to the moral that prejudice and discrimination are ugly things. Mr. Stenger, writing calmly and soberly, shows that no section of the country has a corner on prejudice and that no minority is free from discrimination, and reminds us, once again, of their corroding effect upon a democratic society. The editors of *Look* can take two bows—one for thinking up the book, the other for providing it with so many effective pictures.

### VERSE

AMERICAN CHILD, by Paul Engle (Random House). A portrait, in some sixty sonnets, of the poet's daughter. The tone is much too ponderous for the subject's delicacy, in spite of charming details, and when Mr. Engle leaves his Midwestern little girl and speaks of lucky American children in general, he becomes rhetorical indeed.

A STONE, A LEAF, A DOOR . . . Passages from Thomas Wolfe, selected and arranged in verse by John S. Barnes, with a foreword by Louis Untermeyer (Scribner). Arrangement in "verse" form sets off the yearning cries and the old-fashioned romantic vocabulary of Wolfe's prose

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—FANNY BUTCHER,
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—Robert Gorham Davis, *N.Y. Times Book Review*

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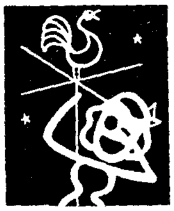
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NOTE: Ogden Nash has made a culling of verses of his that have been published in earlier collections. This latest selection, of nearly two hundred poems, is called "Many Long Years Ago" and is published by Little, Brown. The volume contains many of Mr. Nash's contributions to this magazine.

### MYSTERY AND CRIME

ROGUE'S GALLERY, edited by Ellery Queen (Little, Brown). Another of Mr. Queen's plump anthologies, presenting "the great criminals of modern fiction," a category which includes murderers and thieves as well as those tiresome Robin Hood types. Apparently almost every successful mystery writer, from Leblanc to Hammett, has wearied occasionally of proving that crime is a mistake and has tried his hand at a story setting forth the reverse of this idea. A very entertaining collection is the result.

WATCHFUL AT NIGHT, by Sergeant Julius Fast (Farrar & Rinehart). Sergeant Clark, in charge of the hospital laboratory in an Army camp near Boston, decides to do some detection when one of his friends dies after being shot on the rifle range. Some of Clark's clues are in the laboratory, others in Boston, where it seems that un-American activities still flourish, after a fashion. A nicely worked-out first mystery, simply written and keeping an excellent balance between action and deduction.

•

WASHINGTON—The inside story from Republican leaders ais that the Republican leadersis that ahe Repub-Congress in 1946. Put that down as one of this column's "predictions of things to come." Let's have a quick look at the national political scene as America goes forward to win the peace; and see why this prediction makes sense.—*Herbert Brownell in the Erie (Pa.) Daily Times.*

Aw, let's not.

•

### MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

MILES CITY, MONT. (AP)—Rev. John B. Fitz, delivering an outdoor sermon after a church picnic, was annoyed by rattling sounds.

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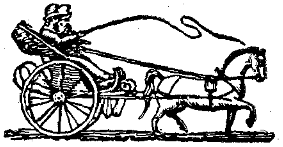
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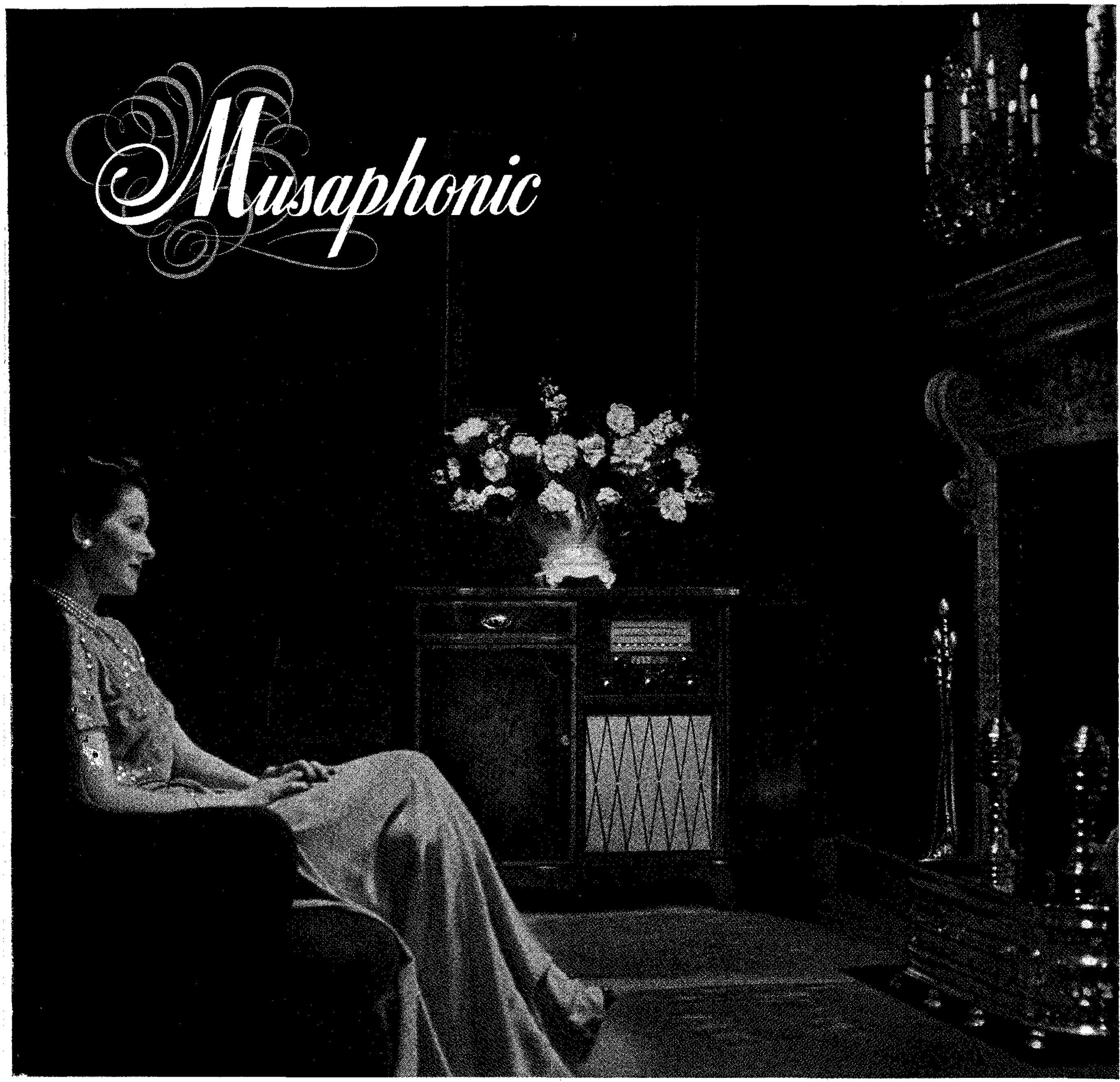

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